

RANDOM  
ADDRESSES



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*RANDOM ADDRESSES*



# RANDOM ADDRESSES

SEYMOUR VAN SANTVOORD



E. P. DUTTON & CO., INC.  
PUBLISHERS . . . NEW YORK

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FIRST EDITION



*COPIA FANDI*



*To all my friends, now living,  
And in loving remembrance of those who have  
"Risen out of this Dust"*



## CONTENTS

	PAGE
INTRODUCTION . . . . .	xiii
ADDRESS	
I. ADDRESS BEFORE THE JACKSON LEAGUE IN TROY, N. Y., OCTOBER, 1880 . . . . .	3
II. ADDRESS AT THE ANNUAL BANQUET OF THE TROY CITIZENS CORPS, FEBRUARY, 1891, IN RESPONSE TO THE TOAST, "OLD DAYS OF THE PRESENT CORPS." . . . .	15
III. ADDRESS AT THE ANNUAL BANQUET OF THE TROY CITIZENS CORPS IN JANUARY, 1892 . . . .	20
IV. ADDRESS BEFORE THE ANCIENT AND HONORABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY OF BOSTON, IN FANEUIL HALL, JUNE 7, 1892 . . . . .	26
V. ADDRESS ON DECORATION DAY AT BENNINGTON, VT., MAY, 1894 . . . . .	33
VI. ADDRESS AT A MASS-MEETING IN THE FIFTH AVENUE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH AT TROY, N. Y., ON MARCH 8, 1894, FOLLOWING THE MURDER OF ROBERT ROSS . . . . .	38
VII. ADDRESS AT THE CITY CLUB OF NEW YORK, APRIL 19, 1894 . . . . .	45
VIII. IN RESPONSE TO A TOAST, "THE CITY OF TROY," AT THE ANNUAL DINNER OF THE COMMERCIAL TRAVELERS ASSOCIATION, AT THE TROY HOUSE, MARCH 27, 1896 . . . . .	54
IX. ADDRESS AT THE DEDICATION OF THE LUCY A. ROWE MEMORIAL BUILDING, TROY, N. Y., DECEMBER 8, 1896 . . . . .	60
X. IN RESPONSE TO THE TOAST, "LADDERS," AT THE ANNUAL DINNER OF THE TROJAN HOOK AND LADDER COMPANY, AT TROY, N. Y., FEBRUARY, 1897 . . . . .	65
XI. ADDRESS AT THE FOURTH OF JULY CELEBRATION AT TROY, IN 1898 . . . . .	70
XII. ADDRESS DELIVERED IN THE OLD ACADEMY, BENNINGTON CENTRE, VT., FEBRUARY 22, 1903	76
XIII. INTRODUCING MR. VANDERLIP AT Y. M. C. A. DINNER AT THE RENSSELAER HOTEL IN TROY, N. Y., JANUARY, 1905 . . . . .	92

# RANDOM ADDRESSES

ADDRESS	PAGE
XIV. ADDRESS AT THE ANNUAL BANQUET OF GROUP FIVE OF THE NEW YORK STATE BANKERS ASSOCIATION, AT THE TROY CLUB, FEBRUARY 3, 1906 . . . . .	95
XV. ADDRESS BEFORE THE ALBANY INSTITUTE HISTORICAL AND ART SOCIETY, JANUARY 25, 1906. THE ROMAN FORUM . . . . .	100
XVI. AN ADDRESS DELIVERED AT TROY, N. Y., MARCH 28, 1908. CARDINAL RAMPOLLA AND THE CHURCH OF ST. CECILIA . . . . .	135
XVII. IMPROMPTU REMARKS AT THE ANNUAL DINNER OF THE ROBERT BURNS CLUB, ALBANY, N. Y., DECEMBER, 1908 . . . . .	147
XVIII. ADDRESS DELIVERED IN TROY, N. Y., FEBRUARY, 1908. The EXCAVATION OF HERCULANEUM . .	150
XIX. INTRODUCING MGR. JOHN WALSH, AT AN ENTERTAINMENT IN MUSIC HALL, ROY, N. Y., 1909, TO RAISE FUNDS FOR THE RESTORATION OF THE ANCIENT CHURCH OF SAN CLEMENTE IN ROME . . . . .	164
XX. IN RESPONSE TO THE TOAST, "FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS," AT THE NEIGHBORHOOD DINNER TO GOVERNOR-ELECT JOHN A DIX, AT GREENWICH, N. Y., DECEMBER 2, 1910 . . . . .	168
XXI. ADDRESS AT THE ANNUAL BANQUET OF GROUP FIVE OF THE NEW YORK STATE BANKERS ASSOCIATION AT THE HOTEL TEN EYCK, ALBANY, FEBRUARY 17, 1912. HOPES AND FEARS OF THE REPUBLIC . . . . .	174
XXII. ADDRESS AT THE ANNUAL DINNER OF THE YALE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION OF NORTHERN NEW YORK, AT ALBANY, JANUARY 27, 1914 . .	183
XXIII. ADDRESS AT TROY, N. Y., 1914. ROMULUS AND REMUS: A NEW STORY OF OLD ROME . . . . .	188
XXIV. ADDRESS OF WELCOME AT THE THIRTY-SECOND ANNUAL DINNER OF THE HOLLAND SOCIETY OF NEW YORK, AT THE WALDORF-ASTORIA, JANUARY 18, 1917 . . . . .	196
XXV. ADDRESS OF WELCOME AT THE THIRTY-THIRD ANNUAL DINNER OF THE HOLLAND SOCIETY OF NEW YORK AT THE WALDORF-ASTORIA, JANUARY, 1918 . . . . .	202
XXVI. ADDRESS AT THE THIRTY-THIRD ANNUAL MEETING OF THE HOLLAND SOCIETY OF NEW YORK, AT THE HOTEL ASTOR, APRIL 8, 1918 . .	207



# CONTENTS

xi

ADDRESS	PAGE
XXVII. ADDRESS AT THE ANNUAL CELEBRATION BY POULTNEY BIGELOW OF HIS FATHER'S BIRTH-DAY ANNIVERSARY, AT MALDEN-ON-THE-HUDSON, OCTOBER 5, 1919 . . . . .	211
XXVIII. ADDRESS AT THE THIRTY-FOURTH ANNUAL DINNER OF THE HOLLAND SOCIETY OF NEW YORK AT DELMONICO'S, JANUARY 16, 1919 . . .	216
XXIX. REMARKS AS TOASTMASTER AT THE ANNUAL DINNER OF GROUP FIVE OF THE NEW YORK STATE BANKERS ASSOCIATION, AT THE TEN-EYCK HOTEL, ALBANY, FEBRUARY 2, 1924 . . .	220
XXX. ADDRESS AT THE UNVEILING OF THE TABLET IN MEMORY OF STEPHEN VAN RENSSELAER AND TO COMMEMORATE THE HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE RENSSELAER POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTE, OCTOBER 3, 1924 . . . . .	226
XXXI. ADDRESS AT THE UNVEILING OF THE PORTRAIT OF SENATOR DEPEW ON THE INSPECTION SAIL OF THE HUDSON RIVER DAY LINE STEAMER, <i>CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW</i> , JUNE 18, 1925	233
XXXII. ADDRESS AT THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION OF THE KAPPA ALPHA FRATERNITY AT SCHENECTADY, N. Y., NOVEMBER 6, 1925, IN RESPONSE TO THE PRESENTATION OF AN ORIGINAL OIL PORTRAIT OF JOHN HART HUNTER, FOUNDER OF KAPPA ALPHA, AND THE ORIGINATOR OF SECRET GREEK LETTER COLLEGE FRATERNITIES . . . . .	238
XXXIII. A DISCUSSION BETWEEN CONSIDERANS AND CANDIDUS: (CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN A METROPOLITAN CLERGYMAN (CONSIDERANS) AND A COUNTRY LAWYER (CANDIDUS) IN REFERENCE TO CERTAIN ASPECTS OF THE PROHIBITION QUESTION AND THE DUTY OF HIGH-MINDED CITIZENS TO AID IN ENFORCEMENT OF THE EIGHTEENTH AMENDMENT . . . . .	240
XXXIV. ADDRESS AT THE CELEBRATION OF THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE TROY CITIZENS CORPS, THE SIXTH SEPARATE COMPANY OF THE NATIONAL GUARD OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK, ON FEBRUARY 19, 1927 . . . . .	268
XXXV. ADDRESS TO THE GRADUATING CLASS OF THE ALBANY LAW SCHOOL, JUNE 7, 1928 . . . . .	271
XXXVI. ADDRESS AT A MEETING OF THE SOCIETY OF COLONIAL WARS IN THE STATE OF NEW YORK, AT THE WALDORF-ASTORIA, NEW YORK CITY, APRIL 29, 1929 . . . . .	278

ADDRESS	PAGE
XXXVII. ADDRESS UPON RE-ELECTION TO THE OFFICE OF GOVERNOR OF THE SOCIETY OF COLONIAL WARS IN THE STATE OF NEW YORK, AT ITS ANNUAL MEETING IN DECEMBER, 1929 . . . .	282
XXXVIII. ADDRESS AT THE FORTY-FIFTH ANNUAL DINNER OF THE HOLLAND SOCIETY OF NEW YORK, AT THE HOTEL ASTOR, ON JANUARY 16, 1930, INTRODUCING GOVERNOR FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT AS THE GUEST OF HONOR . . . . .	286
XXXIX. ADDRESS AT ANNUAL DINNER OF THE SOCIETY OF CINCINNATI, AT THE UNION CLUB, NEW YORK CITY, ON WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY, 1930	291
XL. ADDRESS AT A MEETING OF THE SOCIETY OF COLONIAL WARS, IN THE STATE OF NEW YORK, AT THE PLAZA HOTEL, FEBRUARY 24, 1930: INTRODUCING MR. RUPERT HUGHES, WHO SPOKE ON "GEORGE WASHINGTON IN COLONIAL DAYS"	294

## INTRODUCTION

THERE have been two instances in my long and otherwise happy existence when, for the moment, I wished I never had been born. The first occurred in the Canadian wilderness, halfway to Hudson's Bay, where I hooked the largest ouananiche that ever disported itself in the upper reaches of the turbulent Mistissini River. After a battle royal of nearly half an hour, and just as it was being drawn to the landing net, in a final muscular contortion the great fish snapped my leader and disappeared in the foam. (How do I know he was the biggest ever? Perhaps I should have expressed it that he "disappeared forever"—in which circumstance, as every truth-telling fisherman is aware, the alleged size of the fish is a self-evident proposition: at least it cannot be disproved.)

But under not a few subsequent experiences of the sort—when even larger trout were hooked and lost—the particular emotion mentioned never recurred.

The same "gone feeling" momentarily was aroused on the occasion when I was called upon to rise and face an audience prepared to immolate itself upon the altar of charity to the extent of listening to my first public speech (Jackson League Address, 1880). But that sensation, also, never again occurred—even when more critical and less kindly disposed audiences were faced, not infrequently without preparation on my part. And this for the reason that at the outset mercifully it had become clear to me that a possible challenge by his own conscience

is the only thing a public speaker rightly is called upon to fear.

In the hope that at least my early recognition of and obedience to the last mentioned truth may thereby be disclosed; and for the delectation of my intimate friends and the sardonic glee of possible but unknown enemies I have ventured to print (for private distribution only) perhaps one out of ten of the random addresses, deliberate and casual, made by me during the past fifty years; of which the inscribed copies respectively are presented with my kind regards.

SEYMOUR VAN SANTVOORD.

Troy N. Y., Dec. 17, 1930.

*RANDOM ADDRESSES*





# I

ADDRESS BEFORE THE JACKSON LEAGUE IN TROY, N. Y.,  
OCTOBER, 1880.

MR. CHAIRMAN, Gentlemen of the Jackson League: It is with natural diffidence that I have accepted an invitation to address you this evening. In this busy American life of ours, when every moment is so valuable, a young man cannot but realize that the time of so many men, working men, business men, professional men, as are here assembled, is not to be trifled with. But I have such perfect confidence in your devotion to the cause, in the interests of which we meet, that if in the few words I have to say, any portion of the issues of the hour shall be brought home more directly to but a single man, I know you will not grudge me those few moments, and I shall never regret having embraced this first opportunity of publicly identifying myself with the democracy of the City of Troy.

On the occasion of his introduction to Count Smorltork, at one of the Bath receptions, the illustrious Mr. Pickwick delivered himself of the remark—most fortunately preserved to posterity by the chronicler of those humorous annals—that “the word *politics* comprises in itself a study of no inconsiderable magnitude.” Never did that great man more strikingly evince his perfect familiarity with, and his keen appreciation of the everyday questions of public, as well as private interest, that arise among an intelligent, thinking people. You will all remember the disposition made of Mr. Pickwick’s remark

by the foreign gentleman, then traveling in England for the purpose of gathering materials for a book on English society. Struck with the sounding sententiousness of the phrase, he lost no time in noting it down upon his tablets, remarking that they were fine words to begin a chapter on politics! The Count apparently thought that the idea of politics was so undetermined and so ill-defined with most men that a few high-sounding phrases were all that were necessary to dispose of the subject to the satisfaction, not only of himself, but of the general public as well. I am afraid he was more than half right. I am afraid that with a large proportion, certainly, of the people to whom politics is anything more than an idea, there is never any well-directed effort made to get beyond the point of recognizing the truth of Mr. Pickwick's assertion—of acknowledging the magnitude of the study and the apparently utter hopelessness of ever unraveling its mysteries. And if this was the case in Mr. Pickwick's time, and in a country where the system of government, based as it is on property, is directly opposed to our own theory of popular representation, how much more does the remark hold true in our own day, and in this great Republic of States, that affords a home to men of every nationality, collected from the four quarters of the globe, and who have lived under every form of government known to modern times. And is it not to be regretted that in establishing the administration of the greatest and most successful republic the world has ever seen—a majority of our citizens go to the polls without a fair appreciation and a fair realization of those principles which enter into the theory of our representative form of government? That this is the fact, none will deny. But why is it so? Is the idea of politics so obscure—are the reasons for the existence of that idea so hidden that the man of ordinary opportunity and ordinary intelli-

gence may not attempt to master the same, but must accept what is placed before him by the party leaders, as a pauper does his everyday meal? Are we in this to accept the dictation of the poet:

“A little learning is a dangerous thing,  
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring;  
There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,  
And drinking largely sobers us again.”

That is to say, must we in politics either give our whole lives to the study—with the chance of knowing no more at the end than we do at the beginning—or make up our minds to live on in the shadow of profound and hopeless ignorance? I answer you, No! Our Government was framed not that its administration should rest on an eminence to be approached only by the favored few. Rather it was the design of those who defined its several purposes and powers that it should be a government for the people—and to the people—to the men of ordinary intelligence, to the ordinary citizens we look for its support and the true spirit of its construction. It is the theory of this Government—the theory upon which the framers of our Constitution based all their hopes of a successful breaking away from the old forms and traditions—that every man in the land, to whom the exercise of the elective franchise is reserved, should be an active, intelligent politician. How otherwise, indeed, can we hope to realize the aims and ends that were announced in the Preamble to our Constitution? The powers of government of more than fifty millions of people are to be delegated to men who represent the people—who are supposed to make such enactments, declare such regulations for promoting the best interest of the country as a whole, as are in accordance with the strict national standards of justice, honor and right. How can the people,

as a people, be truly represented, unless such representation is the outcome of careful and individual deliberation? I tell you, my friends, that until there is more true independence among our citizens—that independence which prompts each and every individual to act and feel as if the burden of any public move, of every administrative holding and departure, rested solely upon himself—until that time comes we may not hope to attain that high, progressive standing that is within the possibilities of the American people.

Let us now briefly consider our system of politics as at present constituted. What is the so-called political party, and on what grounds does it rest its claim to recognition as a necessary means to the end of obtaining good government, and carrying into effect the powers of the Constitution? How does it come into existence? What are the reasonable limits within which its authority and dictation may be exercised, and how is its existence to be determined? These are among the preliminary questions to be discussed by those who would rightly understand the theory and workings of our political system. And with a clear view of the nature and powers of that instrument by which we became a nation, and by which we stand before the world today as a people, a right understanding of these first questions in our political catechism, will enable us to properly exercise our privileges at a national election. Let us then turn for a moment to a brief consideration of that which should form the keystone to our investigation—I refer to the Preamble to our Constitution.

“In order to form a more perfect union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity.” So run the words—what do they mean? What is their



direct significance to the American people today? It is just what they meant a century ago; and its significance is precisely what it was when the framers of the Constitution declared the reason therefor. That is to say, in the administration of the government, we are to have in view that one grand cumulative idea, as expressed in the words just named—the promotion of the general welfare. Not the progress of particular aims and interests, not the prosperity of individuals alone—nor that of individual sections; but the promotion of the general welfare, the development of the national resources, and the attainment of the highest good, is the grand *summum bonum* for which we, as a people, are to strive.

Now as to the application of this axiom to political parties. The affairs of the nation are in a certain condition. Men hold different opinions as to the advisability of certain proposed measures, and the wisdom of certain others already instituted. The people are called upon to consider the questions that arise. And what is the result? Why, those who are of a like mind in regard to certain propositions, certain theories, come together, exchange ideas and accept mutual advancements, and around this as a nucleus is formed the political party. And now mark! If those primary principles, those fundamental propositions which form the foundation of the structure, are such as are in accordance with the necessities of the case, the party stands before the people as a party of necessity—a party which advocates the application of the best accepted treatment to undeveloped or unhealthy government. On the contrary, if the party puts forth its claim to support upon any other platform than that of necessity—for this embodies the very essence of party existence—the party so called is *not* a party in the proper sense of the word, but an infernal machine, for the purpose of scattering death and dissension among

those to whom it is introduced. This is strong language, gentlemen, but I use it advisedly. You may remember that Hallam in his history of the Middle Ages, remarks upon this very point, as exemplified in the two great Florentine factions, the Guelphs and Ghibellines. "Terms of this description," he says, "having no definite relations to principles which it might be difficult to learn and to defend, are always acceptable to mankind, and have the peculiar advantage of precluding altogether that spirit of compromise and accommodation by which it is sometimes endeavored to obstruct their tendency to hate and injure each other." And so I say, that when a party is founded on false pretensions—when a party does base its claim to legitimate existence upon anything else than *necessity*—the continuance of that party in the political arena, by leading to the evils shadowed forth by the historian, is dangerous to the safety of a popular government.

So much then for the first question. And now a party having legitimately arisen, what are the reasonable limits within which its authority may be exercised? How far may that party reasonably go in its dictation of political dogmas, and how far should its supporters feel bound to sustain the party stand and attitudes? This, at first sight, might seem a much more difficult question, and one that is readily susceptible of as many distinct answers as there are political believers. But upon reflection the question properly may be answered in only one of two ways. One is that the authority of a party is as general and unreserved, as the managers choose to make it, and that everyone who acknowledges his allegiance to that party is bound at all times to sustain it and its acts. The other answer—and the one to which I feel assured that every man in this room tonight will at once subscribe—is that the authority of a party, from the very nature of its

creation and of its construction, is restrained to the advocacy of those issues that belong to the material cause from which it sprang—those principles and issues that alone arise from the necessity which gave it birth, and the moment it departs from this its legitimate field of action, its supporters are released from their allegiance; and not only released, but in duty bound to sever their connection with it forever. This construction of party power and authority seems to me to be the only one by which we can at all justify its admission into our national politics, for as soon as it transgresses these reasonable limits and seeks to maintain its ascendancy merely to perpetuate power and control the government, then as the penetrating Hallam remarked, it becomes a source of danger and discord by inviting public difference, and arousing popular passion, under names which have no definite relations to *principles*, which latter should form the soul and life of party politics.

And now, very briefly, to the third inquiry—the determination of party power. And this, too, gentlemen, hinges upon that same central thought of *necessity*. From this the party properly arises, and to this it owes its continuance. It must aim to cope with the real, live issues that pertain to its domain; practical issues, to be understood and appreciated by men of all ranks and classes and just so soon as it ceases to do this, just so soon as it shirks its self-imposed task of placing before people nothing but what is of real, live necessary importance in promoting the people's interest—in that moment the mission of that party has ceased, and its legitimate claim to national support is at an end. And this, gentlemen, without further words as to what is so well conceded, as to be almost axiomatic—this I claim to be the position of the Republican Party today. Let us see. Twenty years ago that party came into power. It came into



power on the plea of necessity. It came with a real issue, a live issue, a *necessary* issue, and its birth was legitimate, for it came to put down slavery and rebellion. It came as a national party. It called upon the nation for assistance, and the national, patriotic citizens supported it—Democrats and Republicans fraternizing in the common cause of loyalty and right. Abraham Lincoln was elected President, and re-elected. The war was over, secession strangled, rebellion crushed, and the constitutional amendments, embodying the results of the war, adopted by the people. In 1868, a Union general was elected President, "to carry into effect the results of the war," and in 1872 Grant was again sent to the White House. In 1876 another Republican candidate was seated in the presidential chair, and in 1880 the people of the United States are again urged to support the candidate of the party which had been in power for twenty years. Shall we do it? No! The Democratic Party came in with Jefferson, in 1800, when the whole Federal theory of government was overthrown with the Federal candidate. For twenty-four years the country thrived and prospered under Democratic administration, when John Quincy Adams, Federalist, was chosen by the House, neither candidate having received the necessary majority. In 1828, the Democrats once more came in with the election of Jackson—a veritable "old hickory"—and controlled the Government for twelve years. Another season of thrift and prosperity and countless unfulfilled prophecies of business disaster and ruin. Then came Harrison, Whig, Polk, Democrat, Taylor, Whig, Pierce and Buchanan, Democrats. And one lesson, gentlemen, to be drawn from this brief recapitulation, is that the people who are the sovereign authority of this country, have well recognized the truth, that changes in administration are absolutely necessary for the safety of popular govern-



ment, and the security of trade, commerce and free institutions. This cry of "change" so sneeringly criticized by our Republican friends, does not arise from the passionate love of novelty as illustrated by the excitable Frenchman, or the fickleness of a Roman mob; it is but the true application of the theory of our Government, which imperatively demands a change, whenever power becomes so centralized that the wants and welfare of the many are swallowed up in the whirlpool of strife and spoils and individual ambition among the few.

And now what is plainly the duty of every loyal citizen in view of the great questions of national interest that are at stake? What but to understand clearly the position of each party, and to support that one which best stands the test of those principles as to party formation and party authority that we have just laid down. Some time ago it was aptly stated by one of the New York papers that the Republican Party of today is a party of three distinct ideas—necessarily embodying as many separate factions. There was the Maine Idea which was the idea and the faction of Blaine and his lieutenants. There was the Ohio Idea—which was the idea and the faction of Hayes, Sherman and Garfield; and there was the Imperialist Idea—which was the idea and faction of Conkling, Grant and the third termers. From the existence of these distinct ideas and factions we would naturally infer the existence of as many leading issues. But since that time one of these ideas has been annihilated and Blaine and his lieutenants, with their common, or I may say, *uncommon* idea, have gone on their long journey and passed into history—that grave in which small reputations are forever extinguished. (Good-bye, Mr. Blaine!) Then there remains the two factions of which Conkling and Grant, and Garfield and Sherman are respectively the leaders and exponents, and these two remain-

ing factions, as might naturally be supposed, have advanced each their separate and individual issue. Senator Conkling has declared that "the general issue confronting us is in itself and in its bearings, sectional." That is to say, the Republican Party, or at least that faction of the party to which Senator Conkling belongs, would make their single issue in this campaign an appeal to the fears and passions of a portion of the country, that a sectional party may be again allowed to gather up the reins of national government. The payment of rebel claims, the reimbursement of Confederate expenditures during the war, the relegation of the negro to a political unity—these and others were charged by the Republican Party as among the ends and aims of the "Solid South." And before the American people today I arraign Senator Conkling and the Republican Party, who have united in one of the most cowardly attacks upon the people of the unhappy South that ever brought the blush to the cheek of an honest man. Shame to the man who so forgets the divine precepts of brotherly love and forgiveness as to pour out the accumulations of his hatred and his disappointed hopes and ambitions upon the people whom we have forgiven and condoned. Shame to the party that would base its claim to national support upon issues long since buried beneath the ruins of the Confederacy. Shame, I say, to the party which still sends its demagogues among the people with such words as these—the people who have declared that the results of the war shall be inviolable, and that the Constitutional Amendments embodying those results of the war shall stand forever. And shame to the party, that in the face of such evident disloyalty to the nation's interests, lays claim to all that is pure and good in a system of national politics. It is not within the scope of these remarks to treat of these charges in detail, nor do I think it neces-

sary; for I honestly believe that no serious, thinking man, Republican or Democrat, can for one moment entertain them as possible to be realized. General Garfield also thinks so, for he once declared that any man who attempts to get up a campaign on the old sectional issues will find himself without support and without followers. And so he necessarily puts himself at the head of the other leading issue, which may be termed the *prosperity issue*. That is to say, that a change in the political power will unsettle the business interests of the country. This includes the minor and distinct issues, since raised to more primary and more individual importance of the tariff, the financial problem, the safety of commerce and free trade. Time forbids my treating in detail of these specific charges. Besides, it is to older, abler men that you are to look for the proper arguments on these delicate questions. I shall only state, what every earnest, thoughtful man must feel, what history teaches and common sense enjoins—that the prosperity of this vast republic cannot be materially affected by the advent to power of any one man, or any one party, while the great body of the people stand ready to vindicate their natural and reserved rights.

And now one word more. When the war was ended, what was clearly the first duty of the people of the several States? Was it not to restore harmony—to “form a more perfect union” and to re-establish “domestic tranquillity”? This was the necessity from which the Democratic Party, as it now exists, sprang into being, and this is still the necessity by reason of which it justly claims the support of the people today.

Gentlemen, I have done. In these few words I have purposed merely to outline the political map—to be carefully studied and filled in by each individual from sober, honest convictions. I have avoided detail; I have merely

attempted to bring before you the leading thoughts that alone have convinced me, although admittedly of strong Democratic antecedents, that I could safely cast my first vote at a national election for the candidates named and supported by the Democratic Party. For what does the election of Hancock and English mean? It means not only the union of democracy, but the union of the North and South and the burial forever of sectionalism in national politics; and that is the mission of the Democratic Party. We want the domination of no sectional party; we want the triumph of no sectional principles; no East, no West, no North, no South. We want the union of states; we want a republic of men; we want a nation. We want to tear down the political barriers that still divide the land; we want to throw open the gate that still dams the flow of prosperous unity; we want to embody in our political creed those undying principles of union and of harmony that formed the strength and dignity of our Constitution. And when the great wave shall roll that bears high on its proud and mighty crest, the staunch bark of that stately man, never to spend its strength till at the very steps of the White House it lands its precious freight—when the will of these United States shall ring out to the world the name of Winfield Scott Hancock as the chosen one—then may we hope to realize once more the spirit of those unfading words—the springs of action that moved the men of '76 to declare:

“We, the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America.”



## II

ADDRESS AT THE ANNUAL BANQUET OF THE TROY  
CITIZENS CORPS, FEBRUARY, 1891, IN RESPONSE TO  
THE TOAST, "OLD DAYS OF THE PRESENT CORPS."

**M**R. CHAIRMAN: I sometimes think that the order of the day on these occasions is at fault. The speaking should precede the dinner. Notice of this fact should accompany the assignment of toasts, and realizing that the grace before meat, especially, must be not only short but to the point, in order to be tolerated speakers would prepare themselves accordingly.

I make this suggestion with a view to the satisfaction of the guests. But consider it for a moment from the standpoint of the speakers. How can you expect the ordinary man who has just dined to speak, even in the most informal manner, much less to acquit himself with honor in response to a toast? The intellect, say the priestly sages, is a vivifying breath of the Eternal Spirit, and this Spirit or Soul is the nucleus of the mass which we call the human body. Now, like Eber's physician, we may search for the mind in the head and in the heart; but at such times as this I for one am convinced that it resides in the stomach, for when that is tired I find thought next to impossible.

It is only by the greatest effort, then, that an indifferent speaker may hope to render himself interesting or even intelligible in after-dinner remarks; and with that effort—a very sword of Damocles suspended above us during every moment of the banquet—we become so discon-

certed and are so lacking in spirit that the process of digestion is hindered and, like Mr. Weller's old ladies, what we eat "don't seem to nourish us," so that when finally called upon even the strength to stand seems lacking! Under such circumstances, for the unhappy victim the only consolation lies in the fact that on occasions like this the compact between the Committee and speaker is that the whole domain of thought is open to the orator—with the understanding that only the barest allusion to the subject matter of the toast shall be deemed sufficient. The experience of every diner-out supports this fact; custom immemorial sanctions the rule, that the speaker shall *not* necessarily confine himself to the subject. If then, Mr. Chairman, I now venture in some degree to disregard this avenue of escape, you will readily understand my reason for so doing; that if I search all time and all eternity, nowhere could I so readily find ideas in accord with the spirit of this gathering as in the old days of the Citizens Corps.

In the crowded thoroughfares of life, among the thousands whose bearing indicates the man of ordinary experience—of hopes, ambitions, pleasures—cast in the common mould, and who move us to no second gaze, suddenly perchance we come face to face with one whose presence and address commands us. Serene in the midst of the crowd, with every eye upon him, his glance and gesture display the character and independence which, with the ordinary man, may be alone maintained in solitude. We recognize the Emersonian test; we whisper that it is *greatness*, and we say that *this* man has a past. He has a past; no man without it could so trick and adorn himself as thus to deceive us about his proper place.

And as with man so it is with deeds, with institutions and with events. The great To-day implies a Yesterday. The cap-stone of a mighty pyramid means a generation of

toil before; the last touch of a masterpiece in Art or Literature means Genius' weary vigil at many a midnight hour. The triumphant French Republic today means Charlemagne with his absolute Monarchy, Hugh Capet with his twelve great vassals, Francis I with his two hundred great lords, Louis XV with his fifty thousand aristocrats—that terrible French revolution with its Rights of Man—the empire of Napoleon, sowing broadcast o'er a continent the seeds of liberty—through all of which the spirit of stern Democracy was but unfolding itself. And America—this mighty union of fifty independent sovereignties—which has demanded its hundred years attendance in keeping aglow the fires of liberty, its tea party in Boston's Harbor, its Concord, Lexington and Yorktown—its Sumter, Gettysburg and Appomattox!

No present then without a past; no place, no gain without an effort and a price. The acquisitions of this Command today reach back and rest upon the deeds and character of those who have gone before. And so I say that it is eminently fitting at this anniversary celebration, while crowning the Present with its well-won laurel, to turn for a moment to those Old Days when the broad, enduring foundation of its existing prosperity was laid by those who first enrolled in the Troy Citizens Corps.

I wish that of my own experience it were possible to speak familiarly of those men and days. Be sure that in its early history full many an event of wit, of character and merriment has been enacted which might now be recalled with mutual delight to all; but it is not mine to share in the pride of that companionship. I turn to the Records and find that of the 103 men who were mustered in February, 1877, only eight remain upon the rolls of active membership today. But among those eight we find one who has been the spirit incarnate of this command; its welfare always held close to his heart; its prosperity

always a source of his proper pride; its military standing and precision always the jealous object of his unwearied care. How *could* we have escaped a glorious past, how can we but enjoy a substantial present, how possible for us to miss a magnificent future with a Captain *who will have it so?* Look at him! In spirit twenty years younger than he was in '77! Improved—who shall say how much? In military form—has he not associated with us from day to day? I have no cause to flatter him—no reason to extend him a compliment (in my five years of service I never had one from him)! When I first shouldered a piece in the ranks and came to a support on the wrong arm—"If you ever do that again I'll order you to be shot before breakfast." And so there was no love lost between us, and therefore it is with more or less unwillingness that I say: For this Corps the rallying point of past, of present and for the future is *Captain James W. Cusack*.

At the feasts of the ancient Egyptians it was customary at a certain point in the festivities to introduce a human skeleton as a solemn reminder to the banqueters of their inevitable mortality.

A nation of philosophers, we have no sympathy with this ghastly display of sentiment. For us, while life is perhaps none too short, it *is* short and we want our revels to be revels; we want our feasts to be feasts; we want our joy to be joy—not melancholy contemplations. And yet at the height of our mirth—at the farthest point from grief and tears and death—not one of those who knew and loved him, not one of those who since his death have found his influence still alive in this organization, will hesitate to yield one moment for a word, a thought in memory of the best, the bravest of those early ones—our dead friend William J. MacDonald.



"Our comrade, early dead,  
Dark was the day and drear  
When thy brave spirit fled.  
We mourn thy manly worth, thy loss deplore,  
Our love was thine, our tears,  
Never, thro' all the years,  
Shall we forget thee, or the days of yore."

But it is not as *laudator temporis acti* that I would leave this theme. The past is valuable only as it explains and manifestly has brought about the present or gives promise and direction for the future. The Past has gone—the Future, even, is to come; it is the engrossing present that confronts us and that which after all should have our best energies and attention. In the fine lines of Emerson we see the mistake of depreciating the opportunities of the hour by magnifying Time gone and Time to come:

"Shines the last age, the next with hope is seen,  
Today slinks poorly off unmarked between;  
Future nor Past no richer secret holds,  
O friendless Present, than thy bosom folds."

Men of the Citizens Corps, it is for you to say whether her prestige shall be maintained. It is for you to say whether these present days shall so abound in deeds and character as to become in turn a glorious Past for a time that is to come. It is for you to say whether a military organization in which it is a pride to have served, which is a pride to this City, which is a pride to the military idea of democratic institutions, shall in these present days, as in the past, stand for gentlemanliness, for manhood, for unswerving and unquestioning obedience to duty, for a safeguard and bulwark of the homes, the property, the tranquillity of the People. Long may it exist to merit such a place in the history of this Community!

### III

#### ADDRESS AT THE ANNUAL BANQUET OF THE TROY CITIZENS CORPS IN JANUARY, 1892.

WHEN Benjamin Franklin was a child, he found the long grace used by his father before and after meals very tedious. One day, after the winter's supply of beef had been salted, "I think, Father," said Benjamin, "if you were to say grace over the whole cask once for all, it would be a vast saving of time." Dr. Franklin has been considered by many to be the greatest mind America has ever produced. Great minds proverbially work alike. And while perhaps unacquainted with the anecdote, it was undoubtedly the same idea as that of the embryo philosopher and statesman which actuated our friend McChesney in selecting the toast to which I have been called upon to respond.

"You should esteem it a great compliment," said this same chairman of your committee of arrangements, "to be presented a theme with such brilliant possibilities as this. We can get no one else to undertake it." "Have you tried them all?" said I. "Oh, yes," he replied earnestly, "and they refused, so we come to you as a last resort; it is a great compliment."

This reasoning reminded me of that once employed by an impecunious citizen of the Green Mountain State—the birthplace of our honored toastmaster—who once entered a grocery to purchase a pound of crackers. When the crackers were weighed and tied, he concluded he would have a loaf of bread instead; and when the loaf

was wrapped, he again asked permission to change his mind and take a glass of whiskey. After disposing of the whiskey and airily saying good-night, he turned to depart. "Ten cents, if you please," said the proprietor sharply. "What for?" courteously inquired our friend. "For the whiskey." "Why, I gave you the bread for the whiskey." "Well, then for the bread, if you prefer." "But I gave you the crackers for the bread." "Well, then pay for the crackers." "But I didn't take them," was the mild reply, "you have got them there on the counter, haven't you?" "John," said the proprietor, scratching his head in a puzzled way, "your reasoning seems all right, but I guess after this you'd better do your trading at some other store."

Perhaps it was from such fallacy in the code of propriety that I have reluctantly yielded to the urgency of your committee. At any rate here am I with unfeigned diffidence confronting a toast, the proper conception and treatment of which would require the combined versatility of a Depew, the creative power of a Hamilton, the splendid imagery of a Choate and the glowing periods of a Wendell Phillips. "All the rest of the toasts appropriate to the occasion!" What an opening vista of inspiring sentiment is here! "Woman": her grace, her tenderness, her inspiration to everything sacrificing, noble and pure; "Military Glory": its incentive to an awakening ambition in every rank of life; "Our Officers": their virtues, their devotion to duty, their personal attractions, their faults (God save the mark); "The Old Guard": with its decade of honorable experience—in handsome uniform, at the banquet table, in the upper seats of the synagogue and the balcony of the drill room; "Our Guests": the enthusiasm with which we greet them, the regret with which we shall bid them adieu; "The Days of Yore"; "Our Comrades dead"; "The Country of our

Birth"; "The Call to Arms"; and last, but not least, the "Troy Citizens Corps—*clarum et venerabile nomen*, James W. Cusack in command." I pass them all, even the last, for to that toast every moment of this feast is in itself an eloquent response. But I will present to you one thought which those who have at heart the real welfare of the Sixth Separate Company could wish might always dwell in the mind and heart of every member of this command.

Every organization which would have a rightful claim to existence must stand for a Fact. You are a component part of the citizen soldiery of this State. Thank God, since the glorious day when the nation's greatest military hero received the sword of Lee at Appomattox, we have been free from the shadow of internecine strife. But in time of peace nations prepare for war. And if the crisis come, what part in the trial would be for us to sustain? Is there here a heart which does not devoutly pray that ours might be the best and noblest service, however the call should come? Then the plain duty of the hour for this command is to cultivate that highest acquirement of a military organization—that *esprit de corps*, which stands for a perfect unity in aim, in ambition, in the desire for excellence in every line, in the honorable devotion to the meanest military duty, in the inflexible purpose of standing shoulder to shoulder whatever may befall, and an undying love for the flag. It is not the uniform, it is not the social status, it is not the inches or the avoirdupois of the men, which makes a military body effective. All these are fine enough for a street parade. But for the day of trial it is the *esprit de corps* which determines the event and adds a new record to the imperishable roll of military glory. And in the tempestuous history of that very passion-tossed race, from whose language we borrow the phrase itself, may



be found the most striking illustrations of its meaning and power.

Napoleon with all the might of a genius at which mankind yet stands aghast, could never have overcome the combined aristocracies of Europe without that *esprit de corps* which today makes the name of the Imperial Guard the very synonym for an ideal martial heroism. It was *esprit de corps* which swept the bridge at Arcole; it was that which pierced the Austrian center at Wagram; it was that which followed Macdonald through storm and avalanche across the Splugen; it was that which immortalized Massena in those prolonged and terrible ordeals which have rendered the siege of Genoa so memorable; it was that which saved the wretched remnant of the Grand Army at the terrible passage of the Beresina; it was that which, on the plain of Mont St. Jean, in those repeated charges which extorted grim commendation from the Duke himself, sustained even unto annihilation the magnificent guard which for two decades had been the pride of France and the terror of united Europe. It was *esprit de corps* which made every man in the France of that day a soldier, every soldier an officer, every officer a Marshal—which made private, General, Marshal, feel that on him alone rested the battle's fate. "Sire," said the immortal Desaix, "the battle is completely lost; but it is only two o'clock—we have time to gain another." *He knew his men*; and from that heroic impulse Marengo was won and Napoleon first planted his foot securely upon the rock of power.

At Borodino, which his great military historian declares to be the most terrible battle of Napoleon's life, an officer in charge of a small redoubt, which was all but swept away in the hail of ball and grape, rode up to the King of Naples to say, "You see we can stay here no longer." The proud Marshal, his giant form arrayed as

usual to tempt death by the blaze and glitter of its ornament, coolly replied, "I can stay here very well myself." "It is right," answered the man, thus quietly but contemptuously rebuked. "Soldiers, face about! Let us advance and be killed."

Among the countless deeds of daring which adorn that gigantic struggle, there is an episode which has burned itself in the page of history, and which is to me the most heroic picture of an epoch abounding in heroic things. During the last forty days of the frightful march from Moscow, Ney covered the retreat, and in that short space four Rear Guards of five thousand men each, melted away under his command. When the Prussian boundary was finally reached, the Marshal collected seven hundred men and with this handful held in check twice as many thousands of the Cossack hordes, while the pitiful wreck of the army abandoned by Napoleon was crossing the friendly Niemen. His men dwindled to five hundred, one hundred, thirty—they are gone! At last having seen the last man of the retreating army safely across the bridge, Ney discharged his gun at the enemy, contemptuously threw it into the stream, and proudly facing the foe, retired.

General Dumas was sitting in the house of a French physician on the German side of the stream, when a tall man entered, emaciated, wan, begrimed with blood and smoke, "but with eyes that beamed with the lustre of an indomitable mind." "Who are you?" said the General, starting from his chair. "Do you not know me?" was the answer. "I am Marshal Ney—the Rear Guard of the French army."

Now was this courage? It was more than that. Was it devotion to a leader? It was more than that. Was it ambition? Yes, more than that. It was the annihilation of self and the exaltation of principle. It was the

*esprit de corps* in its grandest sense, which to the last drop of blood and to the last beat of the heart impels every man to devote himself to the common aim, the common safety, the common glory.

Heroic figures, you may say, to point a moral for this modest company of citizen soldiery. Yes, but we need heroic stimulus; we need a high resolve; we need a soaring ambition, as well in these piping times of peace as in the turbulent days of actual warfare. And he shoots higher, said the chivalrous Sydney, who aims at the sun, than he who aims at a bush. The duties of today are as real, as lasting in their import, as full of obligation to every individual and every association of individuals which is rightfully entitled to exist, as in the most stirring days that have gone. No man, says the Seer of Concord, has learned to live until he knows that every day is a King in disguise. Up then, I say, and in the present and in the days to come, stand by the best traditions of the past. Let this command be chivalrous in nature as in name. Let its place in the community be as of unquestioned right to exist here. And let its spirit go hand in hand with its growing reputation as the brightest ornament to the military organization of a State, which by birthright, by natural advantages, by every adventitious circumstance is entitled to a foremost place among the great commonwealths of the world.

#### IV

ADDRESS BEFORE THE ANCIENT AND HONORABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY OF BOSTON, IN FANEUIL HALL, JUNE 7, 1892.

I RESPOND with pleasure to the toast which has been announced. I plead no diffidence and offer no apology, but leave to you, our hosts, alone to deprecate my comrades' choice. For myself, an invitation to speak in Faneuil Hall, whose very name has come to be like a password to the glorious temple of free speech, is, I may unaffectedly affirm, an honor undreamed of even in those days of sanguine youth, when all possibilities of honor and preferment are conjured to the mind. To speak in Faneuil Hall! To stand "upon soil consecrated by the prayers of Puritans and the blood of patriots"! To lay, howsoever humble, a wreath upon the invisible but eternal altars where purest patriotism has made its sacrifices! To think that these selfsame echoes have been awakened by the voices of our country's matchless dead—it is enough to stir the coldest heart which ever throbbed in the breast of a true American! I am a plain, unvarnished Mohawk-Dutchman. I am of that prosaic race which the rollicking Knickerbocker esteemed to be untroubled with sentiment, imagination or other disturbing emotion; ambitious only to measure five feet six inches around the head and six feet five inches around the waist, and whose idea of liberty was to smoke gloriously from daylight until dark and be permitted at will to wear a dozen pair of breeches at a single time. But I should



think myself recreant to every sentiment of an honorable pride not to deem it a privilege rather than a burden to answer for your guests within such walls. And for the Troy Citizens' Corps itself, to be called as a toast in this grand old cradle of American liberty is enough to thrill with a finer spirit and arouse to a nobler ideal an organization which in simple justice it may be said occupies to-day no unenviable place in the National Guard of the Empire State.

The sentiment which you have accorded us is too generous. For our commander, indeed, we feel that nothing too lavish can be said; but for the Citizens' Corps, as a body, we disclaim everything beyond a rugged honesty of purpose to uphold the honor of the National Guard. It is told of Marlborough—I refer to that particular Duke, the eighth of his line, who audaciously robbed our modern Ilium of its Helen—that on a visit to his recently acquired vineyard lands in Tennessee he was approached by a local celebrity burning to disclose the superior merits of the soil and clime. “There, Mr. Duke,” he exclaimed, triumphantly, “is a glass of honest wine.” “Yes,” said His Grace, after tasting, “yes, Mr. Stebbins, poor, but honest.” If, after acquaintance, this ancient and honorable body can fairly accord us the simple tribute of the noble lord, we shall feel that no part of our merits have been overlooked.

In the last magnificent effort of his life, while urging the compromise of 1850 in the United States Senate, it was said by Henry Clay: “There are those that think that the Union must be preserved by an exclusive reliance upon love and reason. That is not my opinion. I have some confidence in this instrumentality; but depend upon it, that no human government can exist without the power of applying force, and the actual application of it in extreme cases.” I find no more forceful expression of the

necessity of our National Guard than in this clear, emphatic utterance of the great Kentucky orator. A successful government must be powerful. It must have its resources at command. It must be able, in an emergency, to enforce its just demands, to resist encroachments from within as from without upon its accepted prerogatives, to compel obedience to that Constitution which its promoters have established as the fundamental law of its being. It is for these purposes, and for these alone, that the enlightened spirit of this age, and of our people, scarce a century removed from the Boston massacre, will tolerate the existence, in time of peace, of an organization which in the State of New York today and at a stroke of the executive pen can assemble an armed force of thirteen thousand disciplined soldiery. The vast standing armies of continental Europe exist not alone to preserve territorial limits, but, because of the "divine right of kings," forsooth the will of the sovereign must be obeyed. The National Guard in these independent commonwealths exists from will of the people, whose sovereignty our fathers believed and we believe to be the only governing power which can be said to exist by grace of a divine right. "The men of Boston who met in the Old South on that memorable night," said the impassioned Phillips in this very place, "resisted not the King's prerogative, but the King's usurpation!" And our citizen soldiery, recruited in part from the ranks of every class whose interests for the time being may be jeopardized, but responding only to the spirit of the free institutions for whose preservation its various organizations have been enrolled, stands ready to defend the people's prerogative and to resist whatever unlawful usurpation—be it by king or Catiline, by faction or other power whatsoever! And I count it a hopeful assurance that in these days of political tyranny, when sooner or later the ma-

chine exacts its tribute from almost every organized body in the land, the organization of the National Guard stands out distinct, inviolate, untrammelled, unmarked by party lines, untouched by party power! I believe that this is generally true. I know, and I thank God for it, that the Troy Citizens' Corps, at least, wears no man's collar, bows the knee to no political oligarchy, acknowledges no man as its "boss"—except its Captain James W. Cusack! And it is surely but voicing the sentiment of every generous, loyal heart to say that when anything but patriotism in its eternal sense becomes the cornerstone of our existence—of your existence—may the God of nations vouchsafe courageous men to tumble the whole edifice of the National Guard and its independent adjuncts into the sea of oblivion.

And for you, our hosts, with your centuries of unbroken existence under a form of government whose early establishment here in Boston furnishes an example of perhaps the purest democracy which the world has ever seen—the noble fear of a military despotism which actuated Governor Winthrop in refusing a charter to Tailor Keayne and his associates in 1637 has given place to a glorious pride in the motive, the character, the dignity, the long and honorable record of this most happily baptized Ancient and Honorable company. And we know that its early Puritan spirit is not dead, that its early Puritan courage has not waned, that the best blood of the men who laid its enduring foundations still throbs in a pulse of the strongest tone and the finest rhythm. My brother told me that at a military display in Chelsea, near London, a year or two ago, he saw a cannon ball which bore this startling inscription: "Dug up at Bunker Hill and presented to the Honorable Artillery Company of London by the ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Boston." The poetical audacity of such an act

seemed to me like an inspiration from the genius of liberty itself, and I have longed to look upon the men of an organization whose spirit, in these prosaic times of barter and of gain, was yet capable of so daring a flight in the finer ether of heroic sentiment. When the child of such a mother, animated by every proper feeling of kinship and susceptible to all the ties of blood, can send home such a gift, and so by one magnificent stroke attest at once its loyalty to the past, its devotion to the present, its confidence in the future, we feel that we are in the presence of a fine emotion, of a something beyond the power of ordinary expression to convey. It comes to us with a glow that deep in its heart the great Anglo-Saxon race is forever committed to the cause of liberty and sooner or later will not fail in generous recognition of every heroic impulse and every noble deed. And if ever I stand before that grim old cannon ball I shall uncover to it and the sentiment for which it stands, as in heart and soul today I salute my countrymen who sent it home.

But, gentlemen, I am admonished by our Captain's eye that further speech is at my peril. It is related of Old Hickory (who by the way is actually no relative of the junior Senator from New York) it is said that Old Hickory declared upon his deathbed he had but one thing to regret—that he had not hung Calhoun. And at such times as this I have sometimes fancied that if in his official existence our Captain has anything to regret—which the members of his command cannot well believe—it would be in the fact that he had not executed his oft-repeated threat of ordering the present speaker to be shot before breakfast. But if I have dwelt too long upon, or rather strayed too far from my theme, I shall expect from you, at least, an indulgence that is in keeping with the broad-handed hospitality we have received. And as an incident of that hospitality we have found, I



think, something more than even you intended. For apart from the pleasures which a generous friendship never fails to create, we have found in this historic place, in this free Boston air, all the inspiration, all the ennobling stimulus which Emerson has so incomparably pointed out as peculiar to the latitude and longitude of eastern Massachusetts. We have gazed upon the stately monument at Bunker Hill. At Concord Bridge our pulse has quickened on the spot

“Where once the embattled farmers stood  
And fired the shot heard round the world!”

We have paced the streets of Lexington. We have done reverence at the Old South. We have looked out on the harbor where the tea was spilled, we have trod the squares and the noble common where the sons of the commonwealth have not failed to perpetuate in enduring monuments the valor, the patriotism, the progressive spirit of the most memorable epoch in the history of our land. Glorious the heritages of such deeds! Inspiring the history of such times—enduring the fame of those great souls who made it! As sons of a sister State, as members, equal in right, of our great American republic, as citizen soldiery whose aim and boast it is to defend the liberties declared by enlightened patriotism, we claim a share in this great heritage, and here today with you, in the lofty and passionate music of the immortal Commemoration Ode, we pledge our love—

“O Beautiful! My country! Ours once more,  
Smoothing thy gold of war-dishevelled hair,  
O'er such sweet brows as never other wore,  
And letting thy set lips,  
Freed from wrath's pale eclipse,  
The rosy edges of their smile lay bare,  
What words divine, of lover or of poet,

Could tell our love and make thee know it?  
Among the nations bright beyond compare?  
What were our lives without thee?  
What all our lives to save thee?  
We reck not what we gave thee;  
We will not dare to doubt thee.  
But ask whatever else, and we will dare!"

## V

### ADDRESS ON DECORATION DAY AT BENNINGTON, VT., MAY, 1894.

ONCE more a tender custom beckons us to turn aside from the dusty highway of life, and with flowers and tears and eulogy, commemorate our patriotic dead. From the rock-bound coast which first sheltered the forefathers of our land to the far-distant Californian slopes, from the boundary of the Provinces to the languid waters of the Gulf, "the gorgeous ensign of the Republic, not a stripe erased or polluted, not a single star obscured," floats at half-mast on the breeze whose sighing notes to-day are a threnody for the departed. From the rush of events, the contention of parties, the strife of factions, the clashing of creeds, the endless struggle for individual place and gain—from every corner of the battlefield where that terrible combat for human existence is being waged, the sons of the Republic, in obedience to her call, are assembling in countless thousands today to pledge anew their loyalty over the sacred relicts of the Nation's dead.

This day is a memorial. It belongs not to the future, but to the past. A nation bows its mighty head and drops its wreath into the opened grave. Once more our tearful gaze is turned upon the days gone by. The shadows rise, the veil is rent, the facts and deeds of intervening years disperse—and lo! the spirit of the Past comes forth with all its saddened train. Again the earth shakes with the tramp of armed men. Again the roar of cannon, the

crash of musketry and the loud trumpet call, the hoarse shouts of the officers mingled with shrieks and groans of wounded and of dying men—while over all the smoke of battle spreads throughout the plain. And then the muffled drum, the hasty funeral rites—a tear, a sob—and the pale-weeping moon alone keeps watch and ward over the lonely grave.

Far away in the little Northern home besides the vacant cot on bended knees the mother prays that God will keep that darling one—the idol of her widowed heart, the mainstay of her feeble life—and the slow days drag on.

Anxious from hour to hour the young wife waits for news—and when it comes falls lifeless at the feet of him who brings it.

The orphaned sisters watch beside the hearth, and while the bleak winds storm the mountain side and keep stern vigils round the humble roof, await the morn, and tidings of that gallant brother's death. No more; they never come again.

“The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,  
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,  
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn  
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.”

We wreath their graves with flowers now and water them with tears. And not these few alone. Each grave for us today stands for a thousand graves. And each majestic monument which bears alone the names of the martyred sons of those who reared it, is equally the cenotaph for every mouldering heap of turf that marks the unknown resting place of many a gallant heart who died in Freedom's cause. For it was one great truth, it was one abiding principle, it was one glorious faith which moved each hero who perished in the fray. As the cause



was one and individual, as the loss of one was the sacrifice of all—so the eulogy of every scattered monument, the silent tribute of every fluttering wreath, the faltering speech to every army post this day bears glory and honor and fame to the whole mighty host who gave their lives for the integrity of their Government, for the preservation of their flag, for the welfare, the peace and the happiness of the generations yet to come.

Veteran survivors of the Grand Army, in the providence of God, your lives have been spared to behold the vindication of that for which you contended. If wider liberty, if broader national life, if obliteration of the lines of race and locality, if awakening patriotism and established views of equality and fraternity among our citizens—if all these count for gain to advancing civilization, and if war is to be justified in proportion as its results shall have conduced directly to this great end, never in the history of mankind has there been a war so justifiable as the memorable conflict in which you and your dead comrades played so gallant a part. The Government which your forefathers established and which was confirmed at Appomattox as a Union once and forever, having demonstrated not only its right but its inherent power to exist, passed by one mighty bound, when Lee surrendered, to the forefront of the system of popular governments. In its theories of administration of public affairs, of equal rights to all of its citizens, of freedom in religious belief, of the rights of personal liberty and private property, of the absolute Sovereignty of the States, except where their powers have been ceded to the general Government, this magnificent Union of forty-four independent Commonwealths, with its seventy millions of inhabitants, is recognized as the best exponent of republican institutions which the world has ever known. That grand old flag which unfolds today in every harbor of the

globe, which is loved by liberty and feared by despotism and hated by tyranny the world over, fulfills its promise of protection to every human being who accepts a citizenship beneath its folds. Secure for the present in that protection and with a firm belief that patriotism sufficient to insure its continuance shall never fail throughout the land, in honor of those who, sword in hand, have won for us the blessings of this expanding liberty, this day in every year has been forever set apart as a time for grateful homage to the veterans living, and tenderest memory of the soldier dead.

Veterans, your names have been inscribed upon the heroic annals of the world. Wherever the voice of liberty is raised, wherever the nobility of patriotism is recognized, wherever a love for freedom shall abound, wherever devotion to country exists, the inspiration of your example will remain to mankind as the most glorious heritage of this Nineteenth Century. But while you have fairly won this honor and renown, I bid you remember that no men, whatever may be their claims to consideration for past services, can disregard the duties of the present, or be unconcerned about the obligations which coming days shall bring. We honor you for this Past, which is assured to you forever. But it is the attitude of men towards the present in which they live, and towards the future which confronts them, which from day to day must determine their right to the continued consideration of their fellows. The duty which man owes to himself, to his friends, to the community in which he lives, to the society which protects him, to the flag under whose folds his spirit shall take its flight, ceases only with the breath of life itself. Not only is the glorious Temple of Liberty never fully completed, but at each stage in its upbuilding new foes assail its stability, new dangers arise to threaten its existence. I would have you still foremost

in the resistance of those foes. I would have you still active in braving these impending dangers. Whether the menace at any given time be in a corrupt political system, or in the fomenting of religious intolerance, or in municipal or state misrule, or in the abuse of public office, or in the oppression of the many for the advantage of the few, or in the ever-detestable crime against the suffrage—whatever the evil which threatens I would have every old soldier in the vanguard of a warfare against that wrong. Let it be felt throughout the land that the immense weight of the Grand Army badge is cast on the side of progress and reform. And by right of the immortal sacrifice of these heroic dead let their comrades living demand of those who govern a national life abounding in truth, in purity and honor.

And now for all of us outside your ranks who, mindful of our Country's dead, are gathered here in the vernal beauty of this May afternoon—when Nature cries aloud through all her works that God is good, and every springing blade of grass and every blossoming flower and tree give credence to the truth of "life in death"—shall we not share in the inspiration of this hour? On many a green-crowned hill today—in many a quiet country spot—in many a crowded, bustling city square—there stands a proud memorial of the soldier dead. Standing in the shadow of the mightiest of these monuments, uplifting high their everlasting testimony to the true and loyal manhood that springs from and is fostered by our free institutions, and witnessing as they do the love that gallant hearts and daring deeds provoke; as we look once more upon the noble shaft and read there the nation's gratitude to the sturdy patriots of a former age—God send us all of that pure high resolve which animated them to do, to dare, to die for liberty, for honor and for truth!

## VI

### ADDRESS AT A MASS MEETING IN THE FIFTH AVENUE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH AT TROY, N. Y., ON MARCH 8, 1894, FOLLOWING THE MURDER OF ROBERT ROSS.

**A**T A mass meeting of citizens in the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, at Troy, N. Y., on the evening of March 8, 1894, called to protest against the election outrages which terminated in the death of Robert Ross, a citizen of Troy, while in performance of his duty at the polls, at the charter election, on the 6th instant, the following resolutions were submitted for discussion:

The citizens of Troy, summoned by a public call to meet without distinction of party in the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church to express their indignation at the terrible crime committed in the Thirteenth ward at the charter election of last Tuesday, are here assembled this evening to consider it, take advice and speak their minds.

*Resolved*, That in the death of Robert Ross, a citizen at the polls in the Thirteenth ward, last Tuesday, a young man, sincere, loyal, vigilant, whose fidelity was attested by the trust of all who knew and honored and loved him, as well as by the malignity of all bad men, who hated him, a crime was committed not only against the sanctity of human life, but against the purity of elections, and we demand that an honest effort be made to bring the guilty parties to swift and impartial justice.

*Resolved*, That while this tragedy speaks so sorrowfully to our hearts, and while we deplore the costliness of the sacrifice, we cannot be unmindful that it is the legitimate result of a system which has dishonored and debauched our suffrage for years, under which our



evil repute as a city has become monumental throughout our country, and by which system bribery, intimidation, the colonization of voters and wholesale repeating have corrupted our elections, and the enforcement of the laws of our city has become dependent upon the will of one man, whose power is despotic and whose methods have debased our citizenship.

*Resolved*, That we view with dismay the easy tolerance which finds expression in the statement that the election of last Tuesday "was fairer than any held in Troy for many years," implying as it does an acquiescence in a comparative scale of wrongdoing, for this community to which we are unwilling to be reconciled, and showing a subserviency at the present time on the part of some men to the authors of those outrages at once cowardly and dishonorable; that we regard with scorn any standard of political action which does not demand absolute fairness and justice in the exercise of the elective franchise.

*Resolved*, That if this tragedy, by which a young life full of promise has been cut down, were needed to show us the depth of infamy to which we have become accustomed, and against which we have hitherto offered too feeble a remonstrance, we here tonight, impressed with the solemnity of this hour and with the responsibility of good citizenship, pledge ourselves, with an unswerving and unwearied devotion, to an unrelenting war against all enemies of the ballot.

*Resolved*, That a copy of these resolutions be communicated to the family of Robert Ross, with the assurance of our sincere and respectful sympathy in this hour of bitter grief and bereavement, and with the expression of the honor in which we hold the memory of this lamented brother, son, citizen and martyr.

Seymour van Santvoord, in seconding the resolutions, said:

Mr. Chairman: It is with no common emotion that I rise to address the resolutions which have been read. The spirit of those resolutions compels us, in disposing of them, to assume a responsibility so profound that he who ventures upon their free discussion may fairly tremble at the threshold of his speech. But, sir, far from shrinking from the task, I declare that in this immense



audience there stands no man more eager to assume that responsibility, and to publicly discuss the events which call for its exercise.

We have met to-night in the shadow of a crime. In the broad light of day, in the midst of his fellows, beneath the sheltering ægis of a government pledged to the protection of life and liberty, a brave, strong man, in the courageous exercise of his manhood has been stricken to death by a brutal assassin; and we are here to say whether such things shall be!

The unbridled wickedness of the past, which for so long has made elections in this city a jeering, horrible travesty upon our suffrage, has brought its sure result. The lie which has been planted in our midst by villainy, which has been watered by subservient wickedness, and which if not actually nourished, at least has been allowed to grow by the apparent indifference of honorable citizenship, has borne its fruit, and another bar sinister has been drawn across the escutcheon of our city. O men of Troy, how long shall such things be?

It is of course unfortunate, both for speakers and audience, that no exact relation of this fearful tragedy can yet be made. And there will be some to say that this meeting is prematurely called and that our condemnation should at least await an authoritative statement of the facts. But as the Alpine traveler, recoiling at a sudden rending of the glacier which leaves an abyss yawning at his feet, stops not for a scientific explanation of what has happened, so it is not necessary for us to await the finding of a coroner's jury in order to declare that this man was murdered; Nor should we wait, indeed; for "Time drinketh the essence of every great and noble action which ought to be performed, and which is delayed in the execution." And if ever there was an action the instant performance of which was demanded by outraged citizen-

ship, it is the mighty protest which, by the grace of God, we shall to-night lift up against this crime.

Some say that these devoted brothers had arms. Although as it now seems this was not a fact, yet let us make a record which shall cover even that allegation. And I say that whether they had arms or not the *event* has justified their right to have had them. I know there is an ordinance against carrying concealed weapons. So I know there is a law against profanity in public places; so I know there is a law against gambling, against selling liquor on Sundays, against illegal practices at the polls. Have you ever heard a whisper against the violation of these laws from the men who are now so righteously indignant at the possibility that the Ross brothers were armed to defend themselves? And if some fanatic should burn the house of the man who swears on the streets, gambles, or defies the excise, would the crime be arson any the less? Sir, in this edifice, of all places in the world, consecrated as it is to the Master of Life and the Prince of Peace, to whom I humbly bow, I would not utter one word which could be tortured into an incendiary utterance. I declare that the laws must be obeyed. In common with every man who wants to be manly and courageous I deprecate and abhor the carrying of concealed weapons. But, sir, before you judge too harshly an honest citizen who goaded alike by a long series of public wrongs and by present necessities and dangers has disregarded an ordinance in order to guard his own life, I call upon you to remember one thing. I call upon you to remember that few men past middle life have lived without some time invoking a law which is higher than municipal law, which is higher than any State constitution, which is higher than, as I believe it is recognized by that grandest production of the human intellect in its efforts to create ideal Government—the Constitution of

the United States. That law is the law of self-defense, and implanted in the breast of man by nature and God, it teaches him that if society can't or won't defend him, he must defend himself!

I do not say that Robert Ross had availed himself of this loftiest of all rights, upon which indeed the whole theory of scientific evolution depends. On the contrary it is said that he scorned to do so. But I do deliberately assert that even if every one of these heroic men were armed, no man in this audience need hesitate on that account to declare that a foul crime has been committed in our midst.

But is it here that we are to stop? Is it merely to protest against the crime of homicide that this immense assemblage has gathered? Is it our custom when a citizen is slain to assemble and throw a handful of dust toward heaven to attest the avenging gods? No! We are here first, to condemn the crime; second, to condemn the corrupt practices which gave it birth; third, to condemn the men who established those corrupt practices and confirmed and perpetuated their existence by blandly accepting their results. We are here to declare our belief that but for the shameful past, reeking with political filth and corruption, with its years of false registration, its fraudulent voting, its bribery, perjury—crimes without end—this young man, whose body in a few short hours shall be laid away forever, would at this moment be standing erect in the flush and spirit of a superb manhood. And so I say that when there is cause for such a protest we need not, we shall not, wait for the verdict of a coroner's inquest before we utter it. We will be the coroner! we will be the jury—and the civilized world will accept our verdict.

It is said that in the city of New York, a fortnight since, a man who had robbed another of sixteen cents was sentenced by the court to imprisonment in a state

prison for thirteen years. And we read in last night's paper that in Nebraska a man who had been convicted of stealing a cent from a letter carrier was on his way to prison under a life sentence. In the city of Troy thousands of men have again and again been robbed of that which every man of honor considers to be without any money equivalent, while the perpetrators and the men who planned the crime walk up and down our streets in unblushing defiance of outraged law. Is not this a fearful contrast? And do you say the law is to blame? Have not the cities of Brooklyn and New York demonstrated that the machinery of the law, if invoked and directed by uproused patriotism, is sufficient to cope with these election evils? No, my friends, it is not the law which is wanting. It is manhood which is wanting; it is citizenship which is wanting; it is courage which is wanting; it is the love of liberty which is wanting. And these things exist because you and I and thousands of right-thinking men have lacked, or at least have shrunk from displaying, the moral courage which nerved these magnificent brothers to jeopardize their lives in defence of the liberties guaranteed them by the Constitution. Ah, we need some of the old Batavian spirit, before which even proud Rome itself sometimes quailed. When other people go to battle, says old Tacitus, the Batavians go to *war!* That is the spirit which animated the immortal Hollanders in that memorable struggle which first laid the enduring foundations of civil and religious liberty in Europe. They were willing to sacrifice their lives to liberty. "The Frisians," say their statutes, "shall be free as long as the winds blow out of the clouds, and the earth stands." *That* is the spirit which this community wants. That is the spirit which will prompt us to call things by their right names; and after calling things by their right names, to call by name the men who do the things; and finally



to notify these men in no uncertain tones that they, the powerful, intelligent leaders, shall be held responsible for every dastardly deed which is the outgrowth of the system they represent.

If, sir, I rightly divine the object of this meeting, it is not to demand blood because blood has been shed. Neither is it intended to arouse unreasoning bitterness against any one man or set of men. But, sir, we should be recreant to our duty and to the spirit of these resolutions if we failed to declare that the responsibility for this last atrocity is at the door of those men who, having assumed the high place, who having wielded the power, have either by omission or commission, I care not which, procured or permitted, it matters not which, the abhorrent practices which found their inevitable termination in this shocking death. And as the blood of the martyrs is said to have been the seed of the church, so may the blood of this innocent man be the quickening of a spirit which shall rise and grow and strengthen, until it sweeps from the plane of decent citizenship every man who places Party above patriotism, who places success before truth, who consecrates and sanctifies the lie which inures to his own and his party's advantage—who destroys in himself and his fellows all manhood and purity and honor to gratify the base and ignoble passions which light their fires at the altar of a degrading and degraded political triumph.

Sir, I desire to second these resolutions.



## VII

ADDRESS AT THE CITY CLUB OF NEW YORK,  
APRIL 19, 1894.

IT IS with great diffidence, gentlemen, that I address you. There has always been, in my native town, such a dearth of experience in the matter under discussion to-night that I have a natural hesitancy in venturing upon this unknown sea. To be sure, we have had our little troubles in Troy. A ballot box is every now and then translated—with or without revolver accompaniment, as the necessities of the case may be. Occasionally the graves open, and two or three thousand patriots reassume their mundane habiliments to demonstrate at the polls that even the pains of Purgatory have not weaned them from the old Jeffersonian Democracy. Not infrequently prominent residents, upon offering to vote, are informed by the inspectors that thoughtful friends, carried away perhaps with the enthusiasm of having done their duty, and fearing lest others should fail in theirs, have already voted for them. Deputations from other municipalities, modestly traveling incognito, have been known to intoxicate themselves with repeated exercise of the glorious right of suffrage, sometimes varying the monotony of the play by giving bail between the acts—and disappearing forever after the curtain is rung down. I believe it has been asserted that citizens have been shot down at the polls by over-zealous gentlemen who have been making a tour of the election districts in the interest of a pure ballot and a fair count. But we have not been accustomed to call

these things "election outrages" in Troy. With us optimists all, these have been

"Naught but the rustle of leaves  
When the breath of the Boss upheaves  
The boughs of Political trees—  
And they subside again."

And so, gentlemen, if this City Club, in sackcloth and ashes because of election wickedness in the metropolis, has thought to comfort itself with a picture of the grosser sin which is supposed to dominate Troy elections, the present speaker must prove a bitter disappointment. For even the ardent imagination of a Mohawk Dutchman is insufficient to distort into crime against the franchise such trifling political incongruities as I have mentioned.

From the standpoint of some persons Troy has perhaps one or two things to confess. It has furnished the commonwealth with a United States Senator. Accustomed so long to wear the collar, it has clamored loudly for continued protection in the manufacture of that commodity. And certain of its foremost citizens have on a recent occasion so far demeaned themselves as to become liable to indictment for wilfully obstructing the majestic flow of executive business at the Capitol. For these indeed your guests, of whom I am the unworthy mouth-piece, cry *Peccavimus*. But as for the reckless assertion so flippantly made that the bailiwick of Troy can cast more votes for a place of its size than any other city in the world—I am not disposed at this instant to give that malicious charge even the "cold respect of a passing glance."

But there is one peculiarity about Troy elections, gentlemen, which is perhaps deserving of mention. It is the spirit of prophecy as to the exact result which the majority—my party, by the way—invariably displays the

night before election. Accidents may now and then disturb the details of the computation, but the sum total, having once been fixed, partakes of the nature of destiny itself. Delphi has long since crumbled into dust, but evidently the oracle has survived—and emigrated. The citizen of Troy has come to care little for inspectors' returns. The still, small voice from the City Hall on election eve has told him what the fates have ordained. Do you remember the man in Limerick who went to the undertaker's to order a coffin for Pat O'Connell?

"Dear me," said the undertaker, "is poor Pat dead?"

"No, he's not dead yet," answered the other, "but he'll die to-night, for the doctor says he can't live till morning—and he knows what he gave him."

Who is this Oracle in whose words such implicit confidence is reposed by the faithful and the unbeliever alike? He is the culminating Idea in a system which to-day threatens to discredit republican institutions in the eyes of advancing civilization. That system rests upon an arch whose keystone is political power for personal advantage and party rewards, and its final product is the boss, the despot, the dictator, the king, without crown it is true, but also without constitutional check, which under every form of government except out-and-out despotism is supposed to remind the ruler that there is a line which even "divine right" cannot cross. That uncrowned king is the man who declares how elections will go. That uncrowned king is the man who directs how elections must go. That uncrowned king is the man who is responsible for the way in which elections do go. And in the City of Troy they have gone in a way to make men look up to heaven in despair and ask if we have a right to exist as a civil community. Elections? Call them rather saturnalia of crime! Call them by whatever name may seem best fitted to express the emotions aroused in the breast

of patriotism by contemplation of a debauched ballot, and then confess that language contains no word hideous enough in import to characterize such wrongs.

And who, then, is responsible for these woes? God be praised, in the City of Troy today men are beginning not only to call things by their right names, but to identify the men who are responsible for the things. And thank God again, that among our citizens there stands an organized body of one hundred men who undaunted by their power, undaunted by their police, undaunted by their alliances have drawn an indictment for these offenses against the leaders of the dominant political organization in our city. A servile Press may declare that these men have not done the deed of shame. But so long as they continue to direct a political organization of their own making, which bestows its favors upon and selects for its agents only those who, with a few honorable exceptions, are willing to commit whatsoever offenses in the interest of that organization, themselves invite the charge of being responsible for every wrongdoing the fruits of which are accepted by them.

We hold these men responsible, not that they personally pay the money, not that they personally record and count the votes of dead men, not that they personally falsify the returns, not that they personally pull the trigger, but because, aware that these outrages are being committed they refuse or neglect—I care not which—to exert their undoubted authority and power to prevent them. Not that they love crime. But in the face of a tardily awakened public sentiment crime has become an essential part of the system which alone can perpetuate their power. Oh, that terrible lust for power, whose fires are the fires of hell, and whose incense is the shame of outraged liberty! And as not a member of our police force, not a Democratic clerk or inspector of election, not



a single official, either county or city, elected or appointed, could have secured his place without the approval of these recognized Political Dictators, by right of that divine justice which man invokes when human justice fails, we arraign these men today before the majestic tribunal of public opinion as primarily responsible for the awful crimes which have been committed in the very shadow of their presence.

Fellow citizens, we have dealt with abstractions too long. We have talked about "bosses" and "bossism," about the "machine" and the "unscrupulous leaders," about the "liberties of the people" and "crimes against suffrage," until the phrases, swallowing up the facts, have become meaningless expressions, if not actual cant. The time has come for men to stand up and harangue these men by name. Then we shall have indictments to try—not in a court of justice, but at the bar of public conscience—and at the polls.

On the sixth of March last, during our charter election, the City of Troy was aroused from its apathy by a pistol shot. A band of repeaters had approached the polling place of the Third District of the Thirteenth Ward and attempted to vote. They were Democrats working in the interest of the machine candidate for Mayor. They were recognized as non-residents and put out of the polling place by citizens. Two of them drew revolvers and commenced firing. A few days before the chief magistrate of the State had said to a delegation of Troy citizens, who were urging his signature to a local election bill providing for non-partisan inspectors: "Why do you let repeaters vote? Why don't you drive them from the polls?" Among the defenders of the Thirteenth Ward ballot box were three brothers of Scotch descent, named Ross. They were superb specimens of physical manhood, of fine character and bore an unblem-



ished reputation for patriotic citizenship. They were unarmed, except for a turned stick, ten or twelve inches long, which, after taking advice of counsel, they carried for self-defense, having been assaulted at the polls on previous occasions. Adopting the Governor's advice they attempted to drive these desperadoes away. While chasing McGough, who had shot his brother William in the head, Robert, the youngest brother, tripped and fell. Bartholomew Shea, for whose arrest a warrant had been placed in the hands of the police on the preceding day and had not been served, although Shea was walking the public streets at the time, ran up behind Ross, who was lying on the ground, and at a distance of two or three feet deliberately shot him to death. These are the facts. And, gentlemen, if you could have seen that young man in his coffin—a perfect Greek in the beauty of his form and the classic outlines of his countenance, whose lofty forehead indicated that he lived in the upper chambers and not in the cellar of his earthly tenement—you would not have wondered at the storm of indignation and grief and rage that swept over that devoted city. It was the culminating crime in a decade of election wickedness which is perhaps without parallel in our municipal history. That history has demonstrated beyond a doubt that the District Attorney's office could not be depended upon to do its duty in the prosecution of election crimes. Do you wonder then that our citizens knocked loudly and again at the door of the executive chamber in search of justice? O Governor, Governor, secure in the powers and privileges of your high office, with secretaries, door-keepers and threats of criminal indictment to interpose between your privacy and the demands of outraged citizenship, it is against you that the indictment has been drawn by every earnest soul whose patriotism rests on something higher than partisan servility.

And shall there be no redress? Must the shame of our city, the disgrace of our people, the degradation of our institutions forever yield to the slavery of corrupt politics and the curse of one-man power? Is time so short that we must wait for eternity to right these wrongs? Is there to be no "day of reason; of the clear light; of that which makes us better than a flock of birds and beasts—a day which shall give the immense fortification of a fact to ethical abstractions"? These are the burning questions of the hour. Not whether this wickedness exists; but whether it shall continue to exist. Not how these things have occurred; but how they shall be stamped out. And I stand here to-night to voice a growing sentiment that it is not the Democratic Party, it is not the Republican Party, that is to correct these evils. Wrongs which spring from the form in which government is administered can be eradicated only by changing the form of such administration. And events seem to indicate that the only hope, of our municipalities at least, for a government administered in the interests of the people is in a popular rebellion against the existing order of things; another grim demand that where free institutions have been ordained and established slavery shall cease. It is another war for liberty which is on our hands, and the call is for troops.

"I know not," said the poet Heine, "if I deserve that a laurel wreath should one day be laid upon my bier. But lay on my coffin a sword, for I was a brave soldier in the war of liberation of mankind."

The Grand Army of the triumphant Empire was gone. The last square of the Old Guard had melted away at Waterloo. The gigantic figure of Napoleon, which had begun to disturb the equipoise of the universe, lay prostrate on the rock of St. Helena, and the Holy Alliance at the gates of Paris had decreed that the old order alone

was by the grace of God. But the conquering arms of the people, who in destroying the Bastille sounded the death knell of the old regime, had sown broadcast over Europe the seeds of liberty. To the young Idea, born amidst the frenzy of 1792, and reared to a monstrous apotheosis by years of slaughter, grim, unceasing, terrible, the day of reason came, and, clothed in its true majesty at last, civilized Europe saw what Freedom meant. The "war for the liberation of mankind" was proclaimed anew, and he who waged it bravely well might ask a sword upon his bier.

For while man indeed was free, men were in chains; the body, the intellect, the conscience, the soul itself groaning under fetters whose links had grown stronger as the world grew old. That invidious bar, impressed upon the human birthright by the passions and prejudices, the selfishness and crimes, of a thousand generations was to be broken alone by supreme heroism fighting under the orders of supreme Truth. And so it has always been, as it must always be, whether in Europe or America, in the effete civilization of the East or the virile democracy of a Nineteenth Century colony, that he who would be indeed a brave soldier in the war of human freedom must hold in readiness for instant sacrifice his home, his gains, his life—his cherished all. A prince of Orange or a Washington, a Lincoln or a Touissant L'Ouverture—a poet, warrior, priest of God—a glorious leader or a foot soldier in the ranks—to all alike the same voice spake: "Give thyself, if thou wouldst emancipate mankind."

Fellow citizens, that is the appeal from wounded liberty to us this day. It is an appeal to courage and unselfishness. And with a determination that ours shall not be the fault if the hand moves backward on the dial of civilization; with confidence in the thought that if virtue suffers it is but for a day; with an abiding faith in the

ultimate destiny of this land for good, let us enroll in a citizens' rebellion which shall destroy boss and hireling alike and establish for those who come after us a pure government founded upon a pure ballot.



## VIII

IN RESPONSE TO A TOAST, "THE CITY OF TROY," AT THE  
ANNUAL DINNER OF THE COMMERCIAL TRAVELERS  
ASSOCIATION, AT THE TROY HOUSE, MARCH 27,  
1896.

IT IS with slight assurance that I venture a response to the toast which has been called. Such an address, it seems to me, ought rather to come from some incumbent of office, whose position of trust at the hands of the people would naturally entitle him to speak for the body politic and corporate which he thus directly represents. And yet perhaps it is not altogether unfitting that the plain citizen who cherishes the inalienable right of grumbling in private should occasionally be accorded the still higher privilege of saying a good word in public about the City of his birth, of his life—perchance of his death and burial. And if it shall prove that I have been too venturesome in thus presuming to speak for the non-office-holding class upon such a subject, I shall ask that your displeasure be vented alone upon that wily, plausible diplomatist who overcame my scruples as easily and with as slight expense as he collects the internal revenue for the Northern District of New York. When he asked me to speak I said, "*No.*" When he asked me the second time I said, "No, I don't think I can." When he asked me the third time, with a sort of insinuating, hypnotic blandishment which only a Cleveland office-holder can display, I became as wax in his hands and was finally reduced to the condition of the Frenchman who said that



there was just one thing in the world which he never could resist—and that was temptation. And then he walked out of my office whistling, "Four more years of Grover."

And now, gentlemen, what shall I say about the City of Troy: this little, modest, blushing municipal debutante which has been made fun of, maligned, caricatured, abused by its enemies, assailed by its friends—in short, criticised to the very verge of endurance? Some of you from your vocation in life have had peculiar opportunities for knowing what is said about us in the outside world. You know that Troy has been variously called the "City of caucuses and collars"—and not all *linen* collars, either; the "Community whose citizens are divided into three classes—those who hold office, those who have held office, and those who want to hold office"; the "City which can cast more votes for a city of its size than any other in the country"; a "Town whose inhabitants never travel without a corkscrew"; "The Corridor of Hades," and similar tender and significant names. All this may well cause us to inquire, where and what is this city of ours, anyway? Are we, indeed, the rendezvous of all that is bad—the jumping-off place of all that is good? Well, I for one think it is about time for our citizens to rise up and answer no! It would be idle, hypocritical, as I think, to deny that the history of our body politic contains many things mortifying and shameful. But are we to determine the prevailing character of a man alone from the evil he may have done, without regard whatever to those things in his life which have made for good? Shall we refuse Peter a place among the Saints because in moments of weakness he denied his Lord? And is there a different rule for passing judgment upon mankind than upon human institutions? Shall we condemn the Catholic Church, with its centuries of heroic service, be-

cause of St. Bartholomew and the Inquisition? Shall we condemn Puritanism, which has given birth to a spirit still dominant in this Republic, because it burned witches and banished dissenters? Shall we condemn old Massachusetts because she repudiated the Abolitionists and even refused a hearing to Wendell Phillips after the murder of Lovejoy? Shall we withhold our sympathy from struggling Cuba because its rebel patriots sometimes commit crimes in the name of liberty? I tell you, my friends, it is easy to condemn, easy to find flaws, easy to point out misdoing. How would the private life of most of us—of yourself and myself—stand the test of that ideal which we approve in our highest moments? Introspection, self-judgment, self-blame ought always in a certain measure to exist if the just balance of our forces is to be maintained. But with communities as with men there is such a thing as overdoing this self-examination and self-blame. There is such a thing as making out so bad a case against one's own community that those who compose it may come to think that nothing good can come out of Nazareth and give up in despair. And I believe the time has arrived for us to stand up against these attacks on Troy, which after all, good or bad, right or wrong, is the city of our home. It may be well to remember that when Troy is attacked we, its citizens, are attacked; that when our municipal methods and administration are assailed we who permit these methods and this administration are assailed. They have rights, who dare maintain them. They have justice who establish and compel it. They have liberty, who are eternally vigilant to preserve it. And then there is something which strikes a vibrant chord in that celebrated toast of Commodore Decatur: "My country. May she always be in the right. But right or wrong, *my country*." And while municipal loyalty may not press its claim so far as this, at least it would seem

wise for our citizens occasionally to remind both themselves and the public of those things in the history of Troy, past and present, which make for undoubted right. Suppose, for example, we should hear Troy spoken of as a city whose Soldiers' Monument means no lie; as the home of those men—and pre-eminently that man, who, when Ericsson unfolded his plans of the Monitor, said to him, "You finish the plans; we'll find the money"; as the city whose industries in iron and steel and linen—and shall I say beer?—have contributed so largely to the great activities and progress of American commerce; as a community so sympathetic and generous-hearted that there is scarcely a great public charity today which has appealed in vain to the support of our people. Suppose attention be called to the fact that here are churches, humane societies, asylums, hospitals, institutions devoted to technical education and to ethical and literary culture, and a growing spirit of appreciation of science, music and art—in short, that in this city, as in every other community which has not been finally given over to destruction the forces of righteousness—that is to say, of progress—are bravely at work. Would not this, if only by encouraging us to believe that here is something worthy of preservation, would not this avail something to us, whose duty it is to make this city a better place for our children to live in than it has been for ourselves?

But I am coming dangerously near making a speech, and that even the proverbial good nature of the commercial traveler, who has to endure all sorts of ills, would, I am sure, never tolerate on such an occasion. At the risk, however, of taxing your patience I will venture before closing to suggest one more idea. I do not know how far it is practicable to divorce national and state politics from municipal affairs. But it is my profound conviction that the city which goes farthest in the



accomplishment of this fact will, in the long run, be the best place to live in. Just consider for a moment what the establishment of this idea would mean to us, in the solution of the important problems which are constantly arising in connection with municipal affairs. Take for example the two great questions which are to-day pressing themselves upon our consideration—the question of the Excise and the proposed enlargement of certain cities. Suppose these questions could be seriously considered and disposed of upon the sole ground of public expediency, entirely apart from their political bearings, would not the difficulty of answering them be very much diminished? Is it not a misfortune, to say the least, that the burning question of the Excise cannot be answered in any form until the proposed solution first runs the gauntlet of political expediency? I do not mean to say that in this instance the politicians have not answered the question wisely; although it is quite certain that many people believe the contrary. For example, let me tell you a little incident which occurred in New York last week. Two men were standing on the corner of 26th Street and Madison Avenue, where a contingent of the Salvation Army was holding forth. “Mike,” said one, “what do you think of this Raines bill?” “Bad,” said the other. “When a man’s been hustling as hard as he knows how six days in the week to get money enough to buy a drink it comes hard to chase around all day Sunday to find a place to blow it in.” “Well,” replied the other, “Sunday only comes once a week, after all.” And just then the Salvation Army struck up, “Every day’ll be Sunday by and by.”

Then consider the proposed “Greater Troy.” Speaking generally, I suppose we are—with scarcely an exception—anxious for the growth and increase of our city. Spread before us is an easy and natural method of in-

crease. And you remember the ingenuous old Vicar of Wakefield, who said, "I was always of opinion that he who marries and brings up a large family is of more service to the State than he who remains single and only talks about a population." Now this being the undoubted temper of our people, is it not doubly unfortunate if, as has been publicly declared by well-informed men, an act of such great public moment can be carried through, if at all, only when framed on partisan lines?

These are some of the discouraging features of the situation. But we may well encourage ourselves with the thought that in the struggle for better things, which is a heaven-born attribute of the great law of evolution, some adequate solution of every difficulty in the way of progress will eventually be found. And in the meantime the duty for you and for me, and for everyone who would be a good citizen, is first to declare, and then to act up to the declaration: "Troy. May she always be in the right, and may I do what I can to make her so."



## IX

ADDRESS AT THE DEDICATION OF THE LUCY A. ROWE  
MEMORIAL BUILDING, TROY, N. Y., DECEMBER  
8, 1896.

IT is with mingled diffidence and pleasure that I venture to speak tonight. Anxious to awaken your interest and enlist your sympathies in the beautiful charity which is being dedicated, I have sought in vain for words which might even poorly satisfy the occasion. But there is no human being not utterly lost to hope who does not find happiness in rendering a service, no matter how unpretentious, to helpless infancy and dependent childhood. And thus, howsoever inadequate the thought and speech may be, if one single word of mine can help at such a time it is a genuine pleasure to be allowed to say it.

Of all the sentiments cherished by mankind there is perhaps none more powerful to soften the human heart and arouse its best impulses than the love of children. The touch of a little hand, the caressing music of a childish voice, the grace and beauty of a baby form, the purity and innocence which shine out from the limpid depths of that wonderful baby eye—the man or woman who is insensible to all these will not surprise us by any act of wrongdoing, however iniquitous. Some such, even in civilized communities, I suppose there are. I would not willingly believe that there are many. For sometimes I declare it seems to me that he who has deliberately shut his heart against the sacredness of childhood has committed the unpardonable sin.

There is a wonderful illustration of this truth in Victor Hugo's immortal creation of Jean Valjean. You will remember when that man of many sorrows first came to the Bishop after nineteen years' imprisonment in the galleys—five for stealing a loaf of bread to feed some starving children and fourteen more for several times attempting to escape. Trampled on by society, torn, degraded and bestialized, he found himself at forty-six years an outcast, a social leper, his only passport the fearful yellow badge which proclaimed him to be a dangerous man, his only capital a beggarly nineteen dollars, which he had earned from the Government during his nineteen years of horrible slavery. He had gone to the bagne a humble peasant with a heart. He had come out a human savage, with barely a glimmer of a soul. Refused food, refused lodging, refused a spot to lay his head, driven with jeers and scoffs from every place except a prison, and even here promised admission only if he would first get himself again arrested, he finally knocks at the good Bishop's door and finds a man of Nazareth. He becomes the honored guest and is told that he, the felon, the off-scouring of society, is the Bishop's brother. He cannot comprehend. He is stupefied. And he rises in the night, steals from the only human being who has spoken kindly to him in a generation and flies. Arrested and brought back, he is freed by a holy lie from the man of God, who declares to the gendarmes that the silver was not stolen but was a gift. Then he hears these startling words: "Jean Valjean, my brother, you belong no more to evil, but to good. I have bought your soul of you. I withdraw it from thoughts of evil and perdition and give it back to God." He goes out again, shaken to the foundations of his earlier nature, but not yet won. Inexplicable human heart! Pierced by pity, by sympathy, by generosity almost divine and yet waiting for contact with a little child to finally yield. Well, then, you remember

he meets a little Savoyard joyously singing and gleefully tossing his money in the air. The convict places his foot upon a coin which has escaped from the child's grasp. "Sir," says petit Gervais, looking up into the brutal face with all the childish confidence of innocence, "my coin, if you please." "Be gone," cries the man with a frightful gesture, and the terrified child runs sobbing away. The man withdraws his foot, starts at sight of the coin, calls wildly after the child, running here and there in a vain attempt to find him, and with a sudden knowledge that never again will that trustful little face pass out of his memory and that the appealing little voice will never cease ringing in his ears, he cries: "I am a wretch," he weeps for the first time in twenty years, and then sets out upon the sublimest life in fiction. In all his great work the great Frenchman displayed no higher genius than when he paid this magnificent tribute to the melting power of childhood.

But in addition to this appeal to tenderness there is another way in which infancy and childhood reach out to us. These babies now, these children of to-day, are to become the boys and girls, the men and women of the future. Painfully conscious of the shortcomings of our own generation and of our failure to contribute as we should to the development and progress of the society in which we live and the civilization to which we belong, it is to those who are coming after us that we must hopefully look for the greater upbuilding of our race. The first sense perceptions of infancy, the impressions of early childhood, the teaching and environment of boyhood and girlhood, it is from these, as we believe, that the character and opinions of our young people must be largely formed. And it is perhaps not an extravagant use of words to say that the very destinies of a nation at any given moment depend upon the character and opinions of its youth under five-and-twenty years of age.

Here then are two wonderful appeals which childhood makes to us. Both are founded upon nature; the first, perhaps, more instinctive than the other, which is rather the product of reason. There can be no doubt of their rightful existence. As to the first the softening power of childhood has been recognized by every great emotional writer. And I believe there are few persons to whose actual experience we may not appeal with confidence for proof of its existence. On the other hand, there is no truth more widely accepted to-day among men who are thoughtful for the future and concerned about the welfare of the race, than the persistent claim of childhood upon our time, our attention, our means, our best thought, our broadest charity. And the fact that this truth is becoming not only more widespread but more universally acted upon is to me the best proof that civilization is yet advancing, that the course of humanity is yet upward. During the century that has elapsed since Rousseau wrote the "Emile"—a book which ought surely to be read by every parent, by every educator, by every person interested in child development—the idea of universal education has made giant strides. Indeed, it may be said that before Rousseau there was no such idea at all. But since then Mme. Necker in France, Spencer in England, Froebel in Germany and Horace Mann in America have contributed to the long list of educational classics. During this interval also natural science has been revolutionized by the researches of Darwin, who accounts for all progress by the internal struggle against environment. I do not forget that a profound German thinker has arisen who declares that hereditary traits cannot be overcome and that acquired characteristics cannot be transmitted. But it is not to the ears of this generation that the last word of science will be spoken. And while in the clashing of scientific creeds an ordinary



thinker may well become confused, I believe that there is one truth in which we may all confidently rest. There may be a question as to the wisdom of certain so-called charities. Like every unmixed idea charity proceeds either from truth or falsehood. If the latter it ought not to exist, and, indeed, sooner or later is bound to die. If the former, it is the fruit of the loftiest conscience and is entitled to the respect and veneration and support of all mankind. And by merely asking if there is a person in this audience who has ever given to a little child any comfort, or sympathy, or pleasure, or help of any kind, however trifling, and however short-lived, without feeling a real warmth at heart—by this simple question I believe I shall be upheld in the statement that a charity which is designed to shelter, protect and guide innocent and helpless children can in the nature of things be founded upon nothing but the truth.

But I am engaging your attention too long, and you may be wondering what all this has to do with the dedication of the noble structure which has arisen in our midst as a tribute to the sacredness of childhood. And so I shall only detain you to say that, leaving it to others to explain the work of this society and the prospective uses of its new home, I have tried to sketch broadly the motive of the deed in commemoration of which we are assembled. And as the love of a child was the primary motive from which the Lucy A. Rowe Memorial has sprung, and as the work in connection with which this beautiful building is to be used is approved by our best and most refined instincts, our highest and most deliberate judgment, so may we unhesitatingly, one and all, approve the gift, applaud the giving and say Godspeed to the noble enterprise which is destined to become an honor to our city and a blessing to the community in which we live.



## X

IN RESPONSE TO THE TOAST, "LADDERS," AT THE ANNUAL DINNER OF THE TROJAN HOOK AND LADDER COMPANY, AT TROY, N. Y., FEBRUARY, 1897.

AFTER the capture of Louisburg by the troops of Massachusetts in 1745, the redoubtable Parson Moody was invited to ask a blessing at the dinner given by General Pepperill in honor of the victory. To the great relief of those who knew his habitual prolixity and dreaded its effects upon the guests, he contented himself by saying, "Good Lord, we have so much to thank Thee for that Time will be too short, and we must leave it for Eternity." If my part in the present grace after meat is not as quickly performed, you must attribute it to the utter impossibility for a degenerate Mohawk Dutchman to emulate the severe virtue of a New England Puritan—in this particular especially when dinner is over and nothing is to be gained by it.

The toast which you have accorded me is full of magnificent possibilities. I regret that I am not equal to the occasion. For as it is hard to jest with an aching heart, so it is difficult to soar upon a full stomach. If Parnassus is scaled to-night it must be by someone who has dined more lightly and is correspondingly less afraid of falling than I. Even the "rounds" of the sentiment and the countenance and support of such indomitable climbers as the Trojan Hooks shall not tempt me to venture a lofty ascent, howsoever inviting. I know it is said that he who aims at the sun shoots higher than he who aims at a bush.

But there is such a thing, in oratory, as aiming so high as to shoot out of sight and hit nothing. And after such an attempt the speaker may expect from his friends no kindlier feeling than that of the Frenchman who said, while bending over the grave of his mother-in-law, "Tears cannot restore her to us—therefore let us weep."

Since the days when history recorded itself only through the medium of Fable, down to the present time, the ladder, whether in its real or a figurative sense, has been in constant use by mankind in the attempt to surmount space and overcome obstacles. The scaling ladder of ancient warfare, the rope or silken ladder of tragic or romantic adventure, the ladder of the artisan and mechanic, of the fireman and sailor—with these man has been enabled to bridge space and plant his achievements in a higher plane. In the same way, speaking figuratively, for the most part men have always found higher places in the varied domains of organized society only by climbing ladders—ladders whose lower rounds are at the level of mere existence but whose tops rest against the very summit of human powers. In fact no man who is unwilling to bury his talent in the Earth or hide it in a fold of napkin, no man who cherishes an honorable ambition, no man who is solicitous for the welfare of those dependent upon him—no man who is not utterly deaf to the ceaseless admonition of an inner voice which bids him struggle up in order to survive, can do without a ladder.

While this is to some extent true of mankind in general, and largely true of the Anglo-Saxon in particular, it is distinctively true of the American people. We have become a nation of climbers. There are no bounds among us to the restless desire to be higher up. It is naturally so. It is the flower of our free institutions. Yes, it is part of the fruit of liberty itself. For here in America artificial barriers have been overthrown. Artificial dis-

tinctions have been destroyed. Equality has become a fact. The wild and disordered dream of Marat has taken the coherent form of living reality. We are free. Our young men to-day know that there is no place, no station in this broad land to which they may not aspire, which merit may not fill. Sublime in the audacity of their faith they turn to the loftiest summits and

“With ambitious feet, secure and proud,  
Ascend the ladder leaning on the cloud!”

The barefoot boy, who drives a mule on the towpath, mounts steadily upward to find at last that the highest round of his ladder forms the threshold of the White House.<sup>1</sup>

A stevedore along the docks after long groping in the dark finally gets hold of the first round and then goes up and up until he is seen directing the destinies of a great transcontinental railroad, which his genius and his rising spirit alone created.<sup>2</sup>

The son of a plain farmer in the Pine Tree State climbs and climbs through storm and tempest until he rests, to take breath, in the Governor's chair at Albany.<sup>3</sup>

As citizens of this great Republic of independent States we glory in these illustrations of the possibilities which here exist for every man whose ambitions and hopes are constantly maintained above the level of his fortunes. They teach us that Liberty and Equality are things—not names alone. They show us how far removed is this great land from those places where if children can but maintain the station and enjoy the means of their father, however moderate, they are content. They remind us of the gigantic strides which civilization has taken since the

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<sup>1</sup>Chester A. Arthur, President.

<sup>2</sup>James J. Hill, President Great Northern R. R.

<sup>3</sup>Frank S. Black, New York State Governor, 1896.

days when almost the only ladder by which men might rise was the sword, and even then only a comparative few could say,

"All this world's my oyster  
Which I with sword will open";

while now and with us everyone may well declare, "All the world's my mountain, which I with any of an hundred different ladders may scale!"

And yet encouraging—even aspiring—as this may be, invariably there attends a note of warning, which too frequently is unheeded. I have said that there are no bounds to the restless ambition to be "higher up." Perhaps it would be more precisely characterized as a desire to be "better off"; since the prevailing impulse seems to be concentration of the faculties upon progressive gain and betterment of the material and outward conditions as the supreme objective. While this is not unnatural there is a lurking danger in the fact, because if persisted in sooner or later it will impair the faculty for simple and innocent enjoyment; it will tend to blunt the moral sense and to lessen the taste for the intellectual by unduly emphasizing the material.

Let us then guard against these dangers. Let us make use of our "Ladders" not merely in a competitive climb for power, place and prestige—not alone to reach the ledges where the golden nuggets abound; but as well—indeed in the main to attain the Olympian heights where the highest ideals exert their sway, and the joys of altruistic service are disclosed.

I thank you, gentlemen, for the pleasure which I have found in being here to-night. I believe profoundly in these social festivities. It should be a genuine tonic for everyone to come in contact with a body of self-respecting and respected men who have met in a spirit of sheer good



fellowship, to declare that life in these free states is yet worth the living. To meet in this way is not only good for us; it is good for the community; it is good for society and the State: for it brings us face to face with that brotherhood of man upon which the community and the State and society at large, under our republican form of government, always must rest. In such a gathering no two perhaps are cherishing the same hopes, the same ambitions; no two entertain precisely the same opinions in those matters of policy which affect the social, political and other welfare of the race. But howsoever divided we may be in such respects—howsoever we may differ in our political tenets, our religious faith, our scientific creeds, our social customs, our physical and intellectual habits—there is one ground upon which, please God, we stand united: we are American citizens! That is an heritage where no law of primogeniture obtains. One country which we love, one flag by which we stand or fall—one Constitution to the support of which and the perpetuation of the free institutions established thereby we pledge ourselves forever.



## XI

### ADDRESS AT THE FOURTH OF JULY CELEBRATION AT TROY, IN 1898.

“**A**ND FOR the support of this declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes and our sacred honor.”

We have listened again to the reading of that memorable certificate of our nation's birth. Once more we have yielded homage to the highborn spirit with which those pioneers in popular government declared the rights they dared maintain. To ears made sensitive by the booming of American guns in another war for independence, there is a new ring to the words which declare for human liberty. To souls made generous and hearts made tender by present gifts and sacrifices for an oppressed people, there is a new meaning in that solemn pledge to freedom, of fortune, honor and life. To the awakened patriotism of seventy millions of freemen, united as never before under the fortunes of a single flag, there is new spring and passion in the thought that for more than a century, against assaults from without and within, the free and independent States which these forefathers of the Republic declared have been preserved. Not a single star is missing, not a single stripe obscured—with added glory, rather. For at this portentous epoch in its history, our great Republic of forty-five independent commonwealths, as strongly knit together as the counties of the United Kingdom or the petty sovereignty of the German Empire,

stands before the world as the only government which can point to an hundred years without revolutionary changes and which is able to enforce the majority will of so great a population without creating within itself a spirit of resistance and revolt. This is the magnificent heritage whose foundation we have gathered to honor. And as this great trust has come from God, like our forefathers in whom it was first reposed we look to the Divine Providence for guidance in its administration and development.

The birthday celebration of a great republic ought never to become a commonplace. The commemoration of an act which has given rise to a form of popular government unique in history, successful beyond the wildest dreams of its projectors and which still challenges the admiration of mankind, ought never to be carelessly observed. And if of late years familiarity has bred at least some measure of unconcern for the nation's holiday, no patriotic citizen can be insensible to the new significance with which it appeals to us today. For there is a new war for freedom on hand. The right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness has again been demanded for a downtrodden people from its oppressors. The principle that all governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed has again been invoked. And then the proud thought that this time it is for others—not for ourselves, but for others that the sword is drawn! The first war of the United Colonies was a struggle for life. The present contest of the United States is a struggle for the lives of others. Grateful for the blessings of our blood-bought independence, this is the wreath we lay upon the altar of humanity at the beginning of our second century of national existence. How fitting, then, that here at the source of all our liberties, on a day forever sacred in American history, we should renew our patrio-

tism, renew our love for the flag, renew our faith in the government of our fathers and take fresh heart of grace for the future and for every sacrifice it may require.

But what is this patriotism of which so much is said? And what is meant by this love of the flag which is on every lip today? The men who caught up the musket when the President called for volunteers, taught us something about love of the flag. When the gallant crew of the Merrimac steamed serenely into the jaws of death, we knew what their conception of patriotism was. The dying heroes at Santiago salute their flag and whisper, as they enter into rest, "*Dulce et decorum est, pro patria mori.*" None but the selfish and cynical will deny that here are types of genuine patriotism. But, my fellow citizens, we must remember that love of the flag has other meanings and that patriotism implies other duties besides the supreme sacrifice of life and fortune for one's country. There is sometimes a higher courage for a citizen to display than to shoulder a musket; often a higher duty to perform than to march away from home. The man who is truly patriotic can always find the duty which his country demands of him. The man who is loyal at heart can always find a way to demonstrate his loyalty. For whatever our talents, whatever our resources, whatever our abilities, in time of war there is always one great service in which all may share. If we cannot man the guns, if we cannot lie in trenches, we can at least stand by the Government! And I tell you, my friends, that at such a time as this, for the great body of the American people there can be no higher evidence of the true spirit of patriotism than that love of country which delights not in exposing and criticising the possible weaknesses and mistakes of the Government, but "covereth all things"; that love of country which, as a great teacher declared of Christian charity, endeavors to see things as they are and

rejoices to find them better than suspicion feared, or calumny denounced: that self-restraint which refuses to make capital, partisan or otherwise, out of the faults of others. Stand by the Government! In that thought there is a whole world of patriotism. If we take that purpose home to our hearts and put it into the practices of our daily lives, there will be no need for us to inquire what is meant by patriotism or love of the flag.

And, my friends, since the Declaration of Independence was penned, our country has never more urgently needed the best and most intelligent patriotism of its sons. That our Constitution is approaching another supreme test is apparent to every thoughtful friend of American institutions. For it is perhaps not extravagant to say that the broadsides of Dewey at Manila marked a change in world conditions which must inevitably compel a reversal of our traditional policy against international counsels and responsibilities. By that single act—proceeding from the will of God, the workings of evolution, the force of events, call it what you will—this country, as I believe, has become as firmly committed to the creation of a free and stable government in the Philippines as by its express declaration to the world it has promised to establish in Cuba. Deprecate it if we will, shrink from it as we may, this nation must become, has become, a world factor. Called from the isolation where it has been industriously cultivating its talents, it is now face to face with the supreme duty of developing its character where such character can alone be built up in the stream of life, and by sharing with the other nations of the world the responsibility for the world's progress and development. And if the message of this Declaration of Independence has been vindicated in the history of these United States; if the principles of our glorious Constitution have indeed been established by a century of triumphant experiment; if the



mission of the republic is indeed God-given—not selfish and individual, but, as we like to believe, humanitarian and universal—unless that mission is to be betrayed, wherever under its energies the banner of justice and equal rights and civil and religious liberty has been flung to the breeze, it never can be hauled down until those same principles shall have been freely offered and guaranteed to a freed people. I am for human liberty. I am for a greater measure of freedom wherever a hand is raised to grasp it. A century ago it was Napoleon who sowed its seeds throughout Europe by a war, selfish indeed, but none the less providential and effective. To-day upon the outskirts of two distant hemispheres, it is by an unselfish war that light shall come into dark places, that greed and tyranny shall be banished, that slavery and oppression shall give way to the dignity of human nature beneath a free flag.

But, my friends, true patriotism also demands that we shall beware of the lurking danger in these great events. Under cover of this, our high duty to extend the benign principles of human freedom, already the temptation has arisen to establish our form of government in a conquered territory and impose it upon an alien people. Fellow citizens, in the glow of our enthusiasm and the flush of our promise let us not forsake the sincerity of our purpose, and the integrity of our motive. Let us constantly remember that we have set out not to conquer but to open, not to press down but to lift up, not to take but to give! Let us convince the world that we desire not to extend our possessions and impose our form of government, but merely to share our principles of freedom, justice and equal rights with those who are at the beginning of the toilsome ascent which we have so gallantly climbed. Then indeed shall we add a new chaplet to the wreath of liberty. And thus shall we demonstrate that by the direct

fruits of our birthright we have become entitled to a high place in the world counsels which are to make for a wider civilization, a more universal betterment, a more genuine brotherhood.

It is the privilege of one and all to assist in working out this glorious destiny for the beloved Government beneath whose sheltering ægis we were born, beneath whose flag we hope to die. Let us accept the trust in a spirit of exalted courage. And since we know that the patriotism of the past is not enough for the needs of the present, that the deeds of the fathers never can fulfill the obligations of the children, let us not shrink from our manifest duty, but rather rejoice in the privilege accorded us of planting the flag one step higher, for the emulation in turn of those who come after us.

## XII

ADDRESS DELIVERED IN THE OLD ACADEMY, BENNINGTON CENTRE, VT., FEBRUARY 22, 1903.

*Marcus Aurelius, the Moral Hero of Pagan Antiquity*

WHOEVER has been so fortunate as to visit the City of the Caesars, assuming that his stay there has proceeded from something deeper than idle curiosity, must have realized how utterly inadequate are ordinary expressions and how impossible it is for ordinary gifts to fittingly describe the sensations which have been aroused. Standing on some giant ruin whose first foundations antedate authentic history, the eye ranges over an arena where every emotion of which humanity is capable has displayed itself with an intensity which can never be surpassed until the soul of man shall be translated to a higher stage of existence. Considered in the abstract, this thought alone might not appeal so powerfully. But coupled with the still visible evidences of this Titanic human tragedy—ranging from the walls of the early kings twenty-five centuries ago to the yet unfinished monument of the present royal house of Italy—the imagination is so aghast at the awful import of it all that nothing but the tongue or pen of genius itself can even outline the shadowy images which will haunt the Eternal City until all history shall become a blank. In the first place the subject is so vast, the materials are so endless, that the mere act of selection becomes an almost hopeless task. Shall we speak of the crime—saturated Palatine, where Romulus built,

where Augustus died, where the fiercest passions clashed, where the vilest deeds were done? But is there a stone in ancient Rome which has not seen events as wonderful and tragic? Shall we speak of the martyrs whose blood tempered the mastic which cemented the Church of Christ in its conquering struggle against paganism? But where shall the tale begin, and where, indeed, shall it end? Is there anything in any one part of the vast phantasmagoria of nearly twenty-five centuries which in tragedy or comedy, in beauty or ugliness, in heroism or craven fear, in abomination or purity, in ungodliness or exalted piety, can surpass in human interest that which can easily be found at any earlier or later stage? From the black stone of Romulus to the Dome of St. Peter, from the Pantheon of Agrippa to the shrine on the Janiculum where the fisherman apostle was crucified, from the bronze wolf in the Capitol to the statue of Pompey splashed with the blood of Caesar, from the altar in the Forum where Virginia died in defense of virtue to the frowning Colosseum, where eighty thousand spectators gloated over the dying agonies of women torn by savage beasts, from the tomb of Nero to the tombs of the saints, the Seven Hills on the Tiber give back to the world one long and mighty epic of Satanic evil and Divine good—with every intermediate note which poor humanity may ever hope to strike. Who shall presume to pen the Homeric strophes?

I confess to something of the same sense of difficulty in venturing to tell the story of only a single actor in the great human tragedy which is Rome. To fix the true place of a man, long dead, in the domain of intellect, of literature, of art, of public service—in short, along a single line of accomplishment—is not necessarily difficult when materials are abundant. But to establish, in a few strokes, the moral character of a pagan Emperor, who



sacrificed to the *manes* of his ancestors, who poured libations to the gods, who permitted Christians to be torn by the beasts—*hic labor, hoc opus est*, indeed. For in such a case it is plain that the worth of a man is relative. The brilliancy of a gem is often dulled by an inadequate setting. To have been a moral hero in the days of Nero, in the days of the Inquisition, in the days of the French Revolution, required more courage than to be a moral hero in the broad sunlight and amidst all the safeguards of civil and religious liberty. And so to fairly estimate the worth of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius we must measure his deeds and opinions, not by the standards and surroundings of to-day alone, but in part at least by the standards and surroundings of his day. To portray that environment in the brief limits of an evening's talk is, of course, an utter impossibility. But fortunately the intelligence of a New England audience can be relied upon in such a case. I shall leave it largely to you, then, to supply the setting by reminding yourselves what Roman life was and what Roman imperialism meant in the second century of the Christian era.

On the fifteenth of March, in the year 44 B. C., there occurred at Rome what Goethe declares was the most senseless deed ever perpetrated; the assassination in the name of liberty of the grandest figure of sovereignty in all the ancient world. False Sextus, "who wrought the deed of shame," had destroyed the monarchy; misguided Brutus, who struck in the name of Liberty, destroyed the Republic and riveted upon Rome a despotic imperialism which lasted five centuries. Augustus, the first Emperor, cunningly appropriated all the possibilities for arbitrary power which his great predecessor had created; and the chains were drawn tighter by Tiberius, Caligula, Claudius and Nero, in whom the blood of Caesar ended. Galba, Otho and Vitellius, one by one, passed under the swords

of the army. The benign Vespasian and his celebrated son, Titus, were followed by the brute Domitian, a second Nero; after which Roman grandeur approached its climax under the sway of the first four Antonines, Nerva, Trajan, Hadrian and Titus Antoninus. Upon the death of the latter, whose life had been so unblemished as to gain for him the surname of "Pius," or "The Dutiful," the purple descended upon his adopted son, Marcus Annius Verus, who thereupon assumed the name Marcus Aurelius Antoninus Augustus. He is spoken of in history as the Philosopher Emperor; he may justly be called the moral hero of Pagan antiquity. His reign of nineteen years, although unmarked by new institutions, great accomplishments in war, literature or the arts, or even an advantageous peace for Rome, always battling for its possessions, was so ennobled by his display of exalted qualities that it must be considered one of the most memorable in history. So that, in the language of a modern philosopher, when in the Piazza del Campidoglio we contemplate his equestrian statue, that magnificent creation in bronze of an unknown artist, we "feel it fitting that the figure of the Emperor who was by his lofty morality the purest expression of imperial power, should be the one to remain alone untouched and standing above the ruins of the City of the Caesars."

Aside from his individuality and environment, the worth of a man and his proper place in history depend upon two things, his opinions and his deeds. Given the man and his surroundings, what did he believe and what did he do? Let us then take up our study of the philosopher Emperor in the order suggested.

The family of Marcus Aurelius came originally from Spain, although the Emperor himself was born at Rome April 26th, in the year 121 A. D. His ancestry was patrician, his grandfather having been twice consul and pre-

fect of the city. His mother, Lucilla, was a direct descendant of Domitius Afer, the favorite historian of the Emperor Tiberius. From early boyhood his life had been austere, the philosopher's cloak having been assumed at the age of twelve, from which time he never failed to practice the severest stoical simplicity; sleeping on the bare ground, eating little, exercising and working without intermission, and indulging in no pleasures—rather invariably finding his pleasure in an unceasing devotion to duty, the pursuit of knowledge and the attainment of a perfect self-mastery. His high character and great capacities had attracted the attention of the Emperor Hadrian, who by a stretch of authority, at the time of his adoption of Antoninus Pius, named Aurelius and another youth, Lucius Verus, as the next in succession. Upon the death of Antoninus, however, Verus, although still further dignified by his marriage with Lucilla, the Emperor's daughter, had the good sense to content himself with the position of a lieutenant. This was fortunate both for the reputation of Aurelius and the welfare of the people; for nothing but the Emperor's own gravity of life could apparently have made amends for the wild and riotous conduct of his associate, who would soon have destroyed the honor of the imperial house if he had openly occupied the position accorded by his too generous brother. Supported by a select coterie of wild spirits, Verus displayed all the personal misconduct with which Rome had been disgraced by Nero, with the important exception that his extravagance and debauchery were free from cruelty. Fortunately, however, a Parthian invasion afforded the Emperor an early opportunity of sending his associate to the East, where Verus soon died and relieved Aurelius from further sorrow and shame.

Unhappy in his adoptive brother, the Emperor was even more unfortunate in his direct family relations. His

wife, Faustina (daughter of the preceding Emperor), must have been indeed an infamous woman, as the Senate begged the Emperor to punish, or at least divorce her. Seven children had been born to the Imperial pair, of whom two boys died in infancy, the eldest daughter disgraced herself as the unfaithful wife of Pompeianus, while Commodus, the only other son, at an early age disclosed the peculiarly evil instincts which in later years, and under the robust stimulus of arbitrary power, developed into a character more degraded even than that of Nero, if such a thing were possible.

Aurelius certainly needed all of his stoicism to sustain the burdens and calamities which finally pressed upon him. The splendor and magnificence of the Empire had reached their apogee. Already the signs of decay and disintegration were manifest. The reign of the "Philosopher," begun in tranquillity, had gradually developed into a period of recurring storms. Inundations, pestilence, famine, war, grim persecution—in its final effect more blasting even than war—all of these calamities in turn bore down upon the just and gentle-minded Emperor, who, unsupported even by the love and consideration of a virtuous wife and son, became sad and mournful and was rarely seen to smile. It is impossible to withhold profoundest pity for the misfortunes which towards the end engulfed a man whose life from very boyhood had been so loyally cast upon lines of the highest ideals, essentially pagan though such ideals may be considered.

In the eighteenth year of his reign a great wave of barbaric invasion from the north pressed so heavily against the Roman frontier that the Emperor was compelled to take the field in person. After nearly two years of uninterrupted labors, sufferings and anxieties, he succumbed beneath his burdens at the age of fifty-nine. His ashes were taken to Rome, and the Senate promptly enrolled



him among the Gods. If all of the pagan deities had been as pure as their new associate much that is so detestable in ancient art and religion might never have been conceived.

So much for his individuality. As for his environment, picture an Empire whose limits were the Atlantic on the west, the Rhine and Danube on the north, the Euphrates on the east, and on the south the Cataracts of the Nile and the African deserts—with Britain and Mesopotamia thrown in as fighting outposts. Forty-five Roman provinces, with twice forty-five millions of inhabitants, including men of all races, languages, manners and customs, in culture ranging from the highest known civilization to the most degraded barbarism. And all this vast domain, with its heterogeneous racial, social and political elements, not only to be kept in order, but also to be defended from its countless enemies who swarmed like grasshoppers on every frontier, by the wisdom and might of a single man. Remember, too, that this man was clothed with despotic power—that is to say, accountable alone to his conscience—if he happened to have any—and to an endless legion of pagan deities. For as Appian, a writer of the second century, concisely stated it, "Cæsar preserved the name and forms of the Republic, but seized upon all the power, and his successors have kept what he took. They are called 'Imperators'; in fact they have the authority of Kings." And as the jurisconsults declared, "The Emperor is not bound to observe the law; the law is his good pleasure and the administration of justice is the same." In the limitless will and unchecked power of a Roman Emperor may be found the model of that famous expression of the Grand Monarch, "*L'Etat, c'est Moi!*"

To be clothed with absolute power, and in its intelligent exercise to act without abusing it, is perhaps the

most striking human manifestation of divine attributes. Of all the exalted rulers of antiquity—certainly among all those who wore the Roman purple—I think we must concede to the Philosopher Emperor the highest place in the display of this Godlike quality. And for the reason that it is difficult to imagine an environment which would provoke a more searching test of character in this respect, posterity has at least freely accorded Marcus Aurelius a degree of moral heroism which renders him a unique figure in the history of pagan antiquity. Let us then briefly consider whether the opinions which he cherished and the extent to which those opinions shaped his life actually establish his right to so high a place in the estimation of mankind.

After the death of the Emperor there were found in a casket ten bundles of tablets, written for his own use, amidst the storms of battle, in the intervals of public business, on his long journeys through the Empire, during hours of profound sadness and depression—which no eye but his had seen nor was intended by him to see. This dialogue with himself, these precious records of a pure and serene soul, these celebrated "Meditations," constituted a work of sublime morality. Pagan though he was by profession, it is impossible to deny a place among the real "Seekers of God" to the writer of these Meditations, which have been recognized as the best of the non-inspired reflections on practical morality. John Stuart Mill declares that they are almost equal in ethical elevation to the Sermon on the Mount. If Justin Martyr was right in declaring that there were Christians before Christ, I am not sure that the doctrine has not a corollary in the case of the pagan Aurelius, with his supreme and rapturous desire for inner perfection and the love of humanity, which was the unchanging motive of his life. At least, as a modern historian observes, he remains the

loftiest expression of that purified stoicism which bordered on Christianity, without entering its territory or taking its place.

We are not to suppose that the "Meditations" comprise a complete system of philosophy. Their fragmentary nature would alone preclude any such conclusion. And while some have supposed that they were written by the Emperor as a guide for his son, Commodus, I prefer to believe that they were merely the unobtrusive dialogues between a man and his own soul. At any rate, they bear the stamp of truth—the sort of sincere disclosure implied in the intimacy of Hiawatha and his friends when they "spake with naked hearts together." It is the man, as he was, disclosing himself to the divinity within him. The charm and effectiveness of such a lesson in practical morality are infinitely more attractive and valuable than the most elaborate system, however perfect in theory and elevated in tone.

The keynote of the Emperor's philosophy is, that tranquillity rather than happiness is the true goal of life. To attain this tranquillity he declares "you must be governed by the god who is in thee." Seventeen centuries later we find the same thought in that noble sentence of Emerson: "I see not any road of perfect peace which a man can walk but after the counsel of his own bosom." Thus, according to the "Meditations," conscience is to be the guide to that individual purity and perfection, which, however, will become perfect tranquillity or equanimity only when coupled with unaffected love for mankind. "Can you say, 'I have never done wrong to anyone in action or word?' If you can, you have fulfilled your task." And how shall we acquire this love for others? We must live, says the gentle Emperor, "conformably to nature." That is to say, a man should live according to his whole nature, and as a means to that end must

cultivate the four chief virtues: wisdom, or the knowledge of good and evil; justice, or the giving to every man his due; fortitude, or the enduring of labor and pain; and temperance, or moderation in all things. There we have all the essentials of the Emperor's philosophy, morality or religion—call it what you will. Cultivate these four virtues, and in their application—not in seclusion, for the warlike figure on the bronze horse was no monk; but while practicing them in the stream and press of life, be guided by your conscience. Everything then will be in accordance with nature, that is to say, with Deity; nothing can then irritate, and a steadfast tranquillity, the final end, will result.

It is difficult to believe that the human soul can reveal a purer or simpler form of practical morality; to the Christian believer there is wanting only the single element of faith in Christ. But Marcus Aurelius did not know Christ. He believed in Deity, but not through the revelations of Gethsemane. God had found another way to show this pagan Emperor the path of Life. Sternly determined to make headway against the universal corruption, unreality and self-indulgence of his time, he had mastered as the only rule of life to abstain even from the thought of evil, by fashioning the soul to the divine likeness; to support wrongs with resignation; to love mankind; to sacrifice even the object accounted the dearest to the fulfillment of duty. And as Duruy eloquently says, "He believed that this manly religion would suffice for humanity—the mistake of a noble mind, into which it is glorious to have fallen, and which, thank God, still exists for a few heroic spirits! *But when will it become the belief and rule of the multitude?*"

Time presses, and I may not lead you further into "that little temple of his own," as our New England seer might have termed it, where the serene old Roman in-



scribed his thoughts—clothed with such beauty, such tenderness, such manly courage, such liquid purity, such patient resignation, such manifest reverence, that while translating them into his native language a Cardinal of the Apostolic Church declared, "My soul blushes redder than my garments when I regard the virtues of this Gentile." As long as humanity endures they will yield an unailing inspiration to every earnest seeker of the higher life.

But it is one thing to believe, another thing to do. And the final question must be, Did this great soul carry his beliefs into his everyday life?

Most men are either better or worse than their opinions. For opinions, after all, are only a mental operation. And while they may sometimes be considered as a true reflection of the soul, more frequently they are to be taken as expressing merely the author's conception of what the soul ought to be. And as the Emperor himself declared, to examine the true quality of people you must not only look into their minds—you must examine their pursuits, their deeds and their aversions. With two mooted exceptions, to which I shall refer directly, the doctrines of Marcus Aurelius were the gospel of his life—if indeed we may not directly affirm that his precepts were merely the record of his practices. Canon Farrar, in his "Seeker after God," admirably described the manner in which he discharged his multifarious duties:

"He regarded himself as being, in fact, the servant of all. It was his duty, like that of the bull in the herd, or the ram among the flocks, to confront every peril in his own person, to be foremost in all the hardships of war, and most deeply immersed in all the toils of peace. The registry of the citizens, the suppression of litigation, the elevation of public morals, the care of minors, the re-

trenchment of public expenses, the limitation of gladiatorial games and shows, the care of roads, the restoration of senatorial privileges, the appointment of none but worthy magistrates, even the regulation of street traffic, these and numberless other duties so completely absorbed his attention that, in spite of indifferent health, they often kept him at severe labour from early morning till long after midnight. His position, indeed, often necessitated his presence at games and shows, but on these occasions he occupied himself either in reading, in being read to, or in writing notes. He was one of those who held that nothing should be done hastily, and that few crimes were worse than the waste of time."

This is a notable tribute, and I shall supplement it with only a single incident to illustrate the genuineness of his brotherly love. Cassius, one of his most trusted lieutenants, had revolted in Syria and made a desperate effort to obtain the purple. The revolt was put down and the leader killed by one of his own officers. Instead of thanking the assassin—who by the standards of the day had performed a high public service—the noble-hearted Emperor openly expressed his regret that he was thus deprived of the luxury of forgiveness, and carefully suppressed all evidence that might have implicated others in the rebellion. The pagan ruler who, as an act of genuine faith, practiced such sublime magnanimity, must have come dangerously near the Kingdom of God.

Two imperfections dimmed the otherwise flawless beauty of this pagan hero's character and life. One was the persecution of the Christians; the other was his choice of the weak, licentious and savage Commodus to succeed him in the Empire.

We must sorrowfully admit that in bequeathing the purple to Commodus, who although only nineteen years of age at the time of his father's death, had already man-

ifested his innate wickedness and depravity, the Emperor distinctly violated one of his own fundamental tenets: that all personal objects should be sacrificed to the fulfillment of duty. And it is to be remembered that the principle of royal heredity, although of course dear to a father's heart, as it seems to be naturally acceptable to the governed, was by no means that which had theretofore obtained in the Empire. On the contrary, out of sixteen Emperors there had been only two thus far who were the natural heirs of their predecessors. For the rest the custom of adoption had controlled in the bestowal of the purple, the army or Senate stepping in where for any reason the privilege had not been exercised by the imperial incumbent. Julian openly reproaches the Emperor for not having set Commodus aside in favor of some well-tried statesman who might have saved the Empire. But there are heights to which even a saint may not aspire. If Marcus Aurelius had been a Christian, doubtless he would not have been judged too harshly for yielding to his paternal affections in such a case; but posterity seems inclined to believe that from a true Stoic something better might be expected. Let us sadly acknowledge that there is perhaps more truth than irony in such a reproach.

That this apostle of gentleness and forbearance permitted a cruel persecution of the Christians is a more serious accusation. The fact is undeniable. A dozen men and women were put to death at Lyons, and elsewhere through the provinces many perished in defense of their faith—among them, as is supposed, Justin Martyr, the author of the "*Apologies*," and Polycarp, the celebrated Bishop of Smyrna.

The Emperor's knowledge of Christianity appears to have been of the slightest. His single reference to the new creed is a short paragraph in the Tenth Book, where

he speaks of "the obstinancy of the Christians, who seek death with tragical ostentation." It is to be both wondered at and deplored that this Truth-teller and Good-seeker did not appreciate that his duty was to thoroughly examine these new doctrines, in order both to do absolute justice to its professors and at the same time to enlarge his own conception of truth. To have done this would perhaps have given him that one great virtue which he lacked—that perfect toleration to which Christianity itself has never yet attained.

It is to be remembered in the Emperor's favor that the persecutions during his reign were political rather than religious. The Inquisition burned those who did not believe aright in heavenly things. That was a religious persecution. But in Rome paganism was the State religion; and when Marcus Aurelius punished those who refused to obey certain laws of the state, the act, from his standpoint at least, was purely political. He in fact issued no rescripts against Christians; he merely declined to interfere when appealed to in behalf of those who refused to "swear by the Gods"—that is, to obey the law. In the eyes of the philosopher, to whom respect for law was the very foundation of being, these men were contumacious and deserved their punishment. In this one respect Marcus Aurelius was the antique prototype of that terrible Javert, the Inspector of Police in Victor Hugo's masterpiece, to whom respect for authority took the place of God. But Javert, merciless, wolfish, incorruptible, one day awoke to find that "there was something more than duty": Aurelius, equally incorruptible, but merciful and gentle, believed there was nothing more; and through the executions which he might have prevented, has left a stain upon the purest name in antiquity. And so with Farrar, we can but call him the noblest of Pagan Emperors, and sorrowfully acknowledge that we



must seek in vain for a Christian monarch to place beside him.

In the quiet beauty of this New England village, in the shadow of that venerable old church, sacred to the worship of the God of the Christians, at the beginning of this twentieth century, with all its acquisitions in liberty of person, of property and of conscience, I have attempted to make you feel something of the moral grandeur of a pagan Emperor who persecuted the disciples of the Nazarene, and in the most wonderful city of the world, stood for a form of government which recognized at least the partial enslavement of mankind. A century ago such an attempt in a New England church could not have been successful, if only because probably it would not have been tolerated. But the day of narrow dogma, in America at least, has gone, let us hope, forever. "Not he that repeateth the name, but he that doeth the will," is becoming more and more the test of a true morality and a true religion. Less and less are we willing to accept for character the most orthodox faith when unaccompanied by moral living. Liberty of mind and liberty of conscience have joined hands at last, and the true believer no longer shrinks from conceding that a pure morality cannot be far from eternal life. For we have come—all those at least who have faith in God and Nature, and who believe that in all ages every human heart is human—we have come to that conclusion so beautifully related in the lines of the Golden Legend:

"From all vain pomps and shows,  
From the pride that overflows,  
And the false conceits of men ;  
From all the narrow rules  
And subtleties of schools,  
And the crafts of tongue or pen ;  
Bewildered in its search,

Bewildered with the cry,  
Lo, here! lo there, the Church!  
Poor sad humanity,  
Thro' all the dust and heat,  
Turns back with bleeding feet,  
By the weary road it came,  
Unto the simple thought  
By the Great Master taught,  
And that remaineth still:  
Not he that repeateth the name,  
But he that doeth the will."

### XIII

INTRODUCING MR. VANDERLIP AT Y. M. C. A. DINNER  
AT THE RENSSELAER HOTEL IN TROY, N. Y.,  
JANUARY, 1905.

I WAS much flattered a day or two since at receiving an invitation to attend this banquet and introduce to you one of the distinguished gentlemen whom we have gathered to welcome. And I came prepared to make a most eloquent, witty and effective address. I had a first-class joke to crack at the expense of the Secretary: a compliment charming enough to mantel the brow of your President with a blush of pleasure; some lofty moral precepts to bestow upon the Association members (of which manifestly they are in need), and for your guests a felicitation couched in the most classic phrase.

But alas for the frailty of earthly hope! Who can foresee events? We are but sorry creatures, and yet with brazen confidence we form great plans for the future.

Today belongs to us,  
Tomorrow, to nobody.

And when I entered this hall tonight, your chairman met me with that severe expression which late events may at least in part account for, and said, "Now, my friend, just remember that we don't want any One hundred and nineteenth Psalm tonight."

"You doubtless refer," I replied, to Mr. Vanderlip?"

"No," said he, "I mean you. You made a few speeches

in a recent Mayoralty campaign. Any such wasted oratory on this occasion would be out of place. This honor is expressly conditioned upon your pledge not to speak more than two minutes." And thus it happens, gentlemen, if anyone wants to buy cheap a first-class ready-made speech which has never been tried on, and which is guaranteed to bear all the earmarks of an extemporaneous effort, he will know where to apply.

But, seriously, gentlemen, how am I to do justice to my function in this brief limit of time? When the immortal Dick Swiveller asked the Marchioness if she had ever tasted "Purl" (which your esteemed President, informed about all the good things of life, well knows under its vulgar name of "Dog's Nose," to be a delectable compound of beer, sugar, ginger and gin)—when Mr. Swiveller inquired if she had ever tasted Purl, the small servant answered, "I had a sip once"; whereupon Dick ejaculated with emphasis, "She *never* tasted it; it can't be tasted in a sip!" Similarly I declare to you the distinguished former Assistant Secretary of the Treasury cannot be adequately presented to you in a two-minutes speech—which, as the allotted limit of my present assignment may be considered the figurative equivalent of a "sip" of beer. But at least the authority—if not the wisdom—of the arbitrary Dinner Committee compels observance of its inhibition, to which I humbly yield.

Mr. Chairman and gentlemen, in these commercial days, when life seems, unfortunately, to be so largely measured by the mercantile rule, when so many of those upon whom Fortune has lavished great favors of place and riches consider gifts of money a full discharge of their obligations to mankind, it is refreshing to find that some busy men of affairs are willing to give their *time* to altruistic work. And I wish particularly to record the keen appreciation of this assemblage—I am sure, Sir,



that I voice the general sentiment—to express our deep satisfaction that the active figure in one of America's greatest financial institutions, considers himself not too busily engrossed, not too much impressed with the relative importance of his daily task, the greatness of his institution and the comparative littleness of our community and its enterprises, to encourage by his presence a work noble indeed but which is entirely without the sphere of his own activities and has no favors to return in a strictly business sense. Gentlemen, I take particular pleasure in presenting to you the Vice-President of the City Bank of New York, Mr. Frank A. Vanderlip.

## XIV

ADDRESS AT THE ANNUAL BANQUET OF GROUP FIVE OF  
THE NEW YORK STATE BANKERS' ASSOCIATION, AT  
THE TROY CLUB, FEBRUARY 3, 1906.

### *Character in Banking*

IT IS an honor to be the guest of this representative gathering; it is a decoration to be invited on such an occasion to speak to the elevated sentiment which has been announced. And yet, gentlemen, I must confess that I respond with much reluctance. Ordinarily it is, I think, well understood that an after-dinner speaker is privileged to wander freely from the question—to which, indeed, he need not give even what the great Webster termed the cold respect of a passing glance, if fortunately able to otherwise amuse or interest his audience. But I dare not treat this subject lightly or jestingly—even if it were possible. I know that I am expected, within the brief limit of time which the occasion prescribes, to express something of that deep conviction cherished by all that in their aims and their methods there is no ideal too lofty for the banking institutions of our great republic.

And who might face this task without shrinking? Not the absolutely bad man, surely, conscious of the pharisaism which would be involved. Not the absolutely good man, even, with his conscious imperfections magnified by the very purity of his motives. Nor yet the representative of the great majority—those of us in whom good and evil coexist, to a degree at times as unaccountable to ourselves as to our fellows. For to such latter, at least,

the story of the man who declined to superintend a Sunday-school because he did not wish to increase the risk of going wrong, is not entirely fanciful. It often seems as if those who presume to take the highest ground for morality in public or private life become the most distressing examples of how far a man may fall, when fairly in the grasp of that spirit of evil which is forever tugging at the human heart.

But, Mr. Chairman, that man is a coward and will never rise to higher things who hesitates to speak out for present right, because the future may prove him inconsistent. Speak today what today believes in hard words, says the sage, and let tomorrow's belief take care of itself. I would rather stand for honesty today, if I believed it, than to be silent and thus consistent in dishonesty, if inclined tomorrow to be a thief.

No one who cherishes the highest ideals for American banking regards a bank as merely an enterprise for making money. The ideal banking institution is far more than a business venture for the profit of shareholders.

It is far more than an enterprise to exploit the ambition of individuals, desirous of being accredited as directors or officers.

It is far more than an institution to provide accommodation for certain individuals, or financial assistance in the promotion of particular enterprises.

That all business is based on credit is a trite remark. But as long as this idea remains the keystone of our political economy, and until some other method than our banking system is provided for the interchange of commodity and other values, so long must it remain true that our banks make up the very backbone of the commercial body politic, upon the health and safety of which depends the stability of twenty million American homes. Prick a single vertebra with the stiletto of individual defalcation,

break it with the rude blow of wholesale dishonesty, or paralyze it with the slow poison of unfair methods and tricky dealing—and the entire spinal system of the commercial and financial world quivers with the shock. This, my friends, is the basic truth of character in banking, because upon it rests that broad sense of *public* responsibility which is the crying need of the hour, and in comparison with which the mere gaining of profits, by hook or crook, for a handful of impatient stockholders, seems pitiful indeed.

I think we shall all agree upon this proposition: That the reputation, the weight, what may be called the legitimate business displacement of a banking institution, should be directly proportioned to the character of those who conduct its affairs. But there is an incidental truth, which deserves the greater emphasis. It is that intelligence and ability, however great, social prestige, however high, business or political influence, however wide, may never be accepted as character in those who direct the affairs of a banking institution, if dissociated from conscience and moral force. Nor is it to be forgotten that honesty, alone, does not meet this supreme demand. Every now and then we hear it stated of a man that he is honest—as if that were to accredit him with a striking virtue. Let it be understood that honesty is not a virtue, but merely a duty. I can imagine a man who would cut off his hand before he would steal a dollar, who would scorn the suggestion of a “commission,” whose integrity is so unquestioned that no one would even think of offering him a bribe. And yet, because of an untrained conscience, or from lack of moral force, that same man may not be inaccessible to those more subtle and dangerous considerations of obliging one’s friends, of concealing a loss because it may reflect upon one’s business judgment, or may allow to go unchallenged an act speciously urged



as necessary to tide over an emergency, but which he knows to be low-toned, and secretly reprobates.

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen, there are not wanting signs that the public conscience is being roused, that the laissez-faire policy of the owners of great financial institutions is giving way to a conviction that those who direct should regard the laws of honor as well as the laws of the land; that while ability is good, ability is not enough; while honesty is good, honesty is not enough. It is character which is being sought for, it is conscience which is wanted, it is for men with a keen sense of responsibility and with the moral courage to fight it through—this is the demand of the hour, which nothing else will satisfy.

Not the mere ability to make money, but the ability to make money in such a way as to successfully challenge the scrutiny of an investigating committee after the act.

Not the mere ability to attract a following, but the ability to do so in open and honest competition, by fair and honorable methods, which leave no bitter sting.

Not the mere skill of avoiding disaster, but the accomplishing it without the sacrifice of honor or loss of self-respect.

Not the mere honesty which commits no theft of money, but the conscience which forbids the theft of a bank's reputation—far dearer than its tangible property and possessions to every stockholder who is not utterly sordid, and of far greater importance to the community than the amount of its deposits and the volume of its assets.

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen, the character of our banking institutions is at the very cornerstone of the vast substructure on which the material welfare of our great republic rests. Let us be eternally vigilant in guarding it. For eternal vigilance is not only the price of liberty, it is the price of everything good to have, running through all

the gamut of human possessions, from personal probity to personal purity. Let us indeed be vigilant. And let us demand, alike of stockholders and borrowers, that at whatever temporary sacrifice they shall sustain every effort for the attainment of the highest ideals which an enlightened public sentiment shall happily create.

## XV

ADDRESS BEFORE THE ALBANY INSTITUTE HISTORICAL  
AND ART SOCIETY, JANUARY 25, 1906.

### *The Roman Forum*

AT THE risk of being charged with scholarly pretense, I have accepted an invitation to address you upon what might be called an erudite subject. I am not a scholar. My knowledge of history is small; my knowledge of archaeology is even less, while of Chalcidic Greek and even of Latin I know practically nothing—having forgotten more than I thought I knew in the good old Sophomore time. But in the treatment of a subject which, however archaic, abounds with the deepest human interest and glows at every point with the play of human passions so intense, so magnificent, so terrible—enthusiasm, born of an unaffected and long cherished interest, may to some extent make up for the lack of severe scholarly attainments. Indeed, the feast to which we are bidden by the savant is not always as palatable as it is wholesome. So that however audacious may be considered the presumption of an everyday business lawyer in discoursing upon the Roman Forum before so cultured and critical an audience, I cheerfully accept the criticism if fortunate enough to reawaken some of your interest in what to me is the most interesting spot in the world.

When Rome is spoken of we think of Romulus and his eternal city founded upon the hills. But while it is true that upon the Palatine and the Capitol the first safe re-

fuge and defenses were erected, it is also true that in order to live and spread the ancient Romans had to descend into the valleys. So that it is really from the marshes at the base of its seven famous hills that the most glorious city in the ancient world was destined to rise. The Forum, the Campus Martius, the Velabrum, the Circus Maximus, were all marsh lands, even to this day at times submerged by the swollen and muddy Tiber. Of these low and marshy valleys the smallest in area, that between the Quirinal and Palatine, has become immortal as the Roman Forum. Here beat the very heart of ancient Rome. Here centred or were reflected all the splendid traditions, the gorgeous pomps, the darkest tragedies, the grandest achievements of that race which for so many centuries domineered the world, and whose foundations yet underlie a great part of modern civilization. Excepting the Holy Land, with its divine significance, few will deny that in all the world there is no spot which has been at once so glorified and so debased by tremendous events as the scant acre comprised in the limits of the Roman Forum. And apart from its consequent place in unadorned history, think for a moment of its appeal to the imagination—without which the most significant historic events often leave faint impressions. The mighty name of Rome, and the heart of the Ancient City! What vistas of misty fable, of ghostly figures in heroic song and story, of all the vast phantasmagoria from the days of the first mud huts on the Palatine to the building of the last marble structure of classic Rome, unfold before us at the mere mention of the Roman Forum!

There on the Velia, near the site of the Arch of Titus, stands Romulus, vowing a Temple to the Gods, in a last desperate resistance of the Sabines, who have pushed the Romans to the very gate of the Palatine. And Rome was saved, and for centuries the magnificent temple to



Jupiter Stator—the “Stayer”—attested the very place of the victory.

There at the other end of the narrow valley a file of savage Goths, stealing through the darkness to climb the Rock of the Capitol and be hurled to destruction in the Forum beneath by Manlius, awakened by the screaming of the Sacred geese!

There, swinging along in her chariot in all her pride and vanity as the first lady in Rome, comes Tullia, wife of Tarquin the Proud. As the chariot draws near the Senate House, the horses snort, and the driver pulls them up in terror, pointing to the bleeding body of her father, the good King Servius, infamously slain by her lover. “Fool,” she cries, “drive on!” and the hoofs of the frightened horses, urged by lash and cries, trample her father’s body, and his blood spatters the daughter’s robe.

Down to the Vulcanal staggers Brutus, bearing the dead body of beautiful Lucrece, the lifeblood trickling from the wound in her breast; and there beside the ancient rock altar which still exists, harangues the multitude in the Comitium, and sounds the knell of the hated Tarquin race.

In the Vulcanal, too, we see all Rome crowding on a sunny spring day to unveil the statue of Horatius Cocles, clad in his armor of mail and inscribed with the story of his gallant deed at the Sublician bridge in those “brave days of old.”

Near the centre of the piazza, where the base of the gigantic equestrian statue of Domitian has recently been uncovered, a great chasm yawns before the terrified Romans. A clatter of hoofs, the rush of a war horse bearing a martial figure in complete armor, and Mettus Curtius, as a sacrifice to the angry Gods, leaps into the gulf which closes above him forever.

A group of old men, of women and children, near the

fountain of Juturna, anxiously awaiting news of the fateful battle that is being waged at Lake Regillus. Two fair young men, riding white steeds, approach, and while pausing to quench their thirst and bathe the legs of their horses with water from the pool, they tell of the victory which has been won. When later the army returns, the wondering people learn that after saving the day for Rome, the divine brothers were themselves the couriers of victory; and to this day near the shrine of Juturna are standing the columns of the magnificent temple in honor of Castor and Pollux.

In his ivory chair, in the Curia, Appius Claudius, surrounded by his lictors and axemen, decrees that a Roman father has no rights which a wicked Decemvir is bound to respect. A flash of steel, a shriek, and the weltering corse of the young Virginia attests the stern courage of her Roman father, who saw "no way but this" to keep his own. Then a cry "as if the Volscians were coming o'er the wall," and the Forum is a surging mass of desperate people, panting for the despot's life.

Another regal figure in an ivory chair; the "foremost man in all this world," quietly seated in the Domus Publica, near the Atrium of the Vestals, surrounded by grave and learned men, assembled from far and near, calmly reforming the Calendar for all time.

In the Temple of Concord, just beyond the Curia, all Rome stands spellbound while the orator of orators delivers his magnificent invectives against Catiline.

Another oration, at the opposite end of the Forum: see this frenzied mob of people, in front of the Regia, listening to the impassioned Antony, with the bloody robe of Cæsar in his hand! Then the rearing of the funeral pyre, and the body of the greatest man great Rome has ever given to History reduced to ashes in the heart of the Roman Forum. There stands the foundation of his

altar today—the very stone which was pressed by his mortal remains—upon which the head of the assassin Brutus was afterwards thrown. Upon this site, at the first bend of the Sacra Via after it enters the Forum, arose the Temple consecrated to the Divine Julius. It was the Empire's first important monument. From the site of this temple, or from its portico, might have been seen all the blazing pageantry, all the fierce passions and emotions, all the triumphal displays, all the terrible disasters which swept through the Forum from the foundation of the city to the time of Cæsar, and during the five centuries of Imperial Rome. The imposing military triumphs here passed by. Marius, with Jugurtha bound to his chariot; Cæsar leading the brave Vercingetorix, soon to end a glorious life by a miserable death in the Tullianum; Aurelian followed by Zenobia, crushed under her burden of gold; Titus, fresh from the sack of Jerusalem, with the high priests Simon and John bearing the sacred vessels from the temple—the golden table, the seven-branched candlesticks, the veils of the temple and the book of the law. The endless struggles between the nobles and the people here took place; great debates in the Curia, great discussions in the Comitium, great orations from the Rostra. Religious ceremonies and pageants, legal discussions, criminal prosecutions, popular indignation meetings, state sacrifices, with statues of gods, moved in procession amidst the smoke of incense and the singing of hymns; military reviews, gladiatorial fights, wild beast combats, games of every sort; Emperors slain, prisoners beaten, imposing funeral banquets at which thousands were seated; law suits, love making, riots, barter and trade of all kinds, bloody murders, oratory, art and architecture—all things under the sun were here to be seen in the broad light of day or by the brilliant artificial illuminations at night. In the debris of the

Forum may be found the ashes of every emotion with which the human heart has ever throbbed.

It would be useless, in the brief limits of an evening's address, to attempt more than the veriest outline of the Forum and its majestic ruins. Volumes have been written upon the results of excavating a few square rods; of the entire area we may hope at best for only a bird's-eye view.

The original area of the Forum is stated by Varro to have been about four acres. From the constant encroachment of the temples and other structures on every side this area was gradually reduced until, after the erection of the Temple of Cæsar, barely an acre remained. The orientation of the early structures was on the lines of the compass, as determined by the augurs; the practical mind of the great Cæsar broke away from the old traditions, and following the natural configuration of the valley, commenced the erection of buildings at a right angle to or parallel with the Capitol. The buildings of the Republic and the Kings had been orientated mainly by the sun's course; in the recent excavations their foundations have appeared in every quarter, below the level of the Imperial structures, with which they almost invariably make an angle of about thirty degrees.

The early settlers on the Palatine found at the north-west corner an easy descent to the low marshy valley which separated their habitation from that of the Sabines, on the Quirinal. At the foot of this slope a spring of clear water bubbled up out of the sand, and this spring, called the Fons Juturna, was the starting point of the history of the Forum. Juturna, the Goddess of Water, was one of the earliest deities of the Latin people. The very name of the Goddess is derived from *juvare*, to help, because of the healing qualities of her waters; and at a time when, as Pliny says, men went rather to the oracles



than to the physicians to be healed, this ancient spring, as one writer puts it, naturally came to be looked upon as a kind of Pool of Bethesda. Its sacred character was enhanced under the Republic by its direct association with the idea of divine help in the interposition of the twin brothers Castor and Pollux, at the battle of Lake Regillus; after the overthrow of the Tarquins the twin gods having appeared at the Pool of Juturna to refresh themselves before returning to Heaven.

In the neighborhood of Juturna were grouped the other structures which made up the religious centre of the early Roman life; the Hearth of Vesta, whose worship was the nucleus of the state religion; the Atrium Vestalium, home of the six stainless maidens, to whom was entrusted the care of the sacred fire; the dwelling of the Pontifex Maximus, called Domus Publica, head of the priesthood, and the Regia, or King's house, built by Numa, close to the Hearth of Vesta. These buildings and shrines, which formed the cornerstone of the early Roman religion, occupied the southeast corner of the original market place or Forum, and the excavations of the past seven years have disclosed their foundations and general arrangement not only under the Empire, but in many cases under the Republic as well, and even during the times of the Kings.

Diagonally across the market place, from the Pool of Juturna, perhaps their first religious shrine, the political centres of the early Romans were located. Here at the base of the Capitol, which was crowned by the Arx, or citadel, were erected the Curia, or Senate House, where the chiefs of the gentes exercised their supreme functions; the Comitium, where the body of the patricians met for debate; the Vulcanal, a platform near the Comitium, on which was an altar sacred to Vulcan, where the Kings, and afterwards the consuls and praetors, dispensed

justice; and the Rostra, from which the Roman magistrates and orators addressed in early times the patricians in the Comitium, and in later years the great Roman public, in the open Forum itself. The recent excavations have extended also to this most interesting quarter of the Forum, although the site of the Curia has not yet been explored. Part of its marble pavement, however, may be seen, twenty feet below the floor of the Church of S. Adriano.

At its eastern end the Forum rises in a gentle slope to the Velia, as it is called—a ridge connecting the Palatine with the table lands of the Quirinal. On the Velia, about one hundred and fifty feet north of where the Arch of Titus now stands, the old Sacra Via, coming up from the direction of the Colosseum, united with the Clivus Palatinus, and bending first towards the north, then towards the west, entered the Forum somewhere near the Heroon of Romulus. In its windings along the Velia the Sacred Way is thought to have followed the primitive path from the old gate of the Palatine, where Romulus made his stand in the traditional battle with the Sabines. Passing between the Regia and the Temple of Vesta, or possibly in front of the latter, the Sacra Via made another bold sweep to the west, along the entire south side of the Forum, and then merged into the Clivus Capitolinus, ascending the eastern slope of the Capitoline hill to the Temple of Jupiter Optimus Maximus on the summit. Its course up the hill is uncertain, but after passing between the Temples of Saturn and Vespasian, it probably rounded the Portico of the Twelve Gods, skirted the south side of the Tabularium, and finally emerged on the Area Capitolina. In the military triumph the procession formed on the Campus Martius, crossed the Flaminian Circus, passed through the Triumphal Gate, then the Circus Maximus, swung around the Palatine through the

valley between it and the Caelian, to the Sacra Via at its starting point, then through the Forum and to the Capitolium. At some point in its progress through the Forum the captives were led aside, some taken to the Tullianum, and beheaded at the moment the procession arrived at the Temple of Jupiter.

Along its entire course through the Forum the primitive Sacra Via was bordered by small shops and houses, which as the city grew in wealth and importance gradually gave way to more imposing structures. The same transformation occurred on the west, where the Forum was bounded by the Area Concordiae, and also along its north boundary, the street Ad Janum, which led from the Regia to the Temple of Janus. Thus the piazza of the Forum, trapezoidal in shape, with its longer, parallel sides extending easterly and westerly, eventually became surrounded by a series of magnificent shrines, temples and Basilicae, which destroyed again and again by fire, were each time replaced upon a still greater scale of magnificence, until with the final decline of the Empire they too began to crumble into dust. Then came the era of iconoclasm, vandalism, and, finally, legalized destruction under the Popes, by whom the Forum was used both as a marble quarry and a lime kiln, in connection with the erection of St. Peter's and other Christian edifices; so that today the grandeur of the Roman Forum is to be seen alone from its ruins.

The Forum is carelessly paved with slabs of travertine, dating, it is supposed, from the time of Diocletian (in the third century), who repaired some of the ravages of the terrible fire of Carinus. The excavation of the Comitium in 1902 revealed several square metres of Republican tufa pavement, but the stone perished so rapidly upon exposure to the air that it was quickly re-covered. Below the Republican pavement the excavations have disclosed a

floor of earth, gravel and tufa chips mixed and rammed hard. These levels are undoubtedly those of the Kings.

Along the north, west and south sides of the Forum there has been uncovered a series of oblong holes, which measure about four feet by two across, and three feet deep. Their purpose is obscure: Lanciani considers that they were used as sockets for the wooden poles which upheld the Velaria, or awnings stretched across the Forum during the summer months. Boni, who is the reigning authority, declares that the pits were for the pouring of libations in the ceremony of inauguration.

The great Cloaca Maxima, perhaps the most wonderful work of ancient Rome, built by one of the early Kings and still doing service, emerges near the west end of the recently excavated Basilica Aemilia, around which it bends, first squarely to the east, then by quite as large an angle to the south, and crossing the Forum disappears under the east end of the Basilica Julia, in the direction of the Tiber.

The central space in the Forum was gridironed with tunnels by Julius Cæsar, to provide facilities for the gladiatorial and other public shows, with which it was his policy to regale the populace. This entire system of underground passages was discovered during the excavations of 1903. The corridors were about four feet wide and seven feet high; and there were found innumerable indications of their use in elevating and lowering scenery and other paraphernalia, including cages of wild beasts and, doubtless, the bodies of men and animals slain in combat in the arena above.

The square of the Forum was crowded with monuments of various kinds, most of which have disappeared, even to their foundations. The most celebrated of those remaining, or which can still be traced, are the Arch of Augustus, the Arch of Tiberius, the Monumental Col-



umns on the Sacra Via, the so-called Column of Phocas, the Statue of Domitian, and the much discussed Lapis Niger, or Tomb of Romulus.

Of the Arch of Augustus, which was erected by the Senate in honor of the Emperor's victory over the Parthians in the year 18 B. C., nothing remains but its triple foundations, with some portions of the marble bases, which are to be seen in the southeast corner, near the Temple of Castor. So of the Arch of Tiberius, erected in commemoration of his victories on the Elbe—the concrete foundations of which appear at the southwest corner of the square, exactly in line with the Arch of Augustus.

In front of the Basilica of Julia are eight massive square pedestals of monumental columns, of which some were of marble and some of granite, while one at least was covered with ornaments of gilt bronze, as proven by the holes for the clamps which held the bronze in place. It is not known what events were commemorated by these columns, which, however, are said to belong to the time of Constantine.

The so-called column of Phocas, according to its inscription, was erected in A. D. 608 by Smaragdus, Exarch of Ravenna; but its fine Corinthian type indicates an earlier date, and it is believed by Boni and others to be a memorial of Diocletian, erected in the fourth century. Its brick pedestal is exactly like the eight others in front of the Basilica Julia, and perhaps its chief interest is in the fact of its having been the last monument known to have been erected there before the Forum was buried beneath its own ruins.

In the middle of the square, and blocking the central underground corridor constructed by Cæsar, is an immense foundation which Boni declares to be the base of the gigantic equestrian statue of Domitian. Others, in-

cluding Lanciani, whose authority has been somewhat eclipsed by his brilliant young confrere, insist that it was erected in 334 as a pedestal for the statue of Constantine. In either event it is old enough for all practical purposes. Archaeology, like politics, it may be observed in passing, seems to have its system of reigning Bosses.

Directly opposite the Column of Phocas, in the angle between the Rostra and the ancient Senate House, was discovered in the year 1899, one of the most interesting objects in the Forum. The discovery was made by Commendatore Boni, who is still in charge of the explorations under such a systematic plan and with such remarkable success as to make the work memorable in the archaeological records of Rome. In exploring the various floor levels of the Comitium, Boni unearthed on the north edge of the Forum, at a depth some three or four feet below that of the vaulted ceiling of the great Cloaca, the so-called Tomb of Romulus, announcement of which set the archaeological world astir. Beneath a pavement of black marble were found a series of remarkable monuments, consisting of two groups. To the left, as the spectator enters, is a long narrow base of tufa, in front of which at either end project two molded bases, upon which it is supposed great stone lions formerly stood to guard the tomb; the latter situated either under the base at the back or between the lions themselves. Between the plinths, in front, is a small square stone, presumably intended for sacrificial purposes. To the right appears the other group: a conical pillar and a pyramidal stone or stele covered with Greek letters so archaic that no satisfactory translation has yet been even presumed. Both pillar and stele have been broken off by violent blows; the portions which remain are about one foot and a half high, apparently one-third of their original height. The whole group was imbedded in a layer of

sacrificial remains from fifteen to twenty inches deep, including charred bones of victims, vases and figurines cast in metal or cut in bone—some which are said to date from the fifth, sixth and even seventh centuries before Christ. The black pavement overhead—which remains *in situ*—measures about twelve feet by nine and about one foot thick; it is said to be the only one of its kind ever discovered in Rome.

The inscription on the pyramid or cippus appears on its four sides; it is in the Chalcidic Greek character, and cut in the "Boustrophedon" manner; that is so that the words read perpendicularly. I believe it is accepted as the oldest known Latin inscription.

Time forbids even a glance at the storm of discussion which has raged over the discovery of the Lapis Niger. Boni and his followers say that it marks that which the Romans believed through many centuries to be the grave of the eponymous founder of the city; although they apparently conclude that the monuments were erected in the days of the Republic. Lanciani not only declares positively that the monument marks the very Tomb of Romulus—whose story was not a myth—but insists that it was erected centuries before the Gaulish disaster. "I confess," he says, "that in my long experience of Roman excavations, I was never more impressed than at the sight of this venerable monument raised in honor of the founder of the city not long after his death." It is at least to be remembered that many classical writers, including Varro, the greatest of all Roman antiquarians, repeat an ancient tradition and record their belief that the remains of the Hero-founder of the city reposed under an immense black stone at the exact spot in the Forum where the Lapis Niger has so recently been found.

A well-accepted tradition, which may be said to have passed into history, establishes the burning and complete

destruction of Rome by the Gauls in the year 390 B. C. We are told that after the disaster the Romans seriously considered abandoning their ruined city and removing to Veii. The tradition goes that while the question was being discussed on the site of the Curia, at the moment when a Senator inquired, "Where then shall our standards be set up?" the voice of a centurion was heard bringing his cohort to a halt in front of the Comitium with the command, "Ensign, fix the standard here!" Senators and plebeians accepted the omen, and the proposed emigration was stayed.

However this may be, Rome was rebuilt, the sacred and political edifices in and around the Forum arose again from their ashes. The most important of these structures were from time to time enlarged or elaborated until at the decline of the Republic the great square was crowded with buildings the history and significance of which formed an almost unbroken chain of Roman life and thought from the Gaulish calamity to the days of the Triumvirs. Although many links in this great chain were repeatedly destroyed, the important ones at least were as frequently reconstructed, while by the addition of many others the story was subsequently prolonged to the very end of classic Rome. Let us then consider the edifices which surrounded the Forum at the close of the Republic and later when restored and elaborated after the four great conflagrations during the Empire: that of Nero in the year 65, of Titus in the year 80, of Commodus in the year 191, and finally, that of Carinus, which in the year 283 apparently swept the Forum from one end of the Sacra Via to the other. These edifices were:

On the north, commencing at the northwest corner, the Comitium, with the Curia a little above and behind it, the Temple of Janus, the Basilica Aemilia and the Temple of Antoninus and Faustina.



On the east, the Regia, with the Temple of Cæsar projecting into the square in front of it; the Temple of Vesta, with the Domus Publica and the Atrium of the Vestals behind it.

On the south, the Shrine and Pool of Juturna, the Temple of Castor and the Basilica Julia.

On the west, the Temple of Saturn, the Rostra, the Rock Altar of Vulcan and the Arch of Severus. Overlooking the Forum on the west, where the lower slope of the Capitoline Hill had been cut away for their reception, were the Porticus Deorum Consentium, the Temple of Vespasian and the Temple of Concord, and towering above them, still further to the west, the splendid Tabularium, the only great edifice of the Republic which has survived the ravages of time and men.

To the left of the Sacra Via, as it ascended the Velia from the east, were the baths of Heliogabalus, the Temple of Jupiter Stator, and after passing through the Arch of Titus, the great Porticus Margaritaria; while on the right were the Temple of Venus and Rome, the Basilica of Constantine and the Temple of Romulus, projected in front of the Templum Sacrae Urbis. Let us follow the course of an imperial triumph over the Sacra Via from its eastern terminus, and in passing glance at all of these majestic ruins, which as the years elapse and under the intelligent explorations which are being prosecuted, are becoming more and more precious to mankind as embodying what Boni calls "the greatest book of human history, the story of the Life of Rome."

Little may be definitely predicated of the ruins directly to the left, as the Sacra Via of imperial times leads up the east slope of the Velia. The original classic edifice erected there seems to have dated from the third century, and by some the ruins have been recognized as those of the baths of the effeminate Heliogabalus. But what-

ever its original use, the structure was transformed in the fifth century into a Christian Church, spoken of a thousand years later as San Cæsario. The ruins were discovered in 1872.

Even less is known of the Temple of Jupiter Stator, the accepted location of which comes next on the left of the Sacra Via. This was the temple vowed by Romulus during his first encounter with the Sabines. It was several times destroyed, and the massive foundations of a late rebuilding have been discovered close to the Arch of Titus. The ancient gate of the Palatine must have been close at hand, and the explorations of this quarter under the direction of the present intelligent commission is devoutly to be wished.

On the other side of the way the immense Temple of Venus and Rome was built by the Emperor Hadrian about the year 131. It is located on the site of the vestibule of Nero's Golden House, which had already been pulled down, although the colossal bronze statue of the mad Emperor, 110 feet high, which had occupied the centre of the portico, was still standing. With the help of twenty-four elephants Hadrian removed the Colossus, upright, to a point near the Colosseum, where its foundations were discovered a century ago.

Like all other constructions of Hadrian, the Temple of Venus and Rome was built upon an immense scale, and was considered one of the wonders of ancient Rome. It was brought to its perfection by Antoninus Pius, and after being injured by fire was restored by Maxentius in 307. The solidity of both its foundations and superstructure kept it intact for several centuries after it was finally closed, with the decline of Paganism. In the end, however, it went to the lime-kiln, or to beautify the great Christian Basilicas—all except about seventy pieces of the granite columns of the portico, which escaped destruc-

tion only because they were too hard to be made use of. The Church of Santa Francesca Romana occupies the site of the ancient vestibule, facing the Forum. Behind the church was a cloister, enclosing the massive foundation of the steps of the temple, and still further back is the shell of the ancient cella as restored by Maxentius. This cloister is being converted into a museum, to contain the objects found in the Forum.

To make room for his great temple, Hadrian also removed the Arch of Titus from the north end of the Velia to its present location—which fact has only recently been known. The demolition of a mediaeval tower and some adjoining houses, by which the arch was partly supported, threatened its safety about a century ago, and the structure was carefully taken down piece by piece and reconstructed upon stronger foundations. This beautiful monument was built by Domitian in commemoration of his imperial brother's victories. The humiliation of the Jews after the sack of Jerusalem and the destruction of their temple are still to be seen sculptured on the Arch, under which it is said no Hebrew has willingly passed in eighteen centuries. As Madame de Stael says: "For the honor of the Jews it is to be hoped this is true; long memories are suited to long misfortunes."

The spoils of the Temple of Zion, which are represented on one of the bas reliefs at the right, were stolen from Rome by the Vandals in 455. It is said they were afterwards recaptured and taken from Carthage to Constantinople; that they again found their way back to Jerusalem, to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, and were finally carried away in 614 by the Persian conqueror Chosroes.

After passing through the Arch of Titus, the Sacra Via of Imperial times bends to the right, and descends the slope of the Velia in a northwesterly direction, in front

of S. Francesca. Directly to the right appear the ruins of the vast Basilica of Constantine, which, however, was almost entirely built as a pagan temple by his predecessor, the Emperor Maxentius. The original vestibule was at the east, but afterwards an entrance was made on the side of the Forum. The enormous arches of the roof were built of concrete, and the magnificence of the ceiling, with its immense sunken panels, gilded and beautifully decorated, may still be appreciated. Less than one-third of the roof, however, now remains, the rest perhaps having collapsed in the earthquake of 1349. From the Seventeenth Century the Basilica was at various times used as a cattle shed, a hay loft, a drilling place for recruits and a factory. Shortly before my last visit to Rome (in 1904) the original floor level of the great temple was explored, and portions of a beautiful pavement of many colored marbles disclosed.

Directly opposite the Basilica, on the other side of the Clivus Sacer, as the slope of the Velia is called, was an immense structure known as the Porticus Margaritaria, consisting of a series of covered galleries, formed by ten or more rows of stone pilasters. This edifice seems to have been exclusively occupied by the jewelers and goldsmiths, who exhibited their wares in booths, screened off under the shelter of the portico. The great edifice has almost entirely disappeared, only a few blocks remaining *in situ* on the north side.

Passing the Heroon of Romulus for the present, we now enter the Forum, where the Sacra Via, bending toward the southwest, passed in front of the Regia, the House of the King. The first building of this edifice is attributed to Numa Pompilius, the second King of Rome. It was destroyed by fire no less than four times, and was last rebuilt in solid marble after the fire of Nero. Traces of its foundations, during the different epochs, have been



discovered. Like all the ancient edifices, the entrance was towards the east, and directly opposite in the hall beyond is a round base which Boni has identified as the Shrine of the Spears of Mars (*Hastae Martis*). Mars was the tutelary God of Rome, and lest destruction should happen to his city the Spears of Mars clattered together to warn the Romans and propitiate the other gods, whose anger was manifested in time of earthquake. Many of the most interesting discoveries of the recent excavations have occurred in exploring the site of the ancient house of the Father of the State.

It was directly behind the Regia that the populace, inflamed by the passionate declamation of Antony, improvised a funeral pyre from the wooden benches torn out from the Curia, and there cremated the body of the great Dictator. Upon this spot an altar for sacrifice to his manes and a memorial column were erected. Both were overthrown by the Consul Dolabella, the son-in-law of Cicero. But the altar was afterwards rebuilt by Augustus, who also erected a memorial temple to the deified Julius—the temple occupying the narrow space between the altar and the west end of the Regia. The discovery of the base of the altar has been one of the most striking results of the late excavations. As observed by Lanciani, "If we remember what a prominent place belongs to Cæsar in the history of Rome and of the world, we cannot help being impressed at beholding again this slab of stone which has actually been in contact with his mortal remains, and which marks the beginning of his second life as a deified man, as a god of the Roman Olympus."

Beyond the Regia, to the left, is to be seen all that remains of the famous Shrine of Vesta; a round podium or masonry core of the over-ground foundation upon which the temple rested. From the tool marks on the

stone Boni concludes that the present ruin belongs to a restoration in the time of Vespasian. The original fire hut, built by Numa, was destroyed by the Gauls in 390, B. C., and the little temple was several times thereafter destroyed by fire. The earliest known illustrations of the temple show a round structure, covered by a conical roof, surmounted by a statue and fringed by dragon's teeth. From the foundation of the city until the close of the fourth century the priestesses of Vesta here tended the sacred fire. The temple was closed and the fire, which had been kept burning over a thousand years, was extinguished forever by Theodosius II, after his defeat of Eugenius, which marked the final overthrow of paganism in Rome.

Directly behind the Shrine is situated the House where the Vestals lived and practiced their other religious and state functions. Originally very small, it kept pace in area with the growing greatness of the city. Augustus, having removed his residence to the Palatine, bestowed the *Domus Publica* upon the order; and finally, under the magnificent restorations of Septimius Severus, the Atrium of the Vestals occupied the entire southeastern quarter of the Forum valley. It is in many respects the most satisfactory of the existing monuments in the Forum, with its main plan and part of its elevations so plainly discernible. Here are to be seen the ovens where the first fruits of the corn harvest were ground and baked (still containing some of the ashes of the last fire), store rooms where corn and oil were kept, room for grinding corn, the six bed rooms of the Vestals and the great central court, with its impluvium to hold the rain water collected from the roofs. And, most interesting of all, at the southeast corner of the original site, the *Penetralia*, or treasure chamber of the sacred relics of Rome. Chief among these was the *Palladium*, a wooden archaic stat-

uette of Pallas Athene, said to have been brought from Troy by Aeneas. These Sacra Fatalia were the treasures of the State, and apparently were open to the inspection of women only, on one day in each year. It is believed that at the time of the suppression of their order and their banishment from the cloisters, by the Emperor Theodosius II in the year 394, the Vestals themselves destroyed the sanctuary where these sacred relics were kept—the foundations of an octagonal shrine, purposely and deliberately leveled to the ground, having been found in the centre of the innermost room.

Under the colonnade which surrounded the Atrium stood statues of the chief Vestals—the Abbesses of the order. Many of these statues were found, and several have been replaced upon their pedestals, on the north side of the Court. The name of one has been erased from a most laudatory inscription. Lanciani suggests that she had been converted to Christianity.

At the northeast corner of the Atrium of the Vestals are the ruins of the Domus Publica. Most of the remains date from the end of the Republic, although some are of much earlier time. There is the usual Atrium, the tablinum with its apse and mosaic floor, a small side room, still retaining some exquisite mosaics and mural paintings, and indications of a long colonnade, like the peristyle of a Greek house. The superstructure of the House of the Vestals rests upon a portion of the foundations of the Domus. This edifice was the residence of the Pontifex Maximus, who was head of the order of the Vestals. It was in this house, during its occupancy by Cæsar, that occurred the scandal of Clodius' intrusion upon the mysterious rites of the Bona Dea, resulting in the divorce of Pompeia on the ground of public policy, notwithstanding her undoubted innocence. From the same house he set forth on that fatal Ides of March, and

hither again his lifeless body was borne after the dark tragedy in Pompey's theatre, on the Campus Martius.

Visitors returning to Rome, after an absence of several years, are impressed with great changes in the topography of the Forum, resulting from the present excavations. One of the most striking of these changes is the removal of the Church of S. Maria Liberatrice, which formerly jutted out from the Palatine as far as the Temple of Castor. Beneath the modern Church, at a depth of thirty feet, was discovered the remarkable Sixth Century Church of S. Maria Antiqua, and further to the north, extending halfway the length of the Temple of Castor, occurred a most fascinating discovery, that of the Shrine and Pool of Juturna. It is indeed impressive to look down into the restored fountain, fed by the very spring which quenched the thirst of the first dwellers on the Palatine, uncovered beneath the rubbish of fifteen centuries. The present fountain, with its marble lining, dates from the beginning of the Empire; but the Republican well still exists at a lower level. Near the fountain stands a small marble altar, which was found at the bottom of the pool; and a few paces to the southeast is a well curb, cut from a solid block of marble. Along the top of the inner rim of the curb are several deep grooves, worn by the ropes used in elevating the water—the latter probably supplied by pipes leading from the spring. Close behind the well curb, or "puteal," is the brick work of a small shrine, still showing part of an architrave inscribed "Juturna." The work is not ancient, probably second or third century; but as the structure has the old orientation, it is believed to be the rebuilding of a primitive edifice.

It was at the Fons Juturna that the Dioscuri stopped to refresh themselves after the battle of Lake Regillus. The visit of the Divine brothers was commemorated by the erection, directly opposite the Pool of the famous



Temple of Castor and Pollux. The present ruins date from the time of Tiberius, and no remains of a classic edifice, it is remarked by Prof. Lanciani, have been studied, sketched and admired by artists as have the three standing columns of this temple, which form one of the most familiar landmarks of the Forum, as it remains to-day. It was one of the most important edifices of Ancient Rome, and on the anniversary of the battle the Roman Knights, five thousand strong, clad in purple and waving olive branches, passed in review before the temple—a sight, observes Dionysius, worthy of Rome's imperial greatness.

Adjoining the Temple of Castor on the east the great Basilica Julia occupies the entire remainder of the south side of the Forum. Begun by Julius Cæsar, it was completed by Augustus and was designed to centralize and replace upon a more fitting scale the courts of the Centumviri, which formerly had consisted of mere platforms of wood, scattered through the Forum. It consisted of an immense hall, or court, surrounded by a colonnade supporting a gallery. In the rear of the court were a row of shops occupied by the bankers and money changers, the Wall Street of ancient Rome. Pliny has left a picture of the great Hall during an important trial. Eighty judges sat on their benches, flanked by the lawyers for either side—the Emperor himself presiding. The entire court was massed with spectators, the upper galleries also occupied, by men on one side and women on the other.

On a lofty platform at the southwest corner of the Forum stands the Temple of Saturn, approached from the Clivus Capitolinus by a long flight of stairs. The temple was built in the year 497 B. C., upon the site of an ancient altar, upon which sacrifices had been offered to the god Saturn, in the Greek rite; accounting perhaps

for the ancient tradition that the temple had been built by the followers of Hercules. The foundations of the present structure date from the time of Cæsar, but the superstructure was erected in the fourth century, after the fire of Carinus.

At the northwest corner stands the noble arch dedicated to Septimius Severus by his sons Caracalla and Geta, the name of the latter having been erased from the monument after his murder by the elder brother. The arch has three passages connected by a transverse one, a small door on the south side leading to some rooms in the upper story. The preservation of this superb monument from the general ruin is one of the most remarkable facts in the history of the Forum.

The Arch of Severus stands on the edge of the Vulcanal, the ancient speaking platform under the Kings. The area vulcani has been explored during the recent excavations, resulting in the discovery of a remarkable altar, cut from the very bed rock of the capital. It had been partially destroyed by violent blows, and afterward mended by blocks of stone plastered over with cement, colored red. Boni considers that it may have been overthrown by the Gauls in their attack upon the Capitol, and suggests that its establishment and use may well have preceded the time of Romulus, even.

A little in front of the Rock Altar of Vulcan are the famous Rostra. The platform has been restored, and one may now stand where the warfare of centuries between the two great orders was carried on by the Roman orators; where the laws of the twelve tables were displayed; where the great Dictator pronounced a funeral oration; where Cicero and Antony fired the Roman populace, and where the heads of each were afterwards exposed to view. In the year 338 B. C., Caius Maenius ornamented the platform with the beaks of six war ves-

sels captured at Antium, from which comes its name of Rostra. There is another platform further to the south, near the Arch of Tiberius, which Boni declares to be a new Rostra, erected by Julius Cæsar. Lanciani considers that the Rostra remained in its old position until the downfall of Rome. It was used as late as the Sixth Century, King Theodoric having addressed the people from it in the year 500, when he promised to maintain the privileges granted by his predecessors.

Near the north end of the Rostra is the round basement of the Umbilicus Romae, which represented the ideal centre of the City and Empire. At the other end are the remains of a marble base on which stood the so-called "Golden Milestone," a column of gilt bronze erected by Augustus, bearing the names of and distances to the chief towns on each of the main roads radiating from Rome.

Overlooking the entire area of the Forum from the west is the magnificent Tabularium, erected by Sulla in Republican times, its superstructure now crowned with the Palazzo del Senatore, the official residence of the Roman municipal administration of today. The halls, corridors, staircases and an underground floor are all in perfect preservation—the northeast corner of the basement, until two or three years ago, having been used as a city jail. The building was used for the safe keeping of important public records, including the decrees of the Senate from the times of the Kings, the treaties of peace, etc. Three thousand of these tablets perished in a fire under Vitellius.

Varro tells us of an ancient shrine containing the gilded images of six gods and a like number of goddesses, which existed in the Forum at an early age. Upon the site of this shrine, at the southeast corner of the Tabularium, stands the so-called Porticus Deorum Consentium—

a Corinthian portico fronting a series of cells built against the cliff of the Capitol. The columns, which were set in place about fifty years ago, are from a rebuilding by Praetextatus, the last noted champion of Roman paganism, in the year 367.

North of the Portico of the Twelve Gods, and blocking the old entrance to the Tabularium, are the remains of the once beautiful Temple of Vespasian, erected at the close of the First Century by the Emperor Domitian in memory of his deified father. Only the platform, the altar and three columns of the pronaos are standing, and even this small fragment of the ruins has been preserved only by a complete reconstruction after its removal, stone by stone, upon a renewed and strengthened foundation.

Adjoining Vespasian's Temple on the north are the foundations and scanty remains of the Temple of Concord. The original structure, erected in the year 367 B. C. to commemorate an alliance between the patricians and plebeians, was simple and unpretentious. In the time of Tiberius it was reconstructed, entirely in white marble, and embellished by the noblest art treasures of Greece. The fragments of decorative marbles found among the ruins during the excavation of the temple are declared to have been the most delicate and perfect productions of ancient art, and the edifice must have been one of the masterpieces of the golden age. On extraordinary occasions the Senate met in this temple, which was always greatly revered by the common people as a monument commemorating a popular victory (the approval of the Licinian laws, which marked a new era in the history of the Republic by securing representative rights to the plebeians).

In our circuit of the Forum we have now arrived at its northwest corner, where was located the ancient Curia, or Senate House, perhaps the most important public build-



ing in the Roman world. The place where it stood, says Lanciani, "was occupied at an early age by a small wood, a cave overgrown with ivy, and a spring, at which latter Tarpeia was drawing water when she saw Tatius for the first time. The first Senators met here clad in sheepskins, in a square hut covered by a thatched roof. Tullius Hostilius gave the Conscript Fathers a better seat, an oblong hall built of stone, on the northeast side of the Comitium, raised on a platform above the reach of floods and accessible by a flight of steps. Inside it contained several rows of benches, the Speaker's chair, a small apartment for the Archives and a vestibule."

After being destroyed by fire about the year 50 B. C. the Curia was rebuilt in a more splendid form by Cæsar, under the name Curia Julia; and three centuries later again reconstructed by Diocletian after the fire of Carinus. The recent excavations of the Comitium have disclosed the whole facade of Diocletian's Curia, constituting a wall of S. Adriano. The original door opening (the bronze gates from which were removed to St. John Lateran in the Seventeenth Century) can yet be traced, some ten feet above the level of the Imperial pavement of the Comitium. The ancient foundations lie beneath the churches of SS. Adriano and Martina, whose monks have thus far refused all offers for their property, thus preventing an exploration of the site.

It was not only the custom of the Senators to hold their meetings with open doors, but the Curia Hostilia was never warmed in winter—on account of the extreme frugality and self-denial of the Republican Senators, as it is alleged. On January 6th, 62 B. C., Cicero wrote to his brother that the Speaker Appius had summoned the Senators to an important meeting, when it grew so cold he was obliged to dismiss the assembly. I have occasionally thought that if the Curia on the hill, here in Albany,

were for the time being similarly unprovided with artificial heat, the people of the State of New York would not necessarily be the losers.

Directly in front of the Curia, but at a lower level, with its main elevation on the north line of the Forum, was the Comitium, or place of assembly of the patrician families, for whose discussions the building was consecrated by the Augurs. With the heads of the gentes in the Curia behind them and the Tribunes of the people on the Rostra in front, the Roman aristocrats in the Comitium were at the storm centre of an endless political disturbance. "Round this narrow platform," says an interesting writer, "a conflict continually raged between the close aristocracy of birth of the true Romans and the plebeians, the indigenious people whom they subdued, but who gradually succeeded in wresting from them political rights. The popular speakers hurled defiance at the Senate across the Comitium, and the Senators more than once came down and drove them off the platform with blows."

A few years ago the site of this interesting structure was buried beneath a huge embankment, traversed by horse cars on a modern street. Today the accumulations of centuries have disappeared, and one may tread the same pavement which twenty centuries ago resounded with the footsteps of men who were contemporary with Cæsar and Cicero, with Brutus and Antony with Agrippa and Augustus. In an exploration of the various pavements of the structure, at different levels, Boni has been able to identify no less than twenty-three separate archaeological strata, in a depth of about fourteen feet—which furnishes some indication of the extensive changes which must have marked the occupancy of the site. The excavations yielded many interesting discoveries, but other than the pavements themselves, and one important monument

to be mentioned hereafter, the site of the Comitia Curiata is practically bare, except for the strictly archaeological student.

East of the Curia and Comitium was an open space called the Argiletum, in the centre of which stood the Temple of Janus, which was open in war and closed during peace. The ceremony of closing it for the third time in the history of Rome was performed by Augustus in the year 29 B. C., when his authority over the Empire had been established. Tradition ascribes to Numa Pompilius the first building of this temple of the two-faced god. Its site has not yet been explored.

East of the Argiletum, and, as reconstructed upon its enlarged scale by the munificence of Cæsar, extending to the Temple of Faustina, rose the magnificent Basilica Aemilia, pronounced by classic writers the most beautiful Roman structure of the golden age. Until five years ago the site of the Basilica was hidden beneath an enormous mound of earth and debris, crowned by a number of private dwellings. The generosity of a public-spirited individual, who bought up the private rights, permitted the excavations, of which, however, scarcely one-half has thus far been consummated. This edifice was first erected about 180 B. C., and its last complete restoration—the fifth—was during the time of Tiberius.

The general plan of the edifice was like that of the Basilica Julia on the opposite side of the Forum: a long portico enclosing a great central hall and a row of shops. In the Aemilia, however, the shops (which in the imperial edifice replaced the *tabernae novae* of Republican times) were located in front, that is on the Forum side of the central hall; whereas the *tabernae veteres* in the Basilica Julia were situated, less desirably, behind the central court. To the dreamer and the lover of ancient song, these shops on the site of the Aemilia are of especial

interest: one of them having been immortalized in Macaulay's Lay as the butcher's stall, where Virginia was slain.

Adjoining the great Basilica on the east stands the beautiful Temple of Antoninus Pius and Faustina, his wife. Upon the death of the latter, in the year 141, the Senate enrolled her among the goddesses and, in commemoration of the event, voted a temple, with a body of priestesses attached. The temple was built by Antoninus, after whose death and apotheosis the dedicatory inscription was completed by the addition of his name. The columns of the portico, prostyle in form, with portions of the wonderfully beautiful frieze, one of the marvels of classic art, are still *in situ*. The interior of the temple was dedicated in the Eighth Century to S. Lorenzo by a devout lady named Miranda. Today the visitor to San Lorenzo in Miranda, for a small gratuity to the sacristan, may procure the opening of the door, at the left of the modern entrance to the church, and thence look down through the pronaos of the temple upon the ruins of the Regia beneath, with the entire marvelous prospect of the Forum in the background, and at either side. On the occasion of my first visit to S. Lorenzo, the sudden opening of this door, with its unexpected results, produced an impression which has never faded. No visitor to Rome should miss the opportunity.

Just beyond the Temple of Antoninus occurred one of the most remarkable discoveries of the present excavations—the so-called Sepulchretum, which vies in interest with the Tomb of Romulus itself. The existence and location, even, of the latter had been indicated both by tradition and history, and its discovery was the result of a definite search. The existence of the Sepulchretum was a "find" pure and simple. It is indeed amazing to think of a prehistoric burial ground lying so close to



the rush and roar of Roman life which was pulsing through the heart of the ancient city, and yet undreamed of and evading discovery during more than thirty centuries. Away back in the days of the Kings small huts covered the site of the cemetery, and after these had disappeared and been forgotten, Republican wells were sunk through the unsuspected tombs to the waters of the subsoil.

At the time of my last visit to Rome some twenty-five or thirty tombs of different kinds had been discovered. The occasion forbids other than the briefest reference to details. It may only be stated that the sepulchres include (1) pit tombs, in which were deposited the ashes of the dead, contained either in an earthenware jar, called an olla, or in the so-called "huturn," a small clay model of a house; (2) jars containing complete skeletons, and (3) ordinary graves in which the dead had been interred, with or without coffins. The use of the ground for sepulchral purposes has been determined as ranging from the Thirteenth to the Third Century B. C.—thus carrying us far back into the dim past of five centuries preceding the traditional founding of the city in the year 753 B. C.

Immediately beyond the Sepulchretum there have been recently excavated two rows of cells opening out of a central court, which Boni considers to have been a prison, the conclusion, however, being seriously disputed by other archaeologists. The structure is certainly of exceptional solidity and strength, and it is possible that the cells were used for the storage of valuables before similar conveniences were provided in the Temple of Castor. It is an interesting suggestion that the ancients, also, appreciated the necessity of Safety Deposit Vaults.

Our rapid circuit has brought us back to the point where the Sacra Via, after sweeping past the great Basi-

lica of Constantine, approaches the square. Here, separated from the Basilica by a narrow lane leading to Vespasian's Forum of Peace, stands the Heroon of Romulus, erected by the Emperor Maxentius in the year 309 to the memory of his only son. The temple was barely finished before the builder lost his life at the battle of Saxa Rubra, which gave Rome to Christianity, and incidentally paved the way for the disruption of the Empire. The Senate completed the rotunda and dedicated it to the conqueror. Directly back of the temple, abutting on the Forum Pacis, Vespasian had built the *Templum Sacrae Urbis*, a sort of Register's office, to preserve the geodetic and other records of the State. On the outside wall of this temple, looking on the Forum of Peace, he affixed the celebrated "*Forma Urbis*"—a plan of the city engraved on marble. Fragments of a similar map, affixed to the same wall by Severus, representing the city as rebuilt after the fire of Carinus, are seen today in the Capitoline Museum.

In the Sixth Century a door was opened in the divisional wall between the Temple of Romulus and the *Templum Sacrae Urbis*, and the two buildings dedicated to SS. Cosmas and Damianus, physicians and martyrs. This historic church, the first to be solemnly transformed from an historical building near the Forum, yet remains, although "mercilessly mutilated," as one writer puts it, by Pope Urban VIII in the Seventeenth Century. Some of the damage has been repaired by the Italian Government.

The builder of the Heroon was an intense Roman. His only son was named after the eponymous founder of the city, and he seems to have labored to revive in Rome the traditions of its ancient greatness. In the excavation of the Comitium there was found a huge pedestal, from which the name of Maxentius has been erased, although it is still discernible. On the side facing the Black Stone

appears this soul-stirring inscription: *Marti invicto patri et aeternae urbis suae conditoribus!* ("To Mars the invincible father and to the founders of his eternal city!") By some it is supposed that the celebrated bronze wolf now in the Capitoline Museum was re-erected by Maxentius at the top of a pillar standing upon this pedestal. But whatever the truth of that suggestion, to quote once more from our writer, "its connection with the Tomb of Romulus is evident, and we cannot read without emotion this last appeal of a true and brave Emperor to the founders of his dear city at the moment he was going to face Constantine on the field of battle." "Really," says Lanciani, "between this unfortunate prince, Roman to the core, and his antagonist, who abandoned his glorious city for Constantinople, we cannot help siding with the first; we cannot help wishing that the tide of battle at Saxa Rubra had gone the other way. The grave of Romulus, the founder of the city, at one end of the Forum, and the memorial of Romulus, the son of Maxentius, at the other, mark the beginning and the end of the history of classic Rome."

The overthrow of paganism sealed the fate of classic Rome; and with the removal of Constantine to his new Imperial city on the Bosphorus, the incidental division of the Empire and ultimately its decline and fall, the doom of the Forum was gradually worked out. Its temples were converted into Christian churches, other public buildings went to the stone yards and lime kilns, while the statues and memorials of pagan achievements were re-consecrated as Christian saints, re-erected as examples of classic art, or frantically destroyed. The ravages of invasion and the continuous warfare between the mediaeval barons destroyed much that had escaped the first onslaught under the Christian reaction; and the crowning act, which amounted to a veritable sentence of death on

the remaining monuments, was the edict of Paul III, at the middle of the Sixteenth Century, conferring upon the builders of St. Peter's complete powers to destroy all antique buildings in the search for ancient marbles. To the debris from its own ruins was added the earth and rubbish from the foundations of public and private buildings which the convenience of the "hole" as a dumping ground undoubtedly invited. So that eventually many of the important structures could be located only by the top of a pillar, or fragment of wall, protruding above the new level, while most of the ruins were completely buried, in some instances at a depth of forty feet. The actual era of destruction did not end until the close of the Eighteenth Century, when Pius VII, whose name is dear to all lovers of ancient art, took the first steps towards exploring and preserving what remained. Today this arena of a gigantic past, while not having actually arisen from its ashes, at least has been largely cleansed from them, so that some faint conception of its former glory has become possible.

Leaning over the embankment beneath the Mamertine prison, with the radiant moon above the Colosseum illuminating the deserted square, and all the grim evidences of decay and destruction on every side, I have time and again yielded to the enchantment of the spot, where it is happiness to be awake and bliss to dream. At such times especially I have pictured it at the culmination of its beauty and perfection in the great golden age, when the purple Velarium of the Cæsars proudly declared that the sway of the Kings and of the Republic had passed forever. A procession of priests from the Regia to the Temple of Jupiter Optimus Maximus on the Capitol winds slowly along the sacred way. Incense burns, banners wave, hymns are being sung, and in the shadow of the most perfect of its marble creations, classic Rome



pays devotion to the deities which inspired its efforts. A flitting cloud across the moon—the brush of a phantom wing—and all is changed. Priests and people have vanished. Basilicas and Temples have disappeared, and of all the pomp and pride and glory of the most magnificent square the world has ever seen, there remains to the eye, at least, only a confused mass of architectural fragments, with only a battered arch or two, an occasional marble column, or some reconstructed brick wall to break the mournful continuity of desolation. With the shifting sands of paganism beneath, even the mighty foundations of the Roman State were too weak; and against all those superb creations of mind and hand and eye which made up the Roman Forum, the inevitable sentence of death had been recorded. In the despised city which Titus sacked, a new and eternal force had been born, and both the spirit and the marble abode of Roman paganism went down forever before the spirit and the word of the only true God.

## XVI

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED AT TROY, N. Y., MARCH 28,  
1908.

### *Cardinal Rampolla and the Church of St. Cecilia*

PERHAPS the best-known name in the Calendar of Saints is that of the martyred Cecilia. The legend of the saint relates that she sang her praises to the Lord to the accompaniment of instrumental music, and that "she sang with such ravishing sweetness that even the angels descended from heaven to listen to her, or to join their voices with hers." Upon the strength of this tradition she has, by common consent, been accepted as the special patroness of music and of musicians the world over.

Her legend is one of the most ancient handed down by the early Church—at least among those of which the main incidents of the subject's life and martyrdom are apparently founded on fact. A noble Roman lady in the time of the Emperor Severus (A. D. 220) she was brought up in the faith by her parents, who secretly professed Christianity. From early childhood she displayed an exalted piety. Married at the age of sixteen to Valerian, a heathen, she nevertheless persuaded him to respect her previously made vow of perpetual chastity, and finally even converted him and his brother to Christianity. Shortly afterward both Valerian and Tiburtius were beheaded for refusing to sacrifice to the gods, and a little later the lady Cecilia also was condemned to death by the Prefect of Rome, who coveted the widow's great wealth. She was first shut up in the sudatorium of her

own bath and an attempt made to suffocate her with hot vapor; this failing, the legend states she was cast into boiling water, "but it had no more effect upon her body than if she were bathing in a spring." The alarmed Prefect then sent an executioner to put her to death, but after three strokes of the ax she still survived. "The Christians found her bathed in blood, but during three days she still preached and taught with such eloquence and sweetness that hundreds of pagans were converted." She died bequeathing her palace to the church, praying that it might be consecrated as a temple to Christ. The Christians embalmed her body and it was buried by Pope Urban I, the place of interment eventually passing out of memory. Six hundred years later, according to a manuscript written by Pope Paschal I and still in the archives of the Vatican, the writer one day "fell asleep in his chair with his mind preoccupied by a longing to find the burial place of St. Cecilia and discover her relics. Then in a glorified vision the saint appeared and revealed the spot where she lay in the catacomb of St. Calixtus." There indeed her body was found, and on the following day transported to its final resting place in her own ancient house, which, in accordance with her wish, had been consecrated by Pope Urban as a Christian church.

Such is the ancient version, and without attempting to draw too closely the line between historic truth and poetic fiction, the story may not unreadily be accepted as one of the most touching and beautiful of the innumerable legends which at least served to cement the faith of the believers at a time when men "listened and believed with the undoubting faith of children." The story of Cecilia has been the inspiration of sculptors, poets and painters during all the centuries. The great painting of Domenichino, at Bologna, Raffaele's statue of the saint, rapt in ecstasy and surrounded by musical instruments, the altar

painting in her own church, attributed to Guido, Dryden's beautiful ode, the charming lines by Lewis Morris, and the famous marble of Stefano Maderno are familiar to all lovers of poetry and art. And it is Saint Cecilia who gives their name to half the musical societies on the continent of Europe.

The Church of St. Cecilia is in some respects one of the most interesting buildings in Rome. It is situated in that part of the city called Trastevere—on the other side of the Tiber, in the Janiculum quarter. This was supposed to have been the ancient "Ghetto," where St. Peter, being a Hebrew, was first lodged when he came to Rome. Originally the dwelling place of the saint, converted into a Christian church by Urban I, it was rebuilt by Paschal I in the Ninth Century and thereafter held in especial veneration by reason of the reinterment of the saint's body under the high altar. The church was again entirely rebuilt in 1599, and still a third time in 1725—with the usual unfortunate consequences to architectural beauty of most so-called "restorations." But the stately campanile of the Thirteenth Century remains, as well as the atrium with its marble pillars, the latter presumably taken at random from pagan temples, as was the custom of the times.

At the time of the second rebuilding (in 1599) the tomb of the martyr was opened by Pope Clement VIII and the embalmed body was seen as it had been found and deposited there by Paschal, "robed in gold tissue, with linen clothes steeped in blood at her feet, lying in a coffin of cypress wood"; and it was at this time that Maderno sculptured the beautiful recumbent statue which now lies on the tomb, with ninety-six silver lamps continually burning in front of it and bearing these words of the artist: "Behold the body of the most holy Virgin Cecilia, whom I myself saw lying incorrupt in her tomb."



I have in this marble expressed for thee the same saint, in the very posture of body." In the admirable description of Sir Charles Bell, "the body lies on its side, the limbs a little drawn up; the hands are delicate and fine—they are not locked, but crossed at the wrists; the arms are stretched out. The drapery is beautifully modeled and modestly covers the limbs. \* \* \* It is the statue of a lady, perfect in form, and affecting, from the resemblance to reality in the drapery of the white marble and the unspotted appearance of the statue altogether. It lies as no living body could lie, and yet correctly, as the dead when left to expire—I mean in the gravitation of the limbs." It is perhaps the best-known and most admired modern statue in Rome.

For generations following her canonization the Primate of the church, accompanied by all the Cardinals, celebrated the festa of St. Cecilia in the ancient church, on the 22d of November, the papal choir furnishing the music. The anniversary is still observed there, although with less ceremony than in the early times.

The Church of St. Cecilia has from its foundation given title to a Cardinal, the present titular being Mariano Rampolla del Tindaro. In the year 1899, the old church having fallen greatly into decay, the Italian Giovenale, who had just completed an admirable restoration of the Fifth Century Church of Santa Maria in Cosmedin, was commissioned by Rampolla to undertake a similar task at St. Cecilia. The work involved a large outlay, and was done entirely at the expense of the Cardinal-titular, who gave special instructions that during its progress a careful search should be made for antiquities. The edifice consists of an upper and lower church. In the former are still to be seen ancient mosaics of the Ninth Century building and fragments of some Thirteenth Century frescoes which were removed from the

facade of the church. Opening out of one of the chapels on the right aisle is an antique Roman bath, with a great bronze caldron for heating water still in place, while the flue tiles and remnants of the supply pipes are still visible in the walls. This room is pointed out as the place of the saint's martyrdom.

The lower church, which contains the sepulchral chapel, was restored by Rampolla in the most gorgeous Byzantine style and decorated with the most brilliant mosaic work. It had suffered greatly from dampness in previous years. With a view of overcoming this defect, an opening was made by the architect in the floor of the nave, and this led to the immediate discovery on a lower level of a Roman house which is confidently stated to be of Third Century work, all in a remarkable state of preservation. Many of the chambers have been fully explored, among others the storeroom, with its great sunken receptacles for oil, wine and corn, and the "hypocaust" or fire chamber for generating the heat which was supplied to the upper rooms by earthenware tiles—both of great interest. At various places in these subterranean rooms were found thirteen huge leaden coffins, each respectively inscribed with the coat-of-arms and tasseled hat of a Cardinal of St. Cecilia, whose last resting place had thus been discovered. The results have proved a most interesting and valuable contribution to both history and archaeology, and the restoration and discovery combined, which has involved the large sum of nearly one million lire—two hundred thousand dollars—will be a lasting memorial to the titular-Cardinal who has thus splendidly demonstrated his great interest in both Christian art and antiquarian research.

Although no longer bearing the proud title of "Segretario Di Stato Di Sua Santità Leone PP. XIII," Cardinal Rampolla is none the less a commanding figure in the

Roman Catholic world. His strong personality, great capacity for work, wide knowledge of men and affairs, keen insight, pronounced convictions with the requisite courage to maintain them, and the high clerical rank which he has won unaided by other than his own native ability and energy, would alone make him a notable figure in any community. But the interest which he excites, both at Rome and elsewhere in the world, is accentuated by the almost universal conviction that he was the logical successor of Leo XIII; by the commonly accepted fact that he was actually the first choice of the conclave assembled in 1903 to fill the vacancy—the disapproval of a certain Catholic power which claimed the right of veto alone preventing his elevation—and finally because of a growing belief that he will yet be chosen supreme head of the Church, which would repudiate the right of veto if again interposed.

The Cardinal is a busy man, and accordingly among all the dignitaries of the Church one of the most difficult of access. But after once finding his way in, the visitor, however casual or humble, receives the sort of welcome which might be expected from one whose entire time is enlisted in the practice of a gracious hospitality. That the former Secretary of State at the Vatican should cherish the slightest personal interest in the ordinary chance caller, prompted more by curiosity, perhaps, than anything else, would of course be entertained only by those unduly impressed with a sense of their own importance. But the individuality of the man is so striking, his habit of expression—not the mere conveyance of ideas by speech, but the involuntary and therefore more impressive, self-disclosure which proceeds from a buoyant and vigorous personality—all this is so remarkable that while under its direct influence one might be excused for believing that his coming had actually been anticipated with

real pleasure. This is not intended to imply insincerity—on the contrary, it indicates rather the possession of that subtle and evasive force popularly termed personal magnetism, which in the interplay of social intercourse and under the stimulus of the innate courtesy and kindness which are characteristic of the Italian people at home, lends so great a charm to the simplest courtesy. His Eminence lives near the Piazza della Sagrestia, in the shadow of the sacristy of the basilica of St. Peter, some three miles or more from the modern hotel quarter on the Quirinal. So that when at a quarter past eight one evening we received a card from Mgr. Filippo Rocchi, private secretary, that “Son Eminence le Cardinal Rampolla peut vous recevoir ce soir de 7 hrs. et demi a 9 hrs.,” it became something of a question whether it would be possible to keep the appointment. Closed carriages are not always to be secured at night on a moment’s notice in Rome. It was quite a quarter past nine when we passed through the arched gateway to the left of the great basilica, but the doors of the vestibule were opened before the carriage fairly stopped, and the same major domo whom we had seen on a former visit came down the steps to meet us. We found Monsignor Rocchi in the ante-chamber and he assured us that we were not too late; he spoke in Italian, but said that he knew some English, which, however, he should not display until we were leaving, as the effort to understand him might detain us too long. We were ushered into the well-remembered library, a large, cheerful room, lined on every side with bookcases which extended to the ceiling. The books were for the most part, if not entirely, upon ecclesiastical subjects, the titles being in Latin, French or Italian. The portiere had scarcely fallen behind us when the Cardinal entered by a door at the other end of the apartment. He came down the room with the vigorous step of a strong man in the prime



of his physical powers, and greeted us with the cordiality and friendly warmth already referred to. In our party was a lady well advanced in years. His very first care was to lead her respectfully to a seat at the head of a sofa, by the side of which stood his own high-backed chair, fronting two smaller ones (all having apparently been thus carefully placed before our arrival), at the same time expressing how greatly flattered he was that madame should undertake such a long drive at so late an hour to call upon him.

He wore a long scarlet cassock, plain and close fitting, scarlet stockings, and on his head a scarlet "berrettina," or skull cap; the scarlet in Italian parlance being "purple." Sprung from the people, his appearance indicates a vigorous, hardy ancestry. Tall and large of bone, with no superfluous flesh in either figure or face, with strong, sinewy hands, large features, including the prominent nose which is rarely lacking in men of ability, broad forehead, thick black hair with a few streaks of gray (which latter I had not noticed two years before), and the dark eye of his race, a strong, full voice and a most lively and animated expression—it was easy to see that his mental vigor springs from a genuine basis of good health and high spirit.

Like all men of genius, Rampolla possesses the sense of humor, and he began by suggesting that as two years had elapsed since our last meeting I had of course perfected myself in Italian and would doubtless prefer to converse in that language. I promptly rejoined that he had enjoyed a similar opportunity to master English, and that I had come four thousand miles expressly to afford him the pleasure of displaying his new accomplishment. He evidently enjoyed the retort as much as his own sally, but as a compromise proposed that we should talk in French. I preferred the good offices of a relative as

interpreter, and in this way the conversation proceeded in his own tongue and with all the vivacity and liquid volubility displayed in conversation by cultivated Italians.

I explained the cause of our late arrival. He replied that his secretary had dispatched the card early that morning and exclaimed at the remissness of the hotel porter, which, however, was "a commonplace in Rome." But it was all for the best, since at the hour we otherwise would have arrived he had unexpectedly received "one of your distinguished compatriots"—mentioning a well-known member of the upper house at Washington.

I said to him that I had been looking without avail for the gridiron on which San Lorenzo was tortured. With a serious glance he replied enigmatically that San Lorenzo had five churches in Rome. Yes, but I had visited them all and could not find the relic. He answered quizzically that at San Lorenzo in Panisperna might be seen the block of marble on which the saint's body was traditionally laid after death, but that he had never heard that the gridiron had been preserved. I inquired how it was possible to certify the innumerable "relics" which are shown in the various churches. He said that many of them were perhaps spurious—or at least unproven, but that the church was making a careful and systematic investigation as to the claims of those the authenticity of which appears questionable, and from time to time sealing those which were satisfactorily attested as genuine. I referred to a beautiful marble statue of the Virgin Mary in the Church of San Agostino. I had been impressed with its striking resemblance to the noble bust of the Empress Livia (wife of Augustus) in the Uffizi collection, and ventured the suggestion that it might have been a heathen statue reconsecrated. He, however, thought that the marble, although perhaps antique, could not possibly date back as far as the Second Century.

I observed—perhaps not with perfect delicacy, being a Protestant—it seemed to us in America that the numerical strength and as well the importance and loyalty of the Roman Catholic Church there entitled it to another Cardinal. Without an instant's hesitation he replied "that he was not sure that he did not agree with me." The answer displayed all the tact of the consummate diplomatist, all the policy of an official high in the counsels of the Church, and at the same time all the courtesy of the perfect host and gentleman. To have flatly agreed or disagreed would have been plainly out of place and uncalled for; to have kept silence might naturally have put a guest ill at ease. I felt that he had taught me a lesson in considerate politeness. He spoke warmly of America, said that he had many good friends there and always enjoyed meeting the citizens of "the great republic."

He became very animated when the conversation turned to church architecture, antiquarian research and archaeology. He declared with emphasis that the proposed drainage of the lower story of the basilica of San Clemente was a "noble project," that the church was a very important one historically, and the structure particularly valuable as an example of the earliest church architecture; that he sincerely hoped the enterprise would be as successful as he believed it feasible. Upon the restoration of St. Cecilia and the rich discoveries there he was of course especially enthusiastic, speaking modestly of his own part in the work, but with no effort to conceal his pleasure at my praise of the beautiful decoration and the careful manner in which the architect had performed his difficult task. He said that Professor Giovenale was a "great artist" and had fully demonstrated on more than one occasion that he could be trusted to "repair and not ruin." There was no doubt in his

mind that the rooms which had been excavated beneath the lower church were those of a Roman house of the Third Century, which he apparently believed to have been the original habitation of the saint—although the presence of some circular tanks of the kind used by dyers might fairly raise the question of its use for other purposes than that of a dwelling.

But an admonition from the interpreter—who apparently thought that when the brick and mortar of imperial days was under discussion I could not be trusted to observe the proprieties as to time—reminded me that our stated reception hour had expired even before we arrived. The Cardinal inquired if madame would graciously accept one of his photographs, and, begging us to wait a moment, returned shortly with the signed copy from which the accompanying illustration has been made. He presented the others with silver medals of St. Cecilia, and slyly handed me a copy in Italian (I knew that the edition had been issued as well in both French and English) of the beautiful special number of "*Il Mondo Cattolico*," dedicated to His Eminence, and descriptive of the restorations and discoveries at Santa Cecilia, remarking that its perusal might stimulate further study of the language. He said that he himself was writing a book, of which he kindly promised to present me a copy on my next visit, for which, in parting, he extended a cordial invitation.

In the anteroom the polite secretary was still in waiting, and in response to our "*buona notte*" smilingly and with the greatest gusto exclaimed, "Good night!" It was his promised display of English. Two attendants were summoned and especially enjoined to assist the ladies in descending the long flight leading to the vestibule and thence to the sidewalk. The politeness of the French often seems superficial; it is manifestly genuine with the



Italians, who are always especially deferential to elderly persons.

Ten o'clock was striking as we emerged upon the imposing piazza of San Pietro flanked by its immense semicircular colonnades. The clattering hoofs of the impatient horses and the rattling of the wheels upon the granite pavement alone disturbed the stillness of the night. We were leaving Rome on the next day, and after passing the obelisk I leaned out of the carriage window for a last look at the mighty edifice, crowned with its stupendous dome which we had climbed ten hours before. Bathed in the mellow rays of a full moon, which had risen since we drove in, the immense pile uprose behind us in solemn, silvery grandeur. My thoughts swept me back through the centuries, with all their glorious accomplishments and harrowing vicissitudes, to the time when "*omnium urbis et orbis ecclesiarum mater et caput*," as it was styled, the great basilica was founded by the first Christian Emperor, and then at a single bound to those earlier days when there were brutal wild beast fights and gladiatorial combats by day and the mad Emperor made living torches of defenseless Christians to illuminate the revels and orgies of the night in the imperial circus, upon whose very site the first Bishop of Rome was traditionally buried and Sylvester built his church. The obelisk in the piazza, which was brought from Heliopolis by the Emperor Caligula while St. Peter was still on earth, is said to be the only monument of its kind in Rome which has never been overthrown. May the noble basilica similarly endure as long as the Eternal City shall exist to welcome the pilgrims from every clime who yield to its magic spell.

## XVII

IMPROMPTU REMARKS AT THE ANNUAL DINNER OF THE  
ROBERT BURNS CLUB, ALBANY, N. Y., DECEMBER,  
1908.

UPON invitation of that sturdy Scot, General Angus Jeremy Parker, I came in tonight from the northern suburbs in all the complacency of an innocent belief that for once I was to escape the after-dinner grill, which is so trying to the digestion of an interloper guest.

But the tyranny of the average Toastmaster is proverbial: howsoever unwilling, howsoever unprepared, howsoever incompetent, the wretched victim is forced to make his bow, express unbounded pleasure, and under the spur of the moment falter out some improvised commonplaces.

And yet, gentlemen, to be called upon for a few random words really is a small price to pay for the privilege of sitting at dinner with the Burns Club. I shall not pretend—since under the circumstances, of course, I am not expected—to make a speech. Moreover, aware that in these days the demand is for short conclusions drawn from long experience, I shall be very brief. In after-dinner oratory, as in recent Wall Street operations, the wise men will be found on the short side of the market.

In the columns of a New Jersey newspaper I recently read the following announcement:

“The Men’s meeting of the Y. M. C. A. tomorrow afternoon will have two speakers, and the subject will be, ‘Hell, its certainty, what sort of a place it is, and how to escape it.’

"The musical part of the program will be very attractive, including a baritone solo by the Secretary, 'Tell Mother I'll be there.' "

Such a remarkably blended program is scarcely more incongruous than at first blush may seem the intrusion of a Holland-Dutchman at this gathering of the clans for their annual Haggis.

The dissimilarity between the Dutch and Scotch is in many respects manifest. To provide land for himself and his posterity the Dutchman dams the waters of the sea. The Scotchman, without the slightest incidental gain or advantage, dams everything—just for fun.

The Scotchman sleeps when he is not compelled to work and can't find any one to play with him. The Dutchman doesn't care to play, on account of the exertion, and works only when he can't sleep.

While each respectively appreciates the softening influence of Schnapps and its north country equivalent, the Scotchman perhaps takes his nip with the more discretion; that is to say, he never drinks when he is asleep, and never loses an opportunity to drink when he is awake.

The main ambition of the cold-blooded, phlegmatic Dutchman, according to the inimitable Knickerbocker, is to wear a dozen pair of breeches at the same time; while the fiery Scot seems disposed to reduce the size of his breeches to the lowest proportions.

But all these are on the lighter side; whereas in those great essentials of national character which develop the passion for liberty and which make for race tenacity, for the love of the home, of the family, of the simple—that is to say, of the *best* things in life, the Scotch and the Dutch are anything but unlike. And thus even a stolid Dutchman may find it possible to cast his "curn o' spice" into your celebration tonight, in honor of the plowboy poet who vaunted the simple virtues which both races love.

To the bier of Robert Burns we may fittingly bring both the laurel and the sword. His songs—those immortal utterances of the human heart—are they not ringing in the ear of every son of Scotland—from the home of Auld Lang Syne to the far-off colonies in the Australasian Sea? Whoever has made the laws, surely he has written the songs of the land which gave him birth.

And his poetry—it has found its eternal abiding place in the literature of every land, where men have faith in God and Nature and every human heart is human.

And then he fought—how loyally he fought for human freedom. Not indeed against actual slavery of the person, but the more insidious, and thus dangerous slavery which results from the false pride of birth, of polite hypocrisy and social caste. From early youth to manhood he drew from the soil that rugged simplicity of view which the soil alone can infuse; from manhood to death he gave again to the world all the inspiration he had received, distilled in the alembic of his opening fancy, his fiery temperament, his sincere and buoyant heart.

Robert Burns belongs not alone to the Scotch. Like William of Orange, like Savonarola and Luther, like Toussaint L'Ouverture, and Washington, and Emerson and Lincoln—like all those great spirits, those inspired prophets, those heroic souls who have yearned and toiled for freedom of conscience, body and mind—in short, like everyone who has labored and accomplished for human liberty and the elevation of man, he belongs to all the human family.

And now, my friends, after all my protestation I have come perilously near making a speech. But the temptation has been great, and I must appeal to your generous forbearance. Grant me your forgiveness—under my express agreement never to transgress again.



## XVIII

ADDRESS DELIVERED IN TROY, N. Y., FEBRUARY, 1908.

### *The Excavation of Herculaneum*

REJECTION by the Italian Government of the proposed excavation of Herculaneum under international auspices, although a serious disappointment to the friends of the enterprise, has drawn public attention in Italy to the value and importance of antiquarian research to a degree which promises great things for the world of archaeology, art and literature.

Nearly two years ago Professor Charles Waldstein of Cambridge proposed that Herculaneum should be excavated as an international enterprise. The project was received with manifest favor in France, Austria, Germany, Great Britain and the United States, and there seems no doubt that the necessary funds might easily have been secured in the countries mentioned, since money is always forthcoming in the cause of science. The King of Italy, who is himself a scholar, and indeed something of a savant, expressed the warmest interest in the proposition, but when the application was formally made to the Italian Government, the idea encountered strong opposition, the prevailing view being that Italy herself should undertake the excavation of Herculaneum under the direction of her own archaeologists, rather than permit its accomplishments through the energy of outsiders and by foreign capital.

In announcing the consequent abandonment of the

Waldstein project Signor Rava, minister of public instruction, recently outlined a splendid research programme of the Italian Government. It embraces extensive excavations at Ostia, the port of ancient Rome, at the mouth of the Tiber (which was founded by Ancus Marcius, the third successor of Romulus), further excavations at Paestum, where some superb Greek temples have already been discovered, and finally the complete excavation of Herculaneum. An initial bill has already been introduced, among other things calling for the appropriation of five hundred thousand lire to restore the baths of Diocletian, and six million lire (one million and two hundred thousand dollars) to construct within three years an archaeological promenade, which is to start at the Forum and embrace the baths of Caracalla, Titus and Trajan. Laid out in this way, amidst the grandest antiquarian monuments in Rome, such a promenade would easily become the most splendid walk in the world.

Magnificent as the latter project may be, as an eloquent tribute to past grandeur, the cause of science and art, if not of literature, would be better advanced if all available funds might be at once devoted to the original project, which has contributed so much to the awakening of Italian interest in antiquarian research. It is difficult to repress the wish that the twenty-five million lire which is being expended in the erection of the huge marble memorial to Victor Emmanuel II might have been diverted to the exhumation of all the priceless treasures in art, archaeology and literature which it is believed are buried in Herculaneum.

On August 24 next, 1,819 years will have elapsed since Pompeii and Herculaneum were completely buried by an eruption of Vesuvius. Herculaneum had suffered severely in the earthquake of A. D. 63, and the damages had barely been made good when the city was completely obliterated

by the terrible eruption in the year 79. We are able to picture the details of this appalling disaster to the Vesuvian cities from Pliny's vivid description of the gigantic cloud, shaped like a pine tree, which preceded the broad sheets of flame, all the more brilliant because of the stygian blackness which reigned by day as well as by night, the shocks of earthquake, the blazing and empty villas, and then the fatal rain of ashes which entombed alike scattered habitations, hamlets, villages and entire cities, within a radius of eight or nine miles of the crater. A large part of the population is supposed to have perished, also, although in Pompeii not more than four hundred bodies, in their petrified form, have been discovered. Many doubtless fled into the country, some ultimately escaping, others stricken down in their flight by the immense showers of hot stones and ashes. In the case of Herculaneum a considerable body managed to reach Naples by the highway leading to that city—escape by sea having been cut off by a torrent of liquid volcanic matter which almost completely filled the small harbor. This latter fact is vouched for by the younger Pliny, in relating the death of his uncle, the celebrated naturalist, who, at the time of the eruption, had command of the Roman fleet at Misenum. The elder Pliny attempted to bring his fleet into the harbor to rescue such of the inhabitants as had managed to escape from the city on the south side, but, according to his nephew, found it impossible to reach the shore for the reasons stated, and himself perished from the fumes of the volcano.

The manner of the destruction of Herculaneum was radically different from that of Pompeii, although each occurred during the same volcanic disturbance. Pompeii, to the southeast of the mountain, situated at a higher level and nearer to the crater, was overwhelmed with red hot pumice stones and hot ashes, which fell to an average

depth of eighteen to twenty feet; while Herculaneum, some miles away to the west, and lying lower, was submerged beneath a vast torrent of liquid sand, mud and ashes—practically a great tidal wave of what might be called muddy eruption, which at Herculaneum and some other low lying places raised the previous level of the ground over sixty feet. From this fact arise two important consequences. First, the fiery bath to which Pompeii was treated reduced to ashes all of the documents and destroyed many of the delicate art objects which otherwise might have been preserved; in the other case the mixture of mud and ashes gradually hardened and preserved intact the priceless art treasures with which it came into contact, excluding the air at every point. Compressed in it like a cast, wood was not burnt, marble was not calcined, glass was not melted, and, best of all, papyrus was not defaced. Second, the friable nature of the deposit and its lesser depth at Pompeii has rendered excavation so comparatively easy that the most important part of the city has already been explored; while at Herculaneum the work is so difficult and expensive that only a fragment of the site has thus far been uncovered.

The small area of ancient Herculaneum which has been restored to the light of day—commonly spoken of as the “new excavations”—was uncovered in the last century, and is of comparatively slight interest. The most important work was done during the Eighteenth Century, following an accidental discovery of some antique statues during a quest for a marble quarry. Of all the buildings which were then explored, chiefly by means of tunnels of a great depth, none is visible except the theatre, the orchestra of which lies sixty-five feet below the surface, and about thirty feet lower than the modern village of Resina. It is for this reason that the tide of tourist travel sweeps by Herculaneum (which lies about half a



mile from the Portici station on the railway from Naples) and on to Pompeii, where every detail of the ruined city lies open to inspection in the brilliant light of southern Italy.

In order to appreciate the transcendent interest which is awakened by the promise of an early excavation of Herculaneum, it is necessary to recall the striking difference in character of the two buried cities. According to the ancient writers, Hercules was the traditional founder of each, and in the case of Herculaneum, which took the hero's name, the tradition is readily accounted for. In any event, Herculaneum was originally a Greek settlement, and Livy describes how the city fell into the power of Rome during the Samnite wars. After varying fortunes finally it became a municipium and enjoyed abundant prosperity toward the close of the republic and during the early years of the empire down to the time of its destruction. It was in close touch and intercourse with the great Roman world; by means of the Via Campana it had easy communication with Naples, Baiae—perhaps the most magnificent watering place the world has ever seen—and Capua, and thence by the Via Appia northward with Rome; and in the other direction with Pompeii, Nuceria and Lucania. Attracted by its beautiful location and salubrious climate, many noble families selected it for the erection of their elaborate villas, and in this way it enjoyed unusual prestige as the home of the Balbi, the Fabii, possibly of the celebrated Aggripina, mother of Nero, and of Lucius Calpurnius Piso, related to the imperial house, which latter itself, according to Seneca, maintained a villa in the neighborhood. Wealthy, cultivated and powerful, they attracted to the city all that was great and aspiring in literature and art, and themselves must naturally have collected in their homes and libraries the choicest art treasures and the recognized

masterpieces of Greek and Roman literature. The destruction of the city occurred at the highest point of its development and fortunes, so that there is no reason to doubt the confident assertion of antiquarians that it still holds the greatest treasures of Greek art and literature, provided, of course, they were not destroyed by the volcanic substance which blotted out the city; and on this latter point the geologists express slight, if any, fear. Pompeii, on the other hand, seems to have been only a middle-class commercial town, with a mixed population which found its recreation in pleasures of the lightest sort. It is true that in the letters of Cicero occur frequent allusions to a Pompeiian villa as one of the residences which he occasionally visited, and there is evidence that other Roman nobles also frequented the neighborhood towards the close of the republic; but there seems to be no certainty that this character of occupancy continued under the empire, indications being to the contrary.

The natural conclusion to be drawn from this radical difference in the character of the two communities seems to be fairly established by the result of the excavations thus far made. Although Pompeii has been largely explored, no manuscripts have been found and few, if indeed any, art works of first importance. At Herculaneum, on the other hand, the small area thus far excavated has enriched the world of art with the most priceless treasures. The so-called villa of Piso alone, which was excavated in 1750-60, yielded a finer collection of marble and bronze than all of Greece has disclosed, if we except the great masterpieces discovered at Athens, Olympia and Delphi. Here were found the two marble equestrian statues of the Balbi, and the so-called Aristides, which are in the Borbonico at Naples, as well as all, or nearly all, the really great bronzes in the same museum, notably the "Sleeping Faun," the "Discoboli," the "Dancing

Girl," the drunken "Silenus," the "Hermes," and the bust of Plato. Mural paintings of the most exquisite beauty, and which are considered by connoisseurs to represent the highest taste and most consummate skill of the ancient artists, were here discovered, while in the famous library of the villa were found nearly two thousand papyri, all perfectly legible, but unfortunately relating entirely to the later epicurean philosophy (in which apparently the owner was chiefly interested), and accordingly of slight historical or literary importance.

While, of course, there can be no certainty that similar riches in proportionate abundance would be found in other houses, if the excavations are proceeded with, and admitting that all antiquarians do not entertain the same confident views cherished by Professor Waldstein, the fact that Herculaneum was a much larger city than Pompeii, that through the early settlement there of a large body of Greek colonists expelled from southern Italy, the city must have received some lasting impress from the exquisite Greek culture with which it thus came in contact, and finally the convincing fact that unless the vein is manifestly exhausted the most natural and promising place to look for treasure is the place where treasure has been found, lead us reasonably to the conviction that magnificent rewards await a scientific and complete exhumation of the buried city. Since the men of science assure us that the costly villas and their contents are yet mainly intact, the archaeologists and antiquarians have little doubt as to the priceless value of what may be found.

The possible contribution to literature alone would more than compensate for whatsoever expenditure of money, time and energy. Consider for a moment how many of the greatest treasures of Greek and Roman literature have totally disappeared, any of which may

have been, and some of which undoubtedly were in the libraries of the elaborate villas at Herculaneum.

Sappho, who was incomparably the greatest poetess the world has ever seen, lived at the beginning of the Sixth Century before Christ. Her fame in antiquity rivalled that of Homer himself. She composed nine books of poetry, of which only two odes and a few fragments remain. What an estimable gift to the world of poetry and beauty would be the discovery of even one of these lost odes, of which it has been said "the perfection and finish of every line, the correspondence of sense and sound, the incomparable command over all the most delicate resources of verse, and the exquisite symmetry of the complete odes, raise her into the very front rank of technical poetry; while her direct and fervent painting of passion has never been since surpassed."

Nearly a century later came Aeschylus, the father of the Greek tragic drama, who has come down to posterity celebrated perhaps as much for his patriotism as for his poetry. Of the seventy tragedies written by him, barely one out of ten survive.

Sophocles is considered the most perfect and, next to Aeschylus, the greatest of the Greek tragic poets. All of his minor works have perished, and while he is believed to have produced one hundred dramas, only seven of them are extant. Euripides, who came a little later, wrote between seventy and eighty plays, of which not more than eighteen have come down to us; while of the two thousand dramas which are said to have been written during the time of Aristophanes, in the same generation, not more than one out of fifty are extant.

The most celebrated Greek poet of the time of Alexander the Great was Menander. He was the associate of men who had been the pupils of Plato and Aristotle, and was an intimate friend of Epicurus, who has given



his name to a distinct philosophy. According to Pliny the more literary Romans particularly admired Menander, whose wit and wisdom and brilliancy have come down to us mainly in the imitations of Terence, of whose plays yet extant almost all have been avowedly taken from Menander. Of the latter's own writings, although he was the author of more than a hundred comedies, only a few scattering fragments remain. Among these is a verse from the comedy of *Thais*, quoted by St. Paul, "Evil communications corrupt good manners."

Literature has also suffered irreparable losses in the disappearance of much that was written by the Roman historians of the First Century before Christ.

The annals of Atticus have entirely disappeared. A friend of Cicero, Pompey and Julius Cæsar, and father-in-law of Agrippa, the great Minister of Augustus, highly educated and possessor of a magnificent library, his Roman history must have been of unusual interest and would prove of the greatest value today, as it was especially commended by the author's contemporaries for its minute exactness and chronological accuracy.

Livy set himself the heroic task of recording the history of the Roman people, commencing with the landing of Aeneas in Italy, and ending at the apogee of the Golden Age, in the time of Augustus. The vast work, of which Martial complains that his whole library would not contain it, was comprised in 142 books, of which only thirty-five are now extant. The lost books seem to have disappeared subsequent to the Seventh Century.

Varro, whose death occurred seventeen years before that of the great Cæsar, was the most prolific of all the antiquarian writers. His whole life was devoted to literary study and work, and, after attaining the ripe age of ninety years, he is said to have died almost pen in hand. When seventy years of age he estimated the number of

books he had written at 490; but as thus used the word "book" includes a portion of a subdivided work. His total accomplishment is set down at seventy-four distinct literary works and 620 separate "books." Of this vast literary production, the section devoted to history and antiquities has almost entirely disappeared, our knowledge of it being largely derived from the works of early Christian writers and of Plutarch, Pliny and others lesser known. Inasmuch as what has been casually preserved of this great work remains to the present day the basis of our knowledge of a part of early Roman history, it has been observed that if any considerable portion of Varro's historical books should now be discovered "scholars might find themselves compelled to reconstruct the earlier history of the Roman republic from its foundation."

The "Annals" of Tacitus record the history of the Emperors from Tiberius to Nero; while the "Histories" of the same writer took up the story again at Galba, who succeeded Nero, and brought it down to the close of Domitian's reign, in the year A. D. 97. Of the former work there remain to us nine entire "books" and fragments of three others (the original number having been eighteen); all of the reign of Caligula, six years of that of Claudius, and the last three years of Nero's orgy have been lost. Thus the record of fourteen out of fifty-four years covered by the author is missing.

The first four books and a fragment of the fifth are all that remain of the twelve books which comprised the "Histories"; we have lost all the story after the year A. D. 69, including the reigns of Vespasian, Titus and Domitian.

While we may not agree with the biographer who ranks Tacitus "in the highest place among men of letters of all ages," he was manifestly a man of genius and his history is unique among the classics. A celebrated lawyer,

the close friend and fellow-worker of Pliny, and son-in-law to Agricola, wisest and best of the ancient governors of Britain, the consequent social position of Tacitus established him on terms of intimacy with all the eminent men of his time, including the eight emperors who succeeded Nero; thereby affording exceptional opportunity for the construction of a true and striking picture of the empire during the First Century. His life of Agricola, fortunately preserved to us, is justly regarded as one of the masterpieces of biography.

Two hundred years later the Emperor Tacitus, who claimed descent from the great historian, ordered that ten copies of his celebrated ancestor's works should be made each year for deposit in the public libraries. But the merciless hand of time has none the less impaired the record to the extent above stated.

Without attempting to trace the causes of the heavy loss entailed upon both history and letters by the destruction of so many literary treasures, it may be said in passing that the severest blow of which we have certain knowledge was the destruction of the great Alexandrian library, accidentally burned during the siege of the city by Julius Cæsar. Founded by Ptolemy Soter, the ablest general of the great Macedonian conqueror, who inherited Egypt upon the division of Alexander's dominions, this great collection, the most remarkable of the ancient world, is variously estimated at from four hundred thousand to seven hundred thousand manuscripts. As an indication of the continuing zeal for its enlargement, it is related that one of the successors of the first Ptolemy once refused wheat to the Athenians until they had first given him the original manuscripts of Sophocles, Aeschylus and others of the great Grecian poets. After its first destruction the library was reëstablished upon the foundation of the collection presented to Antony by Cleo-

patra. About four hundred years later an edict of Theodosius ordered the destruction of all heathen temples within the Roman Empire, and the priceless treasures of the Serapeum, to which the new library had been transferred, were given over to pillage at the hands of the Christians. Such few manuscripts as then escaped were afterwards burned by the Saracens about A. D. 650. Many public libraries were established in Rome during the last years of the republic and under the empire, until the decline of the latter. In addition to the originals of the great Latin writers, these collections undoubtedly included at least copies of the important Greek papyri from Egypt and Athens. Presumably they were for the most part swept away in the terrible conflagrations which ravaged the Forum and the Palatine, under Nero, Titus, Commodus and Carinus, between the years A. D. 65 and 283.

In the face of what may be termed these great literary tragedies, consider how the world of letters would thrill with an announcement of the discovery of one of the lost odes of Sappho, one of the lost plays of the great tragedians, one of the lost books of Livy or Tacitus, a forgotten treatise of Aristotle, or even some additional fragments of the wise and witty Menander! And it is the not at all unreasonable possibility of such a discovery at Herculaneum which arouses such keen interest at the suggestion of renewed and more thorough and scientific excavations on the site of the buried city.

At first thought the chance of unearthing a still decipherable paper writing some two thousand or more years old may seem highly fanciful, to say the least. But inasmuch as this has already been accomplished at Herculaneum, no room for doubt remains. In the library already discovered there the books had been carefully preserved on the shelves of presses, running around the



room to a height of about six feet. No vellum manuscripts were found—all being in the form of papyri rolls.

Papyrus, as a writing material, first came into use among the Egyptians, and passed thence to the Greeks and Romans. Longitudinal strips from the stem of the papyrus reed were laid on a board, side by side, to the required width, and across these at right angles another layer was placed. Woven together in this form the resultant sheet was first soaked in water, then pressed, dried in the sun and finally smoothed and polished by an ivory ball or other round hard substance. When thus finished the sheets were pasted together—usually twenty in number—to form the so-called “roll” in which form ancient papyri usually appeared. Upon the smooth, tough surface of this carefully hand-made material, written characters in inks of various colors were made by a canna or pen, formed from a reed. The title of the work was written at the end, and as the manuscript was gradually unrolled while being read, it was at the same time steadily re-rolled and thus preserved from both dust and light.

Most of the papyri known to be in existence have been discovered in either Egypt or Herculaneum. The Egyptian manuscripts have usually been found in tombs, frequently appearing in the hands or among the swathings of mummies. With a single exception the Egyptian papyri are believed to date back no farther than the second century before Christ. The exception is the so-called *Prisse papyrus* in the Louvre, which is supposed to have been written somewhere between 1600 and 2000 B. C. Valuable texts of the *Iliad*, several Greek orations and fragments from the early poets and tragedians, have been thus found and preserved in the form of papyri still to be seen in the British Museum, the Louvre and other notable collections of antiquities.

The difficulties encountered in unrolling and deciphering these precious little cylinders, of which the sheets had

been glued together and the inscriptions blurred and defaced in the vicissitudes of so many centuries, were greatly enhanced in the case of the Herculaneum papyri, blackened almost beyond recognition by the action of the heated ashes. When found these latter resembled small sticks of charred wood, so that before their first identification large quantities were actually destroyed by the workmen in sheer wantonness. But the patience of the scholars, allied to the ingenuity of science, in the end effected a substantial restoration. By means of a machine which resembles the sewing frames of the bookbinders, the little black, shriveled objects were gradually unrolled and by a weak solution of glue attached to gold-beater skin—the most infinite patience and skill being of course requisite in order to avoid a catastrophe.

While it is melancholy to reflect that neither science nor literature has thus far to any extent profited by the painstaking labor bestowed upon the Herculaneum papyri, it is impossible to gaze upon these discolored relics of an ancient civilization once again unrolled to the eye of man, after lying forgotten during more than eighteen centuries, fifty feet below the surface of the ground, without a feeling of admiration for the skill which produced them and of mingled awe and pride at the event of their discovery and restoration.

Let us cherish a hope that the end is not yet. Let us await, albeit impatiently, the time when science and literature, archaeology and art shall revel in the glory—of which some certain measure is surely reserved—of a completely exhumed Herculaneum. Then only shall we write against the exploration of this particular field of human endeavor the old papyrus formula, *Explicitus est liber*—The book is unrolled—before turning to other regions in the never ending search for the absolute, towards which the most perfect intelligence and the highest cultivation will forever urge mankind.

## XIX

INTRODUCING MGR. JOHN WALSH, AT AN ENTERTAINMENT IN MUSIC HALL, TROY, N. Y., IN 1909, TO RAISE FUNDS FOR THE RESTORATION OF THE ANCIENT CHURCH OF SAN CLEMENTE IN ROME.

I SHALL venture to say a few words by way of introduction, not of the lecturer or his subject—which would be a superfluity—but of the projected enterprise for the preservation of the ancient Church of San Clemente, for the benefit of which work tonight's entertainment has been arranged.

The basilica of St. Clement is one of many ancient Roman Catholic churches which possess a special interest because of their direct association with certain heathen temples or important public edifices of imperial or even earlier days. For instance the basilica of St. Cecilia on the other side of the Tiber was originally a Roman palace of the Third Century, the substructure and interior arrangements of which recently have been discovered in the basement of the early church structure. The Fifth Century Church of Santa Maria in Cosmedin, near the Tiber, stands on the foundations of a Temple of Hercules. Santa Maria Antiqua, another Fifth Century Church, recently excavated at the south side of the Forum, incorporated a part of the great library in the Temple of Augustus. Upon the summit of the Capitol Santa Maria in Aracoeli, dating back to the Eighth Century, marks the site of the Capitoline Temple of Juno. San Andriano, near the Mamertine prison, preserves all

that remains of the ancient Curia, or Senate House of the Kings. The splendid portico of the Temple of Antoninus and Faustina and the side walls, with their beautiful marble frieze, enclose the Twelfth Century Church of San Lorenzo in Miranda. A little further up the Forum the Heroon of Romulus and Vespasian's Templum Sacrae Urbis in the Sixth Century were reconsecrated to Christian uses as the Church of Saints Cosmus and Damianus, physicians and martyrs; while Santa Maria Francesca Romana, near the arch of Titus, incorporates part of the vestibule of the Emperor Hadrian's enormous Temple of Venus and Rome.

But of all these precious monuments of both pagan and Christian antiquity, the Church of San Clemente has the more absorbing interest. Consecrated to the memory of Saint Clement, the fellow-laborer of St. Paul, and the Third Bishop of Rome, and built on the site of his paternal mansion, it dates from the Third Century and is considered the most perfect existing example of early Church architecture, and especially of the interior arrangements of the early Christian churches. The property belongs to the Irish Dominicans, and in 1858, at a time when a general apathy for discoveries prevailed in Italy, the Abbot of the Order began a series of excavations, continued a few years later by Prior Mullaly, whose indefatigable energy ultimately revealed not only the Third Century church but at a still lower level a remarkable heathen Temple dedicated to Mithras, the Sun-God of the Persians, whose worship had become popular in the early years of the Empire. This temple, situated some forty feet below the modern level, is perhaps the only perfect heathen temple in Rome and is unique in the possession of its original altar, with possibly the statue of the god still *in situ*. Unfortunately almost immediately after its discovery the lower building was flooded by



water which accumulated by infiltration. As the basic foundations upon which rest the walls of the temple and of the two superimposing churches are of tufa, and accordingly perishable, the water and dampness not only render the lower story inaccessible, but also are seriously impairing the interesting frescoes of the Third Century church and actually threatening the safety of the entire structure by collapse of the foundations. The loss to Christendom from such a catastrophe, both historically and artistically, would be irreparable.

The apparent indifference of the Roman municipality to existing conditions perhaps may be accounted for by the fact that the Church is owned by British subjects. In any event Father Crotty, the Prior in charge, conceived the plan of an international committee, which has accordingly been formed, with a view to raising the necessary fund to permanently drain the lower story. The Roman Council has at least placed its engineers at the service of the committee and detailed plans have been completed for getting rid of the water, a drain which shall connect with the municipal system at a point near the Colosseum. The technical difficulties are great as the distance is about a quarter of a mile, and in places tunneling at a depth of forty feet must be resorted to; but the engineers report that the project is entirely feasible and success assured. Money alone is necessary, and an appeal for funds is therefore made to all lovers of Rome and her archaeology.

Last April as I was lingering in admiration of the beautiful perforated marble screens which protect the Sixth Century choir with its ambones, removed from the lower church to the body of the nave above, a lay brother came through the sacristy with some ladies who had been viewing the lower church. In my very best Italian, with a few words of Latin thrown in to fill up the chinks, I

inquired if I could see Father Crotty. With a broad smile and in purest English he replied that the Prior was away. When I inquired how he so quickly apprehended my nationality, he replied that no one but an American had sense of humor enough to address an Irish priest in Latin.

As we passed toward the sacristy I observed a confessional bearing the name Father Walsh, whereupon I inquired,

"Is Father Walsh a good man?"

"Why, yes," he answered with some surprise, "a very good man."

"Well," said I, "we have a priest of that name at home; and I don't believe your Father Walsh is as good as mine," to which he graciously replied, "Let us each believe in his own"—whereupon Brother M'Auliffe and I straightway became friends.

When I related this little incident to my friend here in Troy, he surprised me with the information that he was invested in the Dominican order in this very old Church of San Clemente; so that it is in every way fitting that this entertainment for the preservation of the ancient basilica should be conducted by Monsignor Walsh, whom I now present to you.

## XX

IN RESPONSE TO THE TOAST, "FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS," AT THE NEIGHBORHOOD DINNER TO GOVERNOR-ELECT JOHN A. DIX, AT GREENWICH, N. Y.,  
DECEMBER 2, 1910.

IN THE old Dutch community where most of my boyhood was passed, Thanksgiving Day was the most cherished festival of the year. It was essentially a day for family gatherings; and no higher compliment could be paid to an unrelated individual than to be bidden to the family dinner. The bare invitation was a notice that the recipient was considered a neighbor; and the unrestrained welcome extended him was proof positive that he was accepted as worthy to enter the family circle at that moment of the year when the family joy and happiness attained its maximum.

I have found just such a compliment in your kindly welcome here tonight, and I am unaffectedly grateful that the citizens of Greenwich have considered me not only a neighbor, but a neighbor of such like mind with them in the human-hearted significance of this family festival, as to be worthy of a place in the circle of which your distinguished fellow-citizen is the creative centre.

And yet, as I think of it, it seems quite natural, if not actually just, that I should be here. For on that memorable night at Rochester when I had the honor of a seat with the delegation from this County, and, when the roll was called, in a most surprising disregard of the democratic doctrine of State rights, *Albany* yielded to *Wash-*

*ington*, whose message to the convention I was then permitted to deliver, was it not for me practically an adoption into Washington County citizenship, with the incidental privilege of participating in a family affair of this sort?

Down to the present moment it has been a joy and a delight. The hearty good fellowship, the abundant good cheer, the welcome presence in generous numbers of our late political opponents, the witty and eloquent addresses to which we have listened, and above all the inspiration of the Governor-Elect's presence, have each and all contributed to the pleasures of this neighborhood festival. Its genial warmth seems even to have dispelled the habitual melancholy of the Chairman of the State Committee, whose unhappiness since November 8th everyone knows has been most profound. But with the nod of the Toastmaster all this has changed for me. It is true that I have known what was in store—that sooner or later the Chairman would look my way, and that in a sense I have courted my present fate. But it is also true that like at least ninety-nine men out of every hundred—if they are only honest enough to admit the fact—I would rather be shot before breakfast, on an empty stomach, than make an after-dinner address—even on occasions like the present, when conscious of an impulsive desire to attempt it. Up in the mountains of Vermont, where the soil is so thin that the farmers have to cultivate both sides of the land to get a living, there lived an old Democrat neighbor of mine—and you know Democrats in Vermont have not much to live for—there lived an old man who believed that without an occasional spree life would be unilluminated by a ray of hope. In those days Vermont was a Prohibition State; but just over the line, in my own County of Rensselaer, all the materials of comfort were provided at a little tavern called the "Farmer's Inn." One Satur-



day afternoon, just after the September election, I saw my old friend driving down the road, with his best buggy, his best harness, his best clothes, and wearing his old-fashioned beaver hat, which he never affected except at Town Meeting and on occasions of extreme importance. "Why, Uncle Lyman," said I, "you're all toggged out; where are you bound?" "Mr. Van Santvoord," he solemnly replied, "I am going over to the Farmer's Inn to get good and drunk; and God knows I dread it!" Well that's just the way I felt, gentlemen, when I left home to come here this evening, notwithstanding the friendly warning of a telephone message that the Toastmaster had me on his card. If I were Mr. Dix—which I never could be, as wild horses couldn't drag me to the point of compelling my men to work thirteen hours a day and grudging them their dinner hour also—if I were the Governor-elect I would care more for the unadorned compliment of this occasion, I would delight more in tonight's unaffected congratulations of my neighbors and home associates, I would rejoice more in the loyal greetings of these tested friends and sincere well-wishers, than all the shouting and clamorous acclaim of the fickle crowd who applaud the successful candidate rather than the character and conscience which made him successful. What is there, my friends, in this brief life-struggle better worth the winning than the confidence, esteem and abiding friendship of our neighbors, who have known us intimately, and of the chosen few to whom our life has been an open book? And if these gentlemen present with whom I have the honor to differ politically, many of them friends and acquaintances, and for all of whom I have respect, will permit the only political reference which I shall utter tonight, I declare that I would rather have received and merited that generous and spontaneous testimonial from the workmen at Thomson than to have been

spared the unjust personal attack which prompted the rejoinder—painful as it must ever be to a man of sensibility when pilloried for a wrong which he has never committed!

One of the finest interpreters of human emotions—the great Dumas—acutely observes that legitimate happiness adds something serene and noble to terrestrial joys. If the gentleman in whose honor we have gathered tonight fails to find that crowning happiness in this notable tribute to his worth, in this unreserved joy at his honorable advancement, no applause which may come to him elsewhere, no additional honors which may be in store will ever yield it to him. He should hug it to his breast as the noblest and most enduring of the laurel wreaths which in the past few weeks have been showered upon him. He should cling to it as a veritable talisman in embarking upon the arduous task which confronts him. It should give him heart of grace, vigor of purpose, and an ever-rising conscience in undertaking the Executive of the greatest independent commonwealth under a republican form of government that history has ever known. We, neighbors and associates, and you his intimates—all of us his friends—glory in our confident belief that he is fitted and will develop even better fitness to endure this heavy yoke of service. But, my friends, let us remember the human element involved. Let us remember that so much of what is glibly declaimed as right and wrong—especially in matters of politics and government—depends largely upon the point of view. Let us not fail to realize that in the tremendous struggle of modern living, under an ever broadening system of universal education, the sturdiest men are sometimes, against their own will, pushed here and pulled there by the sheer momentum of the crowd. It is not alone the power of perpetual resistance and the faculty of perpetual accomplishment

which tests the fitness of a public servant. The supreme test of that fitness must always be the man's sincerity of purpose. If endowed with that noblest and most enviable of human attributes, he is at least bound to make good in the end. He may be momentarily pushed from his course—but he will come back to it. He may be crowded to the wall—but make up your mind that when he finds himself there he will set his back against it and fight.

Well then, my friends, here is the manifest lesson for us who have come here tonight to profess our friendship for and loyalty to this devoted gentleman who is soon to learn, as he essays the path of official duty, that the roses which have been showering upon him are lying there each with its sharp and stinging thorns uppermost. Then will come the test of *our* sincerity. Then it will be for us still to trust him, even if for the moment his method is not the one we might have chosen; for us to refrain from unfriendly criticism if for the time being the difficulties of the journey seem to have halted him; for us to stand behind him with every ounce of encouragement and support that is in us when the misguided and the selfish are trying to drive him to the wall. That is the test of true friendship! That is the value of a genuine loyalty! That is the payment in sterling coin of the promises which an honest man makes to the friend who, conscious of his own human imperfections and weakness, relies upon his fellows in time of need and stress. Sincerity of mind and purpose and the possession of certain commonplace qualities and of certain commonplace convictions of public duty—these are the basic requirements for exalted public service. It was the possession to a marked degree of these commonplace traits which explains the position attained, in history at least, by the late President Cleveland, who was a man not out of the ordinary. Give us at the head of the State a man of that stamp, with a bare

handful of devoted friends on the outside to back him up, and the genius of our free institutions will have received a new and glorious impetus in its search for the ideal in democracy.



## XXI

ADDRESS AT THE ANNUAL BANQUET OF GROUP FIVE OF  
THE NEW YORK STATE BANKERS ASSOCIATION AT  
THE HOTEL TEN EYCK, ALBANY, FEBRUARY 17,  
1912.

### *Hopes and Fears of the Republic*

WHEN the late Duke of Marlborough was traveling in this country he was entertained by a wine growers association in the Southwest. "There, your Grace," said the chairman of the reception committee, "is a glass of honest wine." "Yes," solemnly replied the Duke, after tasting, "poor—but honest." You have doubtless acted upon a similar conclusion in honoring me with an invitation to be your guest tonight. Although, of course, flattered by the implied compliment, I must say that you are taking some chances on that score. A poor lawyer is not inevitably an honest one, any more than is an honest lawyer necessarily and invariably poor. But face to face with this group of representative bankers—all so manifestly prosperous, all so plainly satisfied with themselves, with their calling and with each other—the conclusion is revived in my mind that it is better to be honest than to be poor. And it was indeed largely because of that conviction that I recently laid aside a modest badge of banking authority to engage more freely in my own poor, but honest profession.

But, gentlemen, because you happen not to be poor, I would not have you thereby too confidently claim for the

exercise of your calling that higher ethical plane which is so flippantly denied my much abused profession. In his charming essay on Farming, Cato, the Censor, informs us that in ancient times it was fixed by law that a thief should be condemned to restore double, a usurer fourfold. And he thereupon naively remarks, "We thus see how much worse our ancestors thought it to be a money lender than to be a thief!" While I suppose you may find consolation in the assurance that the creator of Latin prose did not himself consider the terms "banker" and "thief" as necessarily synonymous, judging from some political and newspaper comment which has been current of late in regard to the "Money Trust," it might be thought that modern public opinion is in favor of the synonym.

While struggling into his upper garments the elder Mr. Weller remarked to his son: "When you grow as old as your father, Sammy, you von't get into your veskit quite as easy as you do now."

"If I couldn't get into it easier than you do, blessed if I'd wear one at all," said the son.

"You think so now," said Mr. Weller, with great gravity, "but you'll find as you get vider you'll get get viser. Vidth and visdom always grow together."

It is doubtless in recognition of this infallible maxim that I have been especially singled out for a dissertation on this pregnant topic. And if only for that reason I wish to say at the outset that I am not in accord with philosophy of the younger Weller. The fact of a growing difficulty in donning a waistcoat is not adequate reason for altogether discarding that useful garment. The fact that a human problem becomes complex and menacing is no excuse for refusing to face it. There is a story of a fine, young, Irish gentleman, who being asked if he could play the fiddle, replied that he had no doubt he

could, but he couldn't say for certain because he had never tried. And while I may not profess the same exuberant confidence in undertaking the serious task implied in the sentiment which has been announced, I have enough courage to strike a few random notes if only you are willing to stay and face the music.

I strike the first note at least with a firm hand, a sure touch, a serene conviction that it will ring true and harmonious in every ear, that it will arouse an answering chord in every breast. This Government which our fathers founded, this Republic which has steadily fought its way upward and onward, this liberty of body, mind and conscience which has taken root in a soil "consecrated by the prayers of Puritans and the blood of patriots," has today infinitely more hopes than fears; and by the grace of God, the devotion of its sons and the awakening conscience of its citizenship shall live to become the most magnificent example of true democracy of which humanity has ever dared to dream. It means a great difference to the force of a sentence, said the Seer of Concord, if you have a man behind it. So it makes a great difference in the fate of a government if it has an idea behind it. Well, when the men who formed our Constitution based it upon that immortal declaration that all men are created equal and endowed by their Creator with the inalienable rights of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, they reached up into the higher ether of eternal truth for their basic principle. And as long as God rules in Heaven and conscience guides on earth, the structure reared on that foundation shall neither fall of its own weight, be demolished by traitors within nor overthrown by foes from without.

That is the basis of my optimism in the vitality, the stability and the resisting power of the republican idea as exemplified in our form of government. And I put it in

the forefront of my remarks for the reason, first, that in the face of the crisis which confronts modern civilization, and aware of the test as to its sufficiency which democracy is undergoing, I am deliberately and soberly, but none the less ardently and unreservedly, an optimist as to the final outcome; and, second, because the first requisite in either successful attack upon, or resistance of, any evil, is a deliberate belief that it can be routed.

I have no expectation that you gentlemen will agree as to what constitutes the greatest danger to our civilization today. Men generally are not in accord on that question. One reason is that a conclusion depends so largely upon the point of view. Another is that in this high-pressure age men, for the most part, are not given to deep and serious thinking upon any subject dissociated from their daily task. And a third is the element of self-interest which to some extent sways the most sincere and conscientious enquirer. And so it happens that demagogism, socialism, capitalism, corrupt politics, the greed for money, the mad scramble for power, the yellow peril, race degeneration through inordinate luxury, disregard of constitutional limitations, perpetual motion in the divorce mill, Oyster Bay, Fourteenth Street, the determination of those who have nothing to strangle and rob those who are supposed to have everything—all of these and myriads of other evils, real and fanciful, have been urged in turn as the chief besetting sin of the age, and the one which is slowly but surely sapping the vitality of the Republic.

I am not sure—at least I am not presumptuous enough to declare—which of all these evils is the more greatly to be feared. But there is one thing I know—that every man here knows—that all thinking men must admit: whatever its relative position in the scale of impending danger to organized society, every peril which confronts



us and every lurking menace which we fear is largely augmented, if not actually caused, by lack of conscience. It is so in politics, it is so in business, it is so in the struggle between capital and labor—yes, and I grieve to say, it is so in your profession and in mine.

What wonder, when the poor wretch who breaks in and steals a loaf dies forgotten and unwept in prison, while the man who steals a bank escapes upon a technicality or is pardoned on account of his respectability that the underworld at least jeers at and execrates and threatens the Executive, the Court and the lawyers? "Lawyers," says Peter the Great, in contempt, regarding the array of wigs and gowns in Westminster Hall—"All these Lawyers? Why, I have only two in all Russia, and I mean to hang one of those when I return!"

What wonder when the misdeeds of big business and of "high finance" have inflamed the public mind that the demagogues are aroused to action?

When the big bosses, through deals with the little bosses, get a strangle hold on the government while the public conscience only grunts in its sleep, what wonder that the red flag of anarchy peeps out and socialism appears not altogether an unmixed evil?

What wonder when, in the relentless demands of industry some honest toiler is maimed or killed, leaving an innocent wife and helpless children unaided because, forsooth, "no one is to blame," if conservative and thoughtful men begin to characterize such things in the passionate words of a great genius as "the iniquity of justice and the crime of the law"; what wonder that the radical and the uneducated and the unthinking begin to talk of the torch and the bomb? Didn't the old Puritan farmer tell Emerson that in some cases there was no use going to the polls; that the only way you could make some things stay was to put them with a gun?

And then what wonder when men who have gained a hearing through party leadership or other high place, in order to advance their own fortunes, or for other selfish purposes, scruple not to malign and embarrass the most exalted servants of the people, attack our most revered institutions, our most cherished inheritance from a patriotic past—what wonder if men who are by nature broad-minded and progressive in sheer defense of decency, of respect for constituted authority and of loyalty to patriotic ideals, are forced back into the lines of a too stern conservatism?

Ah, my friends, one of the gravest dangers of today is the fact that the American people, instead of attacking the grave and serious problems which confront them by equally deep and serious thinking, seem inclined to accept almost any specific which is boldly advertised under the seductive trademark of "progressive policies." Men cheer themselves hoarse over barrel-head pyrotechnics, in which specious half-truths are skillfully veiled in the diaphanous garment of cheap oratory and popular philosophy. Volatile empyricism shoves aside the manifest lessons of experience, while the poise of statesmanship and the rules of logic give way to hysterical restlessness and superficial reasoning.

I do not believe in tearing down a house to get rid of a hornet's nest in the garret. I do not believe in setting a torch to the whole standing crop to destroy a few giant thistles which lift their unsightly heads above the ripening grain. We know that progress necessarily implies change; but we also know that all change is not necessarily progress. Let us stand for progress indeed; but let us not confound what is often so glibly termed "progressiveness" with those truly noble aspirations for human progress, enlightenment and betterment—with what Victor Hugo terms "that sublime, patriotic, democratic

and human faith which should be the foundation of all human intelligence." Tearing down a house simply to build another is not necessarily progress; whether or not such an act is progressive depends upon the character and purposes and working availability of the new structure. To destroy a schoolhouse and establish a moving-picture show, to demolish a church and install a pool-room, to tear down Faneuil Hall and run up the Red Flag, to wipe out democracy and legalize mob rule, to abandon the Supreme Court and interpret the Constitution by mass-meeting hysteria, to throw the compass overboard and steer by "the light of reason"—if there is any progress in these things, it is progress towards the rear; it is sliding down hill backwards instead of climbing manfully towards the summit. And some of the emotional patriots who are proclaiming their so-called progressive principles may yet be called upon to test the warning of the great Latin poet,

"Facilis descensus Averno:

Sed revocare gradum, superasque evadere ad auras,  
Hoc opus, hic labor est."

But if in these and the other evils which may occur to you are embodied the fears of the Republic, what indeed in a sudden crisis or a deliberate siege are to be its defenses? The one great hope of society today is in the fact that there is such a thing as public conscience. I do not mean public opinion—which at times veers and shifts with every change of wind; I mean rather the public sense of what may be termed the ideal moral imperative, which, based upon the eternal principles of truth and right, obeys unerringly its own magnetic pole. The skeptic may doubt, the cynic may deny, but thank God it exists. It is the vital factor in every movement for genuine reform,

it is the breath of life to every justifiable revolution, it is the basis of Carlyle's trenchant remark that every lie has sentence of death written against it in the moment of its utterance. Again and again has its power been demonstrated in the overthrow of some too flagrant assault upon popular rights or human liberty. However great, however powerful, however brilliant, the man never lived who could forever outrage popular rights without being called to account by popular conscience. Napoleon himself, that despot incarnate in the guise of democracy, succumbed to this great truth. He attempted to settle all the problems of Europe by making deals with princes—forgetting, or rather cynically disbelieving, that there was such a thing as a national conscience, which in the end chained him to the rock at St. Helena.

But if public conscience is the last impregnable redoubt, we must logically conclude that personal integrity is the first line of defense for all human institutions. And as the one asset of a bank which is absolutely and forever beyond criticism, which no disaster can destroy and no panic depreciate in value, is personal integrity in its management, so the noblest asset of a Republic and the best hope for its stability and duration is an individual citizenship which embodies not only wisdom and sagacity to determine, not alone courage and persistency to undertake and perform, but, above all else, that high conscience which spurns and combats every infraction of the truth. More and more honor to the men who are patriots first and partisans afterwards; who prefer honor with disaster to success without honor; who sternly resist every appeal to expediency when truth and justice are at stake. More and more honor to them, I say, because in the spirit which animates them is found the only enduring anchorage of the State. As long as there remain a few brave spirits, a few heroic souls, who more than any other disaster fear



the rebuke of their own conscience, the government they serve may hope to emerge from any passing cloud. For it is they who when the crisis comes will inspire us with courage to submit to the surgeon's knife. It is they who will lead us, at whatsoever sacrifice of national pride, of local prosperity, of individual complacency and of personal comfort, in a war for the complete liberation of mankind—in a war against falsehood, privilege, or inhumanity of any sort. Thus may our noble Republic, purified at the fountain of an exalted patriotism, become in fact as well as in the sentiment of the song to which we have listened, "The Land of the free and the Home of the brave."

## XXII

ADDRESS AT THE ANNUAL DINNER OF THE YALE  
ALUMNI ASSOCIATION OF NORTHERN NEW YORK,  
AT ALBANY, JANUARY 27, 1914.

**A**SSURED by your Treasurer's receipt for annual dues that I am an active member of this Association, your kindly welcome almost persuades me that I am also actually a graduate of your great University. And I protest that but for the incidental embarrassment of competing with my own sons for undergraduate honors I would even at this late day present myself as candidate for a degree in course. I am not wanting in due regard for my own College, where several generations of my family have been graduated with more or less distinction. But with four sons, either now at Yale, or already away from there with a laurel wreath, or on the way there with all the punch that Hotchkiss preparation can give, how could I be out of sympathy with the conviction so manifestly cherished by every devoted son of Yale here present—that his Alma Mater is the greatest and best and most distinctively American University in the length and breadth of the Republic? I shall at least bequeath an unaffected blessing—and when the last of my sons' college bills shall have been paid, I don't expect to have much of anything else to bequeath—I shall bequeath a blessing to each of the many hoped-for grandsons who shall respectively follow in his father's footsteps by matriculating at Yale—and in those of your distinguished guest by graduating at the head of his class!

I suppose one is expected to say that he responds with pleasure to the Chairman's call. I would be ashamed ever again to look a pointer dog in the face after making any such pretense. I have never acquired the art of enjoying a good dinner with a place in the program suspended like the sword of Damocles above each mouthful. Consider, gentlemen, those of you who are too sensible to accept these mid-winter honors—and it is without doubt these postprandial assignments which Emerson had particularly in mind when he declared that "honors are unripe wisdom's cheat"—think of being called upon to rise and improvise lifelong convictions on the spur of the moment, just when a hearty dinner has drawn every drop of blood from your cerebellum to the most secret places of your intercostal and subdiaphragmatic vacuities! The ancient philosophers sought the soul in the head and in the heart; I have long been convinced that it resides in the stomach, because when that is full I find serious thought impossible.

Now the Doctors—I do not refer to those who bear the honorary degree—I mean the really *learned* Doctors: the Aesculapians tell us that this dread of public speaking is purely imaginary, and that its presence indicates merely the undue influence of the mind on the body. And yet when I inquired of our friend Dr. Elting if he was to grace the rostrum tonight he replied emphatically, "Not by a"—that is to say he said "No," Mr. Chairman. To contemplate the faintest shadow of a thought of an imaginary possibility that he might be called on for a speech, he declared would give him cramps in the stomach. And I once heard a very scientific explanation of the pathology of cramps. Two Adirondack guides had been discussing the death by drowning of one of their hardy associates. "How do you suppose them cramps git in their work so quick?" said one. "Why," said the

other, "it's simple enough. The man gits everhet and jumps into cold water. And the heat reacts on the cold and the cold reacts on the heat and the liver overflows, and the gall busts—and the man's dead!"

Now if only those professional friends of the people who under the plea of progress are gaily proposing to tear down the house in order to get rid of some hornets' nests in the garret—if only these barrel-head orators in the heat of their labors should become inoculated with this jumping into cold water mania, cramps would be second only to radium as the Twentieth Century boon to suffering mankind. And if now and then one of these over-heated gentlemen should succumb to the double reaction of my Adirondack friend, with what patriotic resignation we might follow the example of the bereaved Frenchman, who bending over the bier of his departed mother-in-law sadly exclaimed, "Tears will not restore her to us—therefore let us weep!"

But, Mr. Chairman, this is a Yale gathering; and as we have now paid tribute to a broad university ideal in the abstract, let us in closing say an honest word for the Yale method, and the Yale idea in the concrete.

In a recent issue of the *Alumni Weekly* there appeared an interesting little symposium conducted by three young men from Andover, who in turn stated why they respectively chose Princeton, Harvard and Yale for their collegiate education. The Princeton man said—but Mr. Chairman, as the hour grows late we will let Princeton go until she actually does beat us on the gridiron. The second man chose Cambridge—first, because of her students and graduates; second, because of the variety of courses available, and third, because of the cosmopolitan character of the institution. The third one declared that the traditional fighting spirit of old Eli is the distinctive



characteristic which challenges the respect and admiration of mankind.

Now, this is all very well for undergraduate enthusiasm; but any serious attempt to differentiate the Yale and Harvard ideas must take us much farther afield than these young philosophers have gone. My own analysis has led me to conclude that so far as the fundamental difference between these two great colleges can be expressed in a single proposition, it may be put in this form: Harvard advocates that the entire College course shall be devoted to culture as the best possible foundation for professional study afterward; while Yale, with a view both to save time and to encourage intensity of application by the student, believes in making the theory of the profession a part of the work required for a bachelor's degree. And your own President has actually declared as the final analysis that Harvard insists on making the student broad at the expense of his growing weak, while Yale insists on making him grow strong at the risk of his becoming narrow. Of course this can only be a general conclusion; and I think that Dr. Hadley would no more contend that my cousin Teddy is weak than he would suggest that our first citizen in private life today is narrow. But accepting it as a general statement, while your President modestly suggests that time alone can show which is the better principle, I say for one that while awaiting the verdict I'll take my chances with the Yale method and the Yale idea every time. As between a broad man who is weak and a strong man who may be narrow, which would you choose to put your back up against when the pinch comes? Which is best fitted not only to tell the marauder upon human rights that he is under arrest, but to follow it up by putting him under arrest? And which, think you, would be most efficient in fighting for the new ideas of liberty and social reform,

which are the accepted essentials of present-day ideals? For what good are Rights without the courage to enforce them? What profits an Idea without the strength to drive it home? What is Liberty but a name if upheld by weak methods and fainting hearts? And what avails the noblest conceptions of human progress if there is either a lack of energy to test them or of persistency to get them accepted as part of the basic law of human conduct?

Perhaps it will be the honorary Doctors who will now say that all this is only imagination. But often it is from just such images that the noblest aspirations are born and the most enduring human achievements proceed. And so, my friends, in conclusion I think we must admit that the freshman from Andover was after all not far from the last analysis when he declared that her glorious fighting spirit displayed not alone on the athletic field, but afterwards in the hurly-burly of life, is Yale's most compelling asset. May that spirit never grow less; may it never fail to emphasize her accomplishments and uphold her ideals while your gallant and justly beloved University is working out its destiny.

## XXIII

ADDRESS AT TROY, N. Y., 1914.

### *Romulus and Remus! A New Story of Old Rome*

NEWS of the latest discovery in Rome by Professor Giacomo Boni has aroused the greatest interest and curiosity among students and lovers of Roman antiquity. Commendatore Boni is the official director of the excavations conducted by the Italian government. After extensive work in the Forum, which resulted in a substantial reconstruction of the map of that fascinating region, he has devoted several years of intense labor to the Palatine Hill, where his latest astonishing discovery has been made. This is nothing less than the original "Mundus" of primitive Rome; a sacred pit, or subterranean storehouse, constructed at the centre of the embryo city as a necessary adjunct to the dedicatory ritual then deemed essential to so serious an event as the founding of a new city. Plutarch, Varro, Ovid and other of the ancient historians referred more or less vaguely to this "Mundus," sacred to Dis and Proserpine. Its original establishment was attributed to Romulus; and its discovery, if accepted with its alleged significance, supplementing that of the "Black Stone" supposed to mark the grave of Romulus in the Forum (also brought to light by the indefatigable Boni several years ago) must to some extent dispel the frigid explanation of a mystical Romulus and bring the story of the famous Twins into the legitimate domain of history. In these days of merciless iconoclasm it is re-

freshing to now and then find some of the nobler images, which had begun to totter, re-established upon the pedestals to which countless generations have made delightful pilgrimages. Everyone would be glad to believe that the story of Romulus and Remus is not a myth; and as at least tending to justify such a belief, Boni's latest discovery seems worthy of a brief discussion.

In order to fully appreciate the significance of what has just been found, it is necessary to recall the circumstances under which, according to the ancient historians, the primitive city was laid out. We read in the *Annals of Tacitus* (Book XII, C. 24): "I will now show where the first foundations began and what was the circuit fixed by Romulus. Now from the Ox Market, where still is seen the brazen statue of a bull, because by that animal the plow is drawn, a furrow was cut to describe the boundaries of the town, so as to include the great altar of Hercules; thence stones were placed at certain intervals along the foot of Mount Palatine to the Altar of Consus; soon after to the Old Courts; thence to the small Temple of the Lares; and, lastly, to the great Roman Forum, which, as well as the Capitol, it is believed was added to the city not by Romulus but by Tatius." This occurred on April 21, 753 (or as some say 747), B. C.

The furrow described by Tacitus is believed to have completely circumscribed the Palatine Hill, and to have included also a considerable portion of the adjacent lowlands at the foot of the hill; "*per ima montis Palatini*," says old Tacitus. This furrow or trench, called the *Sulcus primigenius*, constituted the original boundary of the city, upon which later a wall was built; and conforming to the outline of the Palatine, which, generally speaking, is square, gave rise to the name *Roma Quadrata*, which has been used to denominate both the ancient city and the equally ancient boundary wall. It was this wall



which Remus leaped over in contempt of his brother's achievement—resulting in his death at the hands of Romulus, who declared: "So die whosoever shall hereafter leap over my walls."

The earth removed by the plow is said to have been put inside the Sulcus; it was inviolable, as was also the Sulcus itself, because dedicated to the gods, and the slaying of Remus was perhaps a symbol of the human sacrifice made to teach that inviolability.

In order that the inhabitants could enter and leave the city without profaning the soil dedicated to the Divinity, the excavation of the boundary trench was three times interrupted by raising the plough so that it should not touch the earth, and carrying it across a space left for a gateway, at the other end of which it was again put in the earth to continue the excavation. Because of this carrying (portare) of the plough, the name of porta was given to the parts not touched by the instrument—from whence the derivation of the word *porta*, a gate. It is believed that there were three of these gates in the original wall. One of them Boni thinks was located above the Forum near the Temple of Castor and Pollux, called Romana, and interesting as the one through which the Sabine women were carried after they had been appropriated for wives by the followers of Romulus; another gate called the Mugonia, perhaps from the lowing of the cattle which passed through this entrance when driven to the marshes of the Forum to be watered, was situated farther east, near the site of the present Arch of Titus; and the third gate was probably located around to the south, in the direction of the Appian Way.

Having selected the place where his city was to be built, in the centre of the chosen site—that is to say, at the middle of the Palatine Hill—Romulus dug his so-called Mundus, which was actually a circular well or pit,

into which the builder of the city threw a shovelful of his own native earth, the example being followed by each of his companions. Then the pit was covered by a square block of tufa—the “*lapis manalis*”—and on this stone the sacred fire was lighted, the symbol of the hearth of the new city. In regard to this Professor Boni says: “The fire lighted on the Mundus, as the fire sacred to Vesta—that is, to the earth—is the hearth around which the city must be built, like a domestic hearth around which the household gathers. And this fire must be maintained, burning constantly through centuries in a temple which under the protection of Vesta shall be erected on the slopes of the Palatine.”

The mysterious pit itself, besides containing the instruments used in outlining the city, became also a repository for earth fruits and all sorts of propitiatory offerings to the gods of the lower world. Terrible shades were supposed to guard this sacred spot, connected as it was with the most ancient mysteries of the Roman race. The pit was opened with great solemnity three times each year, always on days sacred to the dread deities of the lower regions, to whom the Mundus was consecrated.

The delineation of the Sulcus and the building thereon of the ancient boundary wall have long been accepted as historical facts. And although not one of the stones, called cippi, mentioned by Tacitus as having been placed at regular intervals to delineate the boundary, has ever been found (so stated by Boni in his forthcoming book), it is nevertheless alleged that in certain places the course of the trench itself may still be traced—just as the outline of the stage of Pompey’s Theatre (where the Great Cæsar met his death) may be easily discerned in the course of the Via de Chiavari, in the Campus Martius; and the sweep of the huge Circus Maximus may be as readily noted in the configuration of The Municipal Gas

Company's site south of the Palatine. It is also affirmed with great confidence that portions of Romulus' wall are also actually extant. And now comes the brilliant young director of the excavations with the announcement that on January 4 of the present year he finally uncovered, under the peristyle of the Palace of Flavian, on the summit of the Imperial Hill, the identical Mundus opened by Romulus when he founded, with all the sacred rites, his new city of Roma Quadrata on the Palatine.

Of course the claims of the enthusiastic Boni and the real value of his discoveries will lead to a great controversy among archaeologists and antiquarians. But, as a correspondent in Rome observes, Professor Boni's latest find, as in the case of some other of his excavations, at least throws much interesting light on certain obscure passages of the ancient writers and furnishes a curious confirmation of legends which have often been dismissed as mere efforts of mythological imagination.

Among all these legends that have come to us out of the misty past, none is more widely known nor has made a more vivid and lasting impression, even among trained, devoted students of history, than the story of Romulus and the building of the city, the oldest of the Roman legends. It comes to us always with perennial freshness, and its brief relation now may serve to emphasize the importance of the latest signal achievement of the Palatine exploration. Virgil tells us how after the fall of Troy Æneas, accompanied by his aged father and his youthful son, set out to seek a new home in foreign lands. After wandering far and wide the fugitives at last settled in sunny Italy, where the young Iulus in time became the progenitor of a long line of Kings, ending with the two brothers Numitor and Amulius. The younger brother deprived the elder of his kingdom, and after murdering Numitor's only son and compelling his daughter, Rea

Sylvia, to become a Vestal Virgin, banished their father into the country, where he became a farmer. Then he believed himself safe upon the throne, but he reckoned without the Nemesis which forever dogs the footsteps of the wicked. In Amulius' case it was the god Mars who directly intervened, and Sylvia became the mother of twins. When the children were born the fire which it was Sylvia's duty to keep constantly alight went out, and the furious uncle, apprehending the cause, ordered Rea and her babes to be thrown into the river. The mother was drowned, but the cradle containing the children was cast ashore on the marshes near a wild fig tree growing not far from the site of the Roman Forum. There they were taken in charge and suckled by a she-wolf, which lived in a cave on the west side of a nearby hill, and when they required other food a woodpecker, sacred to the god Mars, brought it to them. Next they were found by one of their grandfather's shepherds, named Faustulus, whose wife gladly cared for them, and in the service of their foster-father they grew to robust manhood before they were finally recognized by old Numitor. Upon learning the true story of their birth and their wrongs at the hands of the wicked old uncle, the twins speedily organized a band of their bold companions, buckled on their swords, chopped off the tyrant's head and restored their grandfather to his rightful place as King of Alba Longa. They then determined to found a city for themselves on the banks of the Tiber, where the she-wolf had sheltered them, and at the head of a company of other restless spirits they marched to that bend of the Tiber, where the Mistress of the Seven Hills was destined to become enthroned. A difference of opinion having arisen between the brothers as to where the city should be built, it was agreed that it should be settled by augury. Remus accordingly stationed himself one evening on the Aven-



tine, which he preferred as a site, while Romulus watched upon his chosen Palatine. About sunrise the next morning Remus saw six vultures fly past him from north to south and shouted that he had won, but at about the same time Romulus declared that twelve vultures had flown past him, and notwithstanding the younger brother's vehement protest that he was being cheated, the shepherds decided that Romulus had won. Then followed the ceremonies heretofore described in marking out the city limits, succeeded in due time by the death of Remus and the undisputed sway of Romulus as the first King of Rome.

The cradle which contained the twins during their voyage down the river has not yet been found—although it would be a bold spirit who would dare to predict that even this achievement is beyond the range of Boni's power. But the Lupercal, or cave inhabited by the she-wolf, is yet pointed out on the west slope of the Palatine (it was there that the mad Antony thrice offered Cæsar the crown during one of the annual celebrations of the Lupercalia), and the writer has more than once loitered there looking out towards the Campus Martius, with the dome of St. Peter's in the background, and prayed and hoped—yes, and believed—that time should yet disclose beyond a peradventure that the story of Romulus and Remus is not altogether a myth. Are we now indeed to believe that the substantial truth of the ancient tradition is slowly being exhumed? In support of such a contention it must at least be admitted that the illustrious Boni has offered some material testimony in two significant and incontestable facts. First, excavating in the Forum at the precise spot where many classical writers, including Varro, the greatest of all Roman antiquarians, declared that according to ancient tradition the remains of the hero-founder of the city repose under an immense black

stone, Boni actually discovered, forty or fifty feet below the modern city level, a stupendous tomb-altar, bearing an inscription so archaic that no satisfactory translation has yet been made—all lying beneath a black stone twelve feet long, nine feet wide and one foot thick, of a kind never before found in Rome. Second, that at the centre of the Palatine, where Plutarch declares the traditional Mundus of Roma Quadrata was located, Boni has uncovered an ancient well some twelve metres deep and one and one-half metres in diameter, which gives evidence of having been used for ritualistic purposes. If these and other discoveries really possess the significance which the Commendatore claims, we may soon, as reasoning adults, recover our childish faith in the legends of Romulus and the founding of his City on the Hill. At all events, as *The London Times*, in commenting upon the latest discovery, buoyantly declares: "Thanks to Professor Boni, we are inclined to renew our allegiance to the figure of the sturdy young shepherd," who drew a trench around the city he proposed to build, built a wall, punished his brother for his contumacy, procured wives for his lawless followers by the rough-and-ready means of forcible capture—declared by some antiquarians to be the original form of the wedding ceremony (at a time when votes for women were undreamed of), and forever perpetuated that splendid image of the Roman wolf as the rightful Coat-of-Arms of the Eternal City, whose charm once felt enthalls to the very end of life.

## XXIV

### ADDRESS OF WELCOME AT THE THIRTY-SECOND ANNUAL DINNER OF THE HOLLAND SOCIETY OF NEW YORK, AT THE WALDORF-ASTORIA, JANUARY 18, 1917.

THE muscles of the human jaw exert a force of 534 pounds. In this somewhat abrupt mention of a well-known physiological fact, I decline to be more specific; I refuse to say whether the reminder is in the nature of a conclusion or a warning—whether it is in respect of what the members of The Holland Society have thus far enjoyed, or what they are now called upon to endure. In fine as that great philosopher, the immortal Captain Cuttle, used to observe in rounding out his cryptic remarks, “The bearings of this here observation depends on the application of it.”

In regard to my own part in the program, it should not be necessary to remind you that unlike my friend Governor Glynn, who was to have been one of the speakers tonight, I have not been blessed with what Mr. Samuel Weller colloquially termed “the gift of gab, wery gallopin.” Nor have I ever cherished a hope of acquiring that command of epigrammatic and absolutely unaccented English so invariably displayed by Her Majesty’s Minister from the Netherlands, who honors us with his presence. And I admit—to tell the truth, I glory in the fact—that unlike the gifted head of the State Educational Department, who is about to address us, I have never published an Edition of Ready-made Speeches in sixteen Quarto Volumes. But, as remarked by that

historic tramp who was found calmly sleeping in the guest chamber of the Astor mansion—which formerly occupied this very site—I think I know my place. And if by chance under the impulse of your kindly greeting, and in the warmth of this congenial fellowship, I yield for a moment to the natural tendency of the untrained after-dinner speaker to wander from the subject, and the consequent tax upon your patience and forbearance should prove too severe, at least you may find measurable consolation in the fact that the Holland Society never re-elects its President.

But then, as the program indicates, it is a word of welcome—not a plea for mercy nor yet a baccalaureate address, that is incumbent upon me. The Dutch is essentially a cosmopolitan race. Having once taken possession of a bit of the earth's crust, whether at, above or below tide-water, your true Dutchman never fails to at once assemble all the materials of comfort and make himself thoroughly at home. There is nothing before us to indicate any decadence of this national trait; and for these reasons, with all due deference to that arbitrary dinner committee, I see no occasion for an address of welcome. But if indeed it were otherwise, why should it devolve upon a plain unvarnished Mohawk Dutchman to welcome back to the "Manhattans" the descendants of those who were so unceremoniously ejected from their island two hundred and fifty years ago—which as my friend Mr. De Lancy Nicoll, the President of the St. Nicholas Society, just reminded me, occurred through the friendly ministrations of one of his ancestors who was in command of the expedition. As he expressed it, 'New York was taken from the Dutch by the English.' 'No,' I replied to him, 'New York was stolen by the English from the Dutch.'

The persistent selection of one of their own number



as Voorzitter on these occasions is to be accounted for only upon the theory that the Dutch are like that old Schaghticoke farmer, who in reply to his wife's question why he talked so much to himself instead of to her, icily remarked, "When I talk I want to talk to an intelligent person, and when I listen I want to hear an intelligent person talk."

But notwithstanding this gracious attitude toward each other, we are fortunate in not being confined to the joys of a purely family celebration, because as one of the keenest analysts of human nature has observed, relations never did agree and never will; which is a wise dispensation or there would be none but family parties and everybody would bore everybody else to death. On your behalf then, gentlemen of the Society, I extend a most unaffected welcome to our guests: Scotch, Irish, English, Welsh, Huguenot—the Dutch have always welcomed them—always have taken them in. As for the charming ladies in the boxes—well, as unfortunately so often happens in respect of fulfillment of our duties to them, for the expression of any adequate welcome Time is too short and we must leave it to Eternity!

But I should be recreant to the finer sense of responsibility if I met you at the threshold of this postprandial without one word in reference to the underlying emotions of such a distinctive gathering at this time of chaos in affairs beyond the seas and of serious introspection here at home. Surely someone is expected to say that it is not in the mere complacency of self-esteem that we have come together tonight; that it is not in the pride of birth or the laudation of ancestry that this splendid Society is grounded. Nor is it in the folds of another flag, howsoever honored and respected and sentimentally endeared to us, that we for one moment pretend to exploit our love for America. God forbid that the aims of The

Holland Society should find no higher level than these. In the shadow of the fearful pall that hangs over the old world, in the echos of the cataclysm that is tearing Europe asunder, the spirit which, as never before, has been aroused in this Society is the spirit which despite all differences of opinion upon the lesser postulates, dominates America today. It is the spirit of patriotism, the spirit of liberty, the spirit which is anchored to ideals, the spirit which refuses to accept the dreadful dogma that the laws of God must yield to the law of self-interest, the spirit which flows from the same tenacity of purpose as that displayed by your forefathers when they wrote upon their Domesday Book, where after the lapse of a thousand years you may still read it, "The Frisians shall be free as long as the wind blows out of the clouds!"

No wonder that the distinguished editor of the *North American Review* in his recent comment upon the "Verdict of the People," solemnly declares that if his publication shall ever for one moment cease to be a patriot he prays that it may be struck dead! Ah yes, my friends, who does not want to be a patriot? The difficulty is not in bringing men to accept the idea; the difficulty is in bringing them to agree upon the definition—"hoc labor, hic opus est." But we can sometimes catch the inspiration of a great idea without fully apprehending its final analysis. And if the bare bones significance of liberty and patriotism ever can be borne home to an entire nation without actually undergoing the travail and agony which ordinarily attends the lesson, it has been disclosed to the American people in this stupendous tragedy of Europe where the basic principles of civil liberty are being put to the supreme test and the true meaning and potency of national ideals are being analyzed to the last fibre. Ourselves removed from the agony and miseries and horrors of this dreadful inquisition we have at once been

stirred to the depths by the spectacle and aroused to the highest pitch of wonder by its revelations. And thus it has burned into us that liberty has its duties, as well as its rights; that patriotism has its sacrifices as well as its cheers for the flag; that loyalty has its abnegations, as well as its bringing of gifts to the altar; and that in the ordinary to live for one's country is quite as fine as—yes, often indicative of even a greater nobility of soul than to die for it.

But the cynic and the pessimist will tell you that all this talk of patriotism marks only a passing fashion, of which the newspapers and platform orator, the pulpit and the man on the barrel alike will soon tire. Welcome a fashion which if only for the time being shall stamp on the base and exalt the noble in human nature. Welcome the fashion which if we can but keep it in vogue will give us in those crises of the Republic which are bound to occur and recur, the effective devotion which springs from a noble spirit and a soul bent on honor. All hail to the fashion which puts more of the spartan and less of the sybarite into the sons of men, and whose only decoration is self-sacrifice!

And so I say, my friends, if patriotism is in the air, let us clutch it down to earth! Let us make it a vitalizing force in these patriotic societies of ours whose loftiest purpose has been to encourage high ideals in individual service. Let us stand in the forefront of the national awakening. Let us firmly resolve that under the existing stress the preservation of the national integrity and honor, the maintenance of our national rights and the safeguarding of an uninterrupted development of the national ideals should be the dearest thing reserved to every true member of this great Republic; so that without regard to descent or previous nationality, without regard to race, creed or other human relationship what-

soever, and especially without regard to those more dangerous, because insidious, considerations of either prejudice or sympathy, the highest duty of American citizenship today is to hold America first! And in this 350th years since the liberty-loving followers of the great stadtholder made their memorable declaration of loyalty to government, even to "beggary and death"—this society badge of ours having thus become the classic token under which brave little Holland fought its way to civil and religious liberty—in profound gratitude for all that America has done for us, and in proud recognition of her enduring accomplishments in the cause of human liberty, let us once more pledge our unreserved loyalty to the Republic and our steadfast support of the Government in its every determination to maintain the honor, to uphold the dignity and adequately provide for the safety of these United States of America.



## XXV

### ADDRESS OF WELCOME AT THE THIRTY-THIRD ANNUAL DINNER OF THE HOLLAND SOCIETY OF NEW YORK AT THE WALDORF-ASTORIA, JANUARY, 1918.

WHILE I have the distinguished honor of again being recognized as President of this fine old Society, as the Seer of Concord shrewdly observed, Honors are unripe Wisdom's cheat. Of course there are always the abiding joys of service; but I believe it is commonly considered in this great metropolis of ours that officeholders never grow fat upon the bare exercise of virtue.

There is, however, one perquisite which attaches to the presidential office, and that is the designation as Voorzitter at these family gatherings. Now the essentials of an efficient Toastmaster are the exercise of despotic power and a correct interpretation of the prevailing emotion of the guests. And thus at the outset I assert my rights, and in absolute disregard of the program I propose that first of all we shall attest that sentiment which I know is close to the heart of every man and woman here tonight—"Hail to our men in the trenches, who on the side of the Allies, are fighting the cause of human liberty!"

Once when I was hunting woodcock up in Vermont, in a locality not inaptly described by the man who sent me there as "way back in the back end of a back place," I was most hospitably entertained by a delightful old lady whose husband owned one of those little mountain farms where the soil is so thin that it is necessary to cultivate

both sides of the land to get a living. When I enquired, apropos of the miles of road which separated them from the nearest neighbors, how she occupied her spare time during the long winter, she replied cheerfully, "Why, when my housework is done I sit down and sew and rock and think. Sometimes I don't sew—I only rock and think. And sometimes I just rock!"

Upon reflection, I think that the three stages in the dear old lady's *dolce far niente* may be regarded as entirely typical, although the order of recurrence is not invariable. For example, tonight you gentlemen have assembled here to relax. Your recent bibulous and gastronomical efforts—which the Hooverites and Prohibitionists upon this dais have observed with a degree of amazement sufficient to impair digestion, if we had eaten anything—may be likened to the sewing. A little later when I shall introduce to you the accomplished gentleman who is to immortalize the occasion, you will be called upon to think. But while listening to the time-honored commonplaces of the Voorzitter, obviously it remains for you only to rock—thus effectively rounding out the simile.

Now this is very comfortable philosophy for you—and for those, other than myself, whose names adorn the program; but where does it leave the devoted Toastmaster? Why manifestly in the situation of my old lady's farmer husband, who said that after feeding the hogs, watering the horses and sheep, milking the cows and digging two or three miles of tunnels through the snow, he didn't aspire to do any more "sewing"; that in the preoccupation of making both ends meet he never had found time to learn to think and that he couldn't afford that solace which may be regarded as the only masculine equivalent of the rocking-chair indulgence—the use of tobacco!

(Doctor Henry van Dyke interposed: "He was no Dutchman.")

No, he was a Democrat, and you know Vermont Democrats never have very much to live for!

We have met tonight to attest the glories of our ancestors, to rejoice that we have been spared inheritance of their vices, and to felicitate ourselves that we have transmitted all of their virtues to our descendants. Of course every man endowed with proper self-respect realizes that not only is he entitled to credit for the virtues of his posterity—if there happen to be any shortcomings they spring from the mother's side—but that he is equally responsible for all the noteworthy achievements of his ancestors. I do not know that there is anything harmful in these little hallucinations, if always subordinated to that loftiest and most inspiring among the canons of descent, that "Every man is the son of his own works." And while at least it is no disgrace to have sprung from reputable ancestry; while the average man is secretly flattered at discovering that it was *his* ancestor who owned the only trunk brought over on the Mayflower, or that he is a lineal descendant of William the Silent, or is possessed of other enviable qualifications for the American Blue Book, I protest that often I find my own respect and admiration challenged most by some ineligible,

"Who breaks his birth's invidious bar  
And grasps the skirts of happy Chance  
And breasts the blows of Circumstance  
And grapples with his evil Star!"

That's the kind of spunk which creates for a man the noblest ancestry in the great World Index of human achievements! And today that is the spirit which both gives promise of a nobler service and is accorded more instant recognition than ever before in the history of

mankind. Because, if this frightful war cataclysm has taught us anything worth while, the truth has been driven home in the stripping from human endeavor of every non-essential, every sham, and especially every claim to distinction in either concept or accomplishment which is not grounded in moral principle alone. Thank God at last we have a right to believe that the force of America is the force of moral principle. Thank God it is not for love of power but from love of God that America is girding up her mighty loins and falling in behind her glorious flag. Thank God that it is not from passion, but for principle, not from hate, but for humanity, not for loot but for liberty that this great Republic once and forever consecrated to human freedom, has "cast its handful of dust towards Heaven," and pledged itself to the supreme sacrifice in the war for a free civilization!

We know there are some who think our declaration of war was too long delayed—as there are some who deem our interim protests against inhumanities too weak and halting. In our zeal for the nation's welfare and honor and militant courage, let us nevertheless be tolerant of those who while as genuinely patriotic in the fundamentals may differ with us upon the non-essentials. Differences in opinion, as Jefferson pointed out, are not differences in conviction. I suppose that from an exalted Christian standpoint we ought even to be tolerant of those who honestly believed the President ought to have waited longer—although, perhaps because of my sinful ancestry, not to mention my still more unrighteous posterity, to me the reasoning of these misguided patriots has no more bowels than Scrooge found in Marley's ghost. But there is one class of men in this country for which no true citizen, no genuine lover of humanity, no man fit to share the blessings of true democracy can have any toleration. Fast diminishing in number, as we fondly



hope, the individuals referred to are those who now that we *are* at war hesitate one instant in climbing the hill to whatsoever sacrificial altar our beloved country may erect for us. The American who cherishes one recreant thought today is more contemptible than an out-and-out alien spy! The man on the street who covertly assails the Government and opposes the national policy in the present crisis is dangerously near the border line of treason. He is at least wandering in that forbidding zone called "No Man's Land," a target for friend and foe alike, and may thank himself alone if hereafter he finds himself in truth and in fact a man without a country. As for ourselves, this little unit in the great family of American loyalty, descendants of those whose proud boast was that they would be faithful to their Government even to beggary and death, but who preferred death by starvation or drowning than to live under the heel of alien despotism—we declare that if in this dear land of ours there happens to be a man of Holland-Dutch descent who loves Holland more than he does America, or who—*horrible dictu*—secretly hopes that Germany will win, why then—why then that wretched soul would better take the underground passage to Canada, where our neighbor of the snows doubtless will welcome him with bloody hands to an inhospitable grave—and save us the trouble!

In all human experiences great spirits are required to meet great emergencies. Thank God no one need wince at that thought when called to his feet today by the toast which comes first in our program and which now I announce—"The President of the United States!"

## XXVI

ADDRESS AT THE THIRTY-THIRD ANNUAL MEETING OF  
THE HOLLAND SOCIETY OF NEW YORK, AT THE  
HOTEL ASTOR, APRIL 8, 1918.

OF COURSE, gentlemen, acceptance by me of the nomination was an implied acceptance of the office, if I should be elected; but I must say that I consented with great hesitation, with real diffidence; and as I must also say, without the approval of my own judgment. I don't believe in third terms. Frankly I disapprove of them.

I have always had a great admiration for George Washington, and I think he did no greater thing in all his great service than to declare that postulate against a "third term." Nevertheless I realized there was force in certain of the suggestions of the Nominating Committee as presented to me. And I wish to say unaffectedly and quite unpretentiously that I have accepted the re-election as in the nature of a duty; it is a service; it is a fine service; it is a service which thus far I have performed with great pleasure and great satisfaction, and great pride. And yet I fear that you have made a mistake in re-electing me, even as an emergency proposition. I am very, very fond of this fine old Society. I have a genuine love for it and for the Holland Dutch, and for Holland today. I am not ashamed, even under the present distressing circumstances, to confess my great admiration and great love for the old country; it is a sentiment which I think may be cherished with more pride than that of hatred even of our enemies. I don't like hate; it is

not a Christian or a gracious feeling. But I don't think a man ever should be criticized for proclaiming his *love* for anything worthy; and certainly brave little Holland is worthy. We are sorry for her. We regret the tight position that she is in, and we love her—but we love this country more. Our feeling for her is a sentimental feeling. Our feeling for this country has been ingrained in us through the six and seven and eight and nine generations of the citizenship represented in our membership—in the development of which citizenship here, no member of this society has ever anything to be ashamed. Of course we are Americans; there is no recreant thought in the heart of any Holland Dutchman here today. We have proclaimed our loyalty ever since the war broke out: we reiterate it today with all the force of our soul.

Two years ago when first I had the honor of being elected President, my immediate predecessor, Mr. Gerard Beekman, presented for your consideration some splendid resolutions of patriotism which were adopted by acclamation. Last year—think of it, gentlemen—our meeting fell on the memorable day of the declaration of war by the United States. We met in this room on the eighth of April and we reaffirmed our loyalty to the country, our allegiance to the Government and our faith in our accredited Allies, by resolutions which have been recited in the minutes of that meeting, just approved. And in a moment I am going to present to you a reaffirmation of our love for and devotion to America; because I think that, as has been suggested, the time has come to clear away any doubt which may exist in any corner of this broad land in regard to the absolute, unswerving and unspotted devotion to Americanism of The Holland Society and of all of its members.

The resolutions which I have prepared and which I have conscientiously endeavored to so frame as would

best express the feelings and sentiments of our membership without exception are not founded in hatred or vindictiveness, or in any animosity towards any people as a people, but are intended to proclaim to this country of ours, to our friends, to our families and those who follow us, the exact attitude of this distinctive unit of the great American Republic towards the momentous human issue confronting us.

Over on the West front today the fight of civilization hangs in the balance, and poise of the balance depends upon the moral and material forces of America. That is the simple truth. I have never had in my soul a doubt as to the outcome of this war; I have never seen the moment when I could believe that in the orderly development of civilization it would be possible for the Teutonic idea to win and rule the world. For some reason—we cannot with our finite intelligence exactly define it—but for some reason this frightful burden has been put upon mankind, which has not yet paid the price; but when the price has been paid, when the full measure of blood has been spilled, and treasure spent and sacrifice made, mankind will emerge from this fiery furnace having gained a positive distance in the great climb towards the ideals for which civilization has been fighting. And it is written in the pages of Providence or fate, call it what you will, that this free republic of ours is to cast the final weight into the balance that shall pull it down on the right side. So I propose that in this time of exalted patriotism we shall once more put ourselves on record by adopting as a fitting memorial of the hour, the following Resolution:

“In annual meeting assembled, the members of The Holland Society of New York can conceive of no higher duty, nor greater privilege than to solemnly re-affirm our eternal devotion to the cause of human liberty, and to all those ideals of humanity and justice



which have become the most cherished possessions of this free Republic.

"We rejoice that America has aligned itself with those nations which have given their very right to existence as a hostage in their grim determination that justice and right shall not perish on this earth.

"We rejoice that America has pledged itself 'to an utter sacrifice of self-forgetfulness in the giving of all that we have and all that we love', to win this war for the liberation of mankind.

"We rejoice that our hearts are as one in the resolve that this great issue in human righteousness shall be fought out to a victory, in which there shall be no compromise.

"Finally and above all do we rejoice that our beloved country has consecrated itself to the unbending purpose of enforcing at whatsoever cost, a righteous and enduring peace, and to this end, by right of a citizenship which has endured the test of eight generations on this continent, we pledge to our Government and to its accredited leaders that unswerving devotion, unspotted loyalty and unquestioning support which spring from a passionate recognition of and unbounded love for the glorious Stars and Stripes, as the only symbol of a pure and true allegiance to these United States of America."

(The following letter was received from the President of the United States, in acknowledging receipt of a copy of the foregoing resolutions:)

"The White House,  
"Washington, 10 April, 1918.

"MY DEAR MR. VAN SANTVOORD:

"The memorial from The Holland Society of New York which you are kind enough to send me under cover of your letter of April 8th is very delightful to read. It gives me a sense of encouragement and of added strength, which is very welcome in these days of strain and trial, and I hope that you will have an opportunity to express to your associates in the society my very deep appreciation, an appreciation which I am sure all true Americans must share.

"With warm appreciation of your own kind words of personal confidence,

"Sincerely yours,  
"WOODROW WILSON."

## XXVII

ADDRESS AT THE ANNUAL CELEBRATION BY POULTNEY  
BIGELOW OF HIS FATHER'S BIRTHDAY ANNIVERSARY,  
AT MALDEN-ON-THE-HUDSON, OCTOBER 5,  
1918.

IT IS with unaffected diffidence that I venture to stand as a speaker upon this terrace of the old farm where was born the venerated father of our host. Unlike the Mayor of Ipswich, in *Pickwick*, I am not blessed with what Mr. Weller colloquially termed "the gift of gab werry gallopin." Even were it otherwise, before this dignified and critical audience I would not dare to indulge in the inevitable discursiveness of such a superficial talent.

Furthermore, unlike the distinguished gentleman who is to follow me, I may not speak to you from a military experience. But in respect of that, my friends, and because in these days it is an act of duty rather than of vanity for every man to show his colors, it is, I am quite sure, within the spirit of this patriotic gathering for me to say that, as volunteers in the ranks, six of my beloved boys are wearing the uniform of the Army and Navy—and within a fortnight the seventh and last will be doing likewise.

But my reluctance to fill a place in the program has yielded to other considerations. In the first place the Master of Ceremonies, who seems never to have forgotten his early associations with despotism and autocracy, brusquely declared that if I refused to speak I should have nothing to eat. Now it happens that there

are just two occasions when I enjoy a good meal. One of them is when I am at home. And the other is when I am away from home. And thus—especially with the fame of Madam Bigelow's pottage in mind, I capitulated: and now after the luncheon, much as I shrink from paying the price, I freely admit that the game is worth the candle.

But there was also involved the consideration of sentiment, which alone would have controlled me. My honored father and Mr. Bigelow's father were contemporaries, scholars and friends. Scarcely two years apart in age, each graduated at Union College, embraced the law and, finding it indeed too jealous a mistress, in turn abandoned their profession for that of literature. And if my father had not died untimely I modestly believe the parallel would have extended—as I am sure the friendship would have continued—through all the brilliant accomplishment and high service of that splendid figure in American citizenship, John Bigelow. And so, upon this birthday anniversary of our host's revered father, I rejoice to make this pilgrimage to the home he loved and pay my devoted respect to his memory.

Last night while studying "The Moral Precepts of a One-Time German Emperor, collated by his admiring friend, Poultney Bigelow," there came a telephone inquiry whether I would address a Liberty Loan meeting on Saturday afternoon at Hell's Kitchen in my home county. "No," I replied; "I am engaged to speak in the other place on Saturday." "Well, then," said the voice, "at least say a good word to the elect in behalf of Liberty bonds."

And indeed why not? At this time is there anything in closer accord with the idea of a gathering founded on paternal respect than consideration of the duty of a patriotic citizenship to support its Government?

The United States Government has issued another call for a credit with which to obey the mandate of the American people that this war between Right and Wrong shall be fought to a victorious conclusion. We are not urged to loan our money to the Government to finance a theory or some new venture in governmental affairs or to provide for extravagant official outlay, or even to meet ordinary and legitimate expenditure in public administration. We are asked simply to make provision for that which we ourselves have ordered and upon which we have deliberately embarked—to enable the servants of the people to carry out the will of the people, that our entry into this mighty struggle for a free civilization is to be construed as a pledge of our last dollar as well as of our last drop of blood.

From Flanders to the Lorraine the flower of American chivalry is freely offering its lifeblood as a sacrifice upon the altar of human liberty. And as these millions of our sons, our brothers and our friends are thereby demonstrating that even unto death they are faithful to government, so let those of us who in fulfillment of our obligations of citizenship must remain at home, similarly demonstrate—albeit in a lesser way—that we also are faithful even to beggary, if need be, in order that no one of those gallant and courageous spirits shall have suffered or died in vain, and that belief in the existence of Righteousness shall not perish on this earth.

But then, my fellow citizens, to support the Government by the loan of our money, although an absolute essential, is only one of the essentials of patriotism. Because after all to loan money to be used in our own enterprise is like endorsing one's own note to procure funds with which to discharge one's own obligations. It is not that intangible thing we call the Government of the United States which is at war with the Hun—it is we the



people of the United States who are at war! It is not the President and his cabinet, the bureau chiefs and underlings who require powder and shell, food, clothing and necessities at the fighting front, but our own boys, blood of our blood and beloved of our souls, who are the dependents. So that to loan our money for this purpose is not a virtue—it is merely a commonplace duty; and the man who complacently relies alone upon his investment in the Government's promises to pay as ample indicia of his loyalty, has only what might be termed a "partial course" certificate of patriotism. A true patriot is he who not only supports the Government at its request, but is spontaneously faithful to that Government in its every need, even to beggary and death! A true patriot is he who not only stands by his country in a sure thing—and a Liberty bond is the surest and safest investment in the world today—but who from that sheer passionate love which throughout all history has animated the loftiest souls, gives the best that is in him to his country without thought or expectation of return. The finest flower of exalted patriotism is the ardent search for unreserved service; and there can be no full measure of service without ungrudging sacrifice. It is with patriotism as with those other lofty emotions—the hatred of slavery and oppression and the love of liberty. And thus, in the final analysis, always it has been, as always it must be, that through self-sacrifice alone the emancipation of mankind may be achieved.

We have met in the shadow of a world portent so gigantic that no words are adequate to portray, nor is there figure of speech even to symbolize its significance. Indeed the full measure of that significance must be for history; we are yet too close to the event—the angle of our vision is still too wide for us to clearly apprehend it. But then it is idle and foolish now to consider those deep

questions of philosophy and psychology which are involved. For us today there is only the one grim duty to perform: to break our backs if need be in bringing this terrible struggle to a close before civilization shall fall into the gulf and be obliterated—and to bring it to the only end which will satisfy the conscience of the world—through victory by force over those who will be brought to their senses only by physical mastery.

But while I have no doubt we all are in accord in this fundamental, I venture to lead you one step farther—and the pitiless minute hand warns me that it must be a single step—along the pathway which the conscience of America has carved out for itself, which although straight and narrow and hard to climb, in the end shall lead us up among the soaring peaks of human liberty into the gardens of our highest ideals and to the altar of our loftiest aspirations.

We are to remember—and we may thank God for it—that it is not for love of power but for love of God that America has girded up her mighty loins and fallen in behind her glorious flag.

We are to remember and thank God for it that it is not from passion but for principle, not for hate but for humanity, not for loot but for liberty, that this great Republic, once and forever consecrated to human freedom, has cast its handful of dust towards Heaven and pledged itself to the Supreme Sacrifice in the war for a free civilization!

Ah yes, my friends, it is the appeal of world oppression that has stirred our souls, awakened us from our complacency and sloth, hacked away the shackles of *laissez-faire*, and set our feet firmly in that straight and narrow path. God grant we shall not fail in our determination to attain the summit!

## XXVIII

ADDRESS AT THE THIRTY-FOURTH ANNUAL DINNER OF  
THE HOLLAND SOCIETY OF NEW YORK, AT DEL-  
MONICO'S, JANUARY 16, 1919.

ON BEHALF of the members of The Holland Society of New York I cordially welcome its distinguished guests who have complimented us by their presence tonight. At this time of universal rejoicing, when the curtain has fallen upon the most dreadful tragedy in authentic history—with the epilogue to be pronounced at the Peace Table alone remaining—the spirit in which we have assembled adds to our joy in the pleasures of hospitality, as it arouses a keener delight in those of good fellowship. A year ago, with all organized society at grips in mortal combat, and with death poised in waiting to exact its toll from our own gallant countrymen, on their way to the battle fields of France, it was in sadness of heart and foreboding spirit that we came to this annual reunion. With courage high and purpose unshaken and a grim resolve to see the bloody business through at whatsoever cost, it is true; but in full realization of the long and weary waiting which must intervene, the heavy sacrifices, the agony and despair, the endless sorrow which must be exacted of humanity before the greatest crime of the ages should have been expiated. Tonight, we meet in the elation of victory, the triumph of liberty, the assurance that righteousness has not perished on this earth. And in the belief that no one of the millions who have been freely offering their lifeblood as a sacrifice upon the altar of

human freedom shall have died or suffered in vain, it is not now in apprehension, in sadness or in mourning, but in unrestrained rejoicing that we have met to exalt the ideals for which this war has been fought, while we extol the lofty spirit and sublime sacrifices of those who have made possible the victory.

But while we give full rein to our rejoicing we are soberly mindful that although the victory has been won, the Arc de Triomphe has not yet been erected. As the blood of the martyrs was not the edifice itself but only the seed of the Church, so the triumph of arms in a war against slavery and oppression is but the acquisition and dedication of a site upon which the temple of liberty and justice shall be raised. What shall that structure typify? Is it to be merely a commonplace, or is it to embody the ideals for which America has fought? Are we prepared at last to recognize the great truth that inasmuch as the nations of the world are respectively parts of one great whole, violation of the rights and liberties of any one is an assault upon the liberties of all. Is the treaty of peace which the world awaits in breathless expectancy to be founded upon the fundamental principles of liberty and human justice or become the plaything of secret diplomacy and the "back-stairs" method? As Machiavelli cynically observes in respect to all the important peace conventions which have come down to us through history, shall this latest and most momentous of them all, itself plant the seeds of future wars? As loyal sons of our liberty-loving forefathers, and of the Government consecrated to liberty which they helped to establish, we cherish an ardent hope that the approach to the Peace Table at Versailles may be along the pathway which the conscience of America carved out for itself when it entered the war; which although steep and narrow and hard to climb, in the end shall lead mankind up among



the peaks of human liberty, into the gardens of our highest ideals and to the altar of our loftiest aspirations.

In the meantime we are all rejoicing that Freedom has been given a new birth. We all are modestly proud that our own gallant sons have contributed their lifeblood to the baptismal font. We all are earnestly praying that in the new order which is to come the right of equal opportunities in the pursuit of happiness shall not be shackled by social or economic injustice, by religious intolerance, by political insistence. We all are passionately hoping that the right of self-determination shall be the first postulate in the new Magna Carta of human government—to the end that this basic principle of every free civilization shall be no longer at the mercy of those so-called “National aspirations,” which have their roots in the ignoble subsoil of national vanity and are watered by commercial selfishness and greed. And thus we all are united in conviction that upon the milestone which is to mark this latest triumphant advance in the war for the liberation of mankind, by universal consent there should be inscribed that splendid axiom of the Convention of 1792 — which breathes the loftiest aspiration of the French Revolution, which, as Victor Hugo declares, in a single sentence comprises all human social law—“The Liberty of the individual ends where the liberty of another individual begins!”

Addressing myself now alone to the members of The Holland Society (with the approval of the Trustees, and perhaps I should say also with that of their masters for the time being, the Autocratic Banquet Committee) I present for your consideration, and it is hoped approval and adoption, this brief memorial tribute:

The members of The Holland Society of New York, in annual reunion assembled, record their profound sorrow in the death of their

distinguished fellow-member, Theodore Roosevelt. As one of its charter members, his affiliation with the Society had remained unbroken nearly thirty-five years—under which circumstances alone his death would have aroused unusual emotions. But the conspicuous position which he occupied in the life of the world, his commanding influence in the beloved country of his birth and the lofty eminence which he had attained in contemporaneous history prompt a modest expression of our pride and gratification that so rare an achievement, so remarkable an accomplishment, so splendidly unique a life-work should have sprung from the heritage of an Holland-Dutch ancestry, become American—which inheritance is the sentimental bond of affiliation in The Holland Society of New York.

The dauntless courage, which before all other attributes must ever challenge the respect and admiration of mankind, the martial spirit, the unfathomable energy, the boundless enthusiasm, the amazing versatility, the spotless personal integrity, and above all else that which he himself first cherished, the intense and deathless Americanism of Theodore Roosevelt, in their rare association at once made him great among all great men of action, with a lasting place in the history of his country's highest ideals and notable accomplishments, and enshrined him forever in the hearts of his friends, as an exemplar of their ideals in personal character and conduct.

A brave and gallant soldier in the war for the liberation of mankind, the sword as well as the laurel wreath should be laid upon his bier. A fearless and devoted patriot he has won immortality in the annals of liberty. A hater of sham and hypocrisy he has gained for himself a shrine in the temple of Truth. Militant to his last breath, he died as he lived—with sword in hand at the head of the storming party. And we may think of him as having "risen out of this dust" with fearless spirit, with heart at rest, and with those soul-stirring words of the immortal Latin singer on his dying lips—

"*Dulce et decorum est, pro patria mori.*"

## XXIX

REMARKS AS TOASTMASTER AT THE ANNUAL DINNER  
OF GROUP FIVE OF THE NEW YORK STATE BANK-  
ERS ASSOCIATION, AT THE TEN EYCK HOTEL, AL-  
BANY, FEBRUARY 2, 1924.

ALMOST am I conscious of a feeling of respectability upon being assigned to this responsible position, and at finding myself, albeit momentarily, upon so intimate a footing with this representative assemblage! I am not a banker, and thus not present by right of affiliation. Moreover, in my own particular division of the great army of human industry I am not a leader, but only a shy and modest private—in short a poor—but *honest*—lawyer. There is an old Italian proverb that whosoever would succeed must not be too honest. If indeed the saying is to be taken literally, I freely concede that properly it is addressed to my own profession; whereas it is obvious that in *your* calling because one elects to be honest it does not necessarily follow that he must remain poor.

For the reasons stated I have especially appreciated the honor accorded and the trust reposed in me tonight. But your Committee of Arrangements in extending its invitation was at pains to prescribe its limitations. "Let me impress it upon you," said the Chairman of that Committee—who happens to be the final voice in the institution where my modest banking is conducted—"that you must not be discursive. Do not wander, do not ramble—do not forget that your main function is merely to press the button—and maintain order." And under the baleful

eye of the man at whose peremptory nod my hoped-for discount wherewith to pay the Revenue officer down below on the Ides of March may go up in smoke, my words must be few and hurried.

In that respect I shall be in accord with the spirit of the times, which is one of nervous haste and gives rise to a craving for staccato performances.

Indeed the period in which we live is one of strange unrest, of constant turmoil, of growing intolerance, of persistent attacks upon the old traditions and passionate advocacy of new ideas which are to reform the world and regenerate mankind. In politics, in religion, in economics, in sociology, everything seems to be out-of-date, and is being re-examined!—in most cases actually torn apart in a hectic search for falsehood, mildew, disloyalty, so-called class injustice and whatsoever flaws. Nothing is safe—nothing is sacred from the clamor of the reformers, from the outcry of the radicals, from the intrusion of the iconoclasts, from the bitter assaults of the fanatic and the seekers after power, leadership or notoriety. And in fairness we must admit that too often the conservatives and strict fundamentalists are scarcely less demonstrative and intolerant in refusing even to consider the possibility of error in the old tenets. Talk about putting an end to war—why even if peace were declared upon their own terms, at least for the leaders in these present-day combats thereafter life would be unilluminated by a ray of hope; *they don't want to stop fighting!*

In the field of religion there are the fierce doctrinal disputes which are shaking the Protestant Church to its foundations. Behold, for example, the heroic figure of the Great Commoner—he whose shadow has thrice menaced the White House—insisting that the monkey theory



has not been proved and accordingly that the teaching of evolution in the public schools should be barred!

We used to regard our Constitution with a species of reverence. Today there are more than eighty Amendments being ardently urged by those who have discovered grave defects in the fundamental law.

We used to consider the Supreme Court the one fit arbiter in a dispute as to the constitutionality of an act of Congress. Today if that great tribunal decides adversely to the convictions of hot-head radicals and reformers, the cry goes up that its power and authority must be restricted.

In compliance with universal demand that great, clear-headed, close-reasoning Secretary of the Treasury—who received his training in your own Department—suggests a method of reducing the taxes which have become at once too burdensome and a hindrance to needed expansion in the field of legitimate business. And in a frenzy of partisan opposition the other political party—*my* party, regretfully I admit—savagely attacks him as covertly favoring the classes at the expense of the masses.

A great humanitarian offers a prize for the best plan for World peace—and forthwith is subjected to a Senatorial inquisition as to his supposed treasonable motives!

And then that other great philanthropist—that King among men, who from over-modesty persists in concealing his identity—lavishly enriches a humble laborer in the cause of what I consider a most ill-advised and unwise Sumptuary law: and even the incidental result of *that* act is subjected to the cold, unfeeling scrutiny of a judge and jury, in search of possible infraction of law.\* And that such infraction *was* discovered and determined confirms *my* faith in the jury system.

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\*Refers to the trial of W. H. Anderson, Superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League in the State of New York.

Now I am reminding you of these undeniably chaotic conditions of the present era only as a curious incontestable *fact*—not as constituting any serious danger. In much of this strife and contention—perhaps in all of it except that which reflects intolerance and hypocritical pretense for selfish purposes—I myself see only a healthful exercise of the fighting spirit through which alone, as it appears, mankind is able to fight its way out of the cellar into the upper chambers of this earthly tenement.

“Man being reasonable must get drunk.  
The best of life is but intoxication,”

says the poet. Let me take liberties with Byron by paraphrasing it in this way:

“Man, being reasonable must indulge in strife,  
And wins his manhood mainly through contention.”

And it would seem that the paraphrase is more convincing than the original since we may no longer get drunk—lawfully!

And thus we come to the vital question what part you and I shall play in the irrepressible conflict. We've got to go in; even if we had given no hostages to fortune, self-respect alone forbids that we merely stand at the side-lines, in turn applauding and abusing the combatants.

Society is divided into two fundamental groups. Whig and Tory they used to be called. And, as old Thomas Jefferson declared, Whig and Tory always have existed and always will exist, because they represent that which is inherent in human nature itself. Conservatives and radicals—by some of the latter who are not ready to enlist under the Red Flag, softened to “Liberals”—they are now termed. Well, I am a conservative—with not infrequent radical impulses! On the one hand I do not believe that whatever *is* is right; and I do not believe in

"Laissez-faire"—let things go their own way. But on the other hand I do not advocate burning down the house to get rid of a hornet's nest in the garret; nor do I agree with the thirty dissatisfied experts who in a recently published book called "*Civilization in America*" point out that *Everything is Wrong*. In short, as an exuberant optimist I see no great danger in the present-day conditions referred to so long as the great body of upright, sober-minded, influential citizenship, including pre-eminently the class I am addressing, is concerned not so much with dogmas, definitions and theories as with the facts and deeds of an everyday life predicated upon moral rectitude and abstract right.

And this leads to the only admonition I venture to advance tonight. Let us keep our poise! Let us maintain our courage! Let us hold fast our convictions! Let us refuse to sacrifice our due sense of proportion to popular clamor! And especially let us decline to accept half-baked ideas, unproved formulae and untested principles as a panacea for existing ills and imperfections. With such an endowment in reserve be sure we'll hold the fort—even if Congress and the Legislatures fail! And as a last word, I assert it isn't more *law* we want—it's more moral character! "*Quid leges sine moribus?*"—What's the good of laws in the absence of morals?—is as true today as when Horace observed it two thousand years ago. The opinions and reformatory laws worth having and which come to stay must have moral force behind them! Not what men believe—but what they do to enforce their opinions! Not what is promised—but what is performed! Not, as old Carlyle declared, what thou and I promise to each other, but what the balance of our forces enable us to perform to each other. And, as I remarked in an address which I had the honor to deliver to this same organization fifteen years ago, since the one

asset of a banking institution which is forever beyond criticism—which no disaster can destroy and no panic depreciate in value, is *personal integrity in its officers and management*, so the one best asset of any Government or any social establishment is the veracity of those of its citizens who honestly believe in it, who truly love and venerate it, and who are determined that its lofty ideals shall be preserved!



### XXX

ADDRESS AT THE UNVEILING OF THE TABLET IN MEMORY OF STEPHEN VAN RENSSELAER AND TO COMMEMORATE THE HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE RENSSELAER POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTE, OCTOBER 3, 1924.

MR. PRESIDENT, Gentlemen of the Board, Invited Guests and Fellow Citizens:—It is with no little diffidence that I respond to this call. Within the limits of the brief address to which very properly I am restricted, to correctly interpret the significance of this event and adequately express the emotions it arouses and the lofty sentiments it inspires is no commonplace task. Moreover it would seem that so important a service more fittingly should be entrusted to one of the Institute's own distinguished sons than to an humble outsider. But perhaps in the very fact that I am not a graduate of the R. P. I. may be found the reason for my assignment to this honorable place in the program—in that, as only a plain citizen, it is possible for me without suggestion of filial bias or prejudice to voice for this community its friendly sentiment and admiration for, its pride and unbounded confidence in and its loyalty to the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute. But any such protestation on behalf of the citizenship of Troy should be quite uncalled for: to borrow one of the smiles of the inimitable Mr. Samuel Weller, which at least is most forcible, if not entirely apposite—"That is a self-evident proposition, as the dogs-meat man

said to the pretty house maid when she told him he wasn't no gentleman!"

The tablet about to be unveiled has been erected by the Board of Trustees in memory of Stephen Van Rensselaer and to commemorate the one hundredth anniversary of the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute—the first school, now in existence, established in any English-speaking country primarily for the purpose of teaching Science and Engineering. So that it is both to the founder and the fact that these exercises are addressed.

In the first official notice of the foundation Mr. Van Rensselaer announced that he had established a school at Troy "for the purpose of instructing persons who may choose to apply themselves *in the application of Science to the common purposes of life*"; and that his principal object was "to qualify teachers for instructing the sons and daughters of farmers and mechanics, by lectures or otherwise, in the application of experimental chemistry, philosophy and natural history to agriculture, domestic economy, the arts and manufactures."

As thus established the institution was called "The Rensselaer School." Nine years later the name was changed to "The Rensselaer Institute." About 1850, after a comprehensive study of the scientific and technical institutions of Europe, the curriculum was thoroughly revised, the course of study extended and the name again changed to "Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute." The word "Polytechnic" means concerning or comprehending many arts: specifically it denotes an educational institution especially for instruction in technical subjects with reference to their practical application.

The occasion forbids other than this tersely stated outline of the gradual development, on an ever-ascending plane, of Mr. Van Rensselaer's philanthropic project and

the present day objective of the splendid institution he founded a century ago.

Ages before the event we commemorate today, marvelous things had been accomplished in the eternal quest of mankind to measure and control the fundamental forces of nature. Along some lines, especially in matters of sheer material construction where gravitation is the principal force to be curbed, it would seem (I speak with diffidence, as one of academic education only) that scientific progress has not outrun, if indeed it has kept pace with the achievements of antiquity.

For example, in Rome may be seen a block of marble estimated at one hundred tons which more than two thousand years ago was brought from Africa in a vessel propelled by oars, carried up the Capitoline hill, two hundred feet above the Tiber, and lifted another hundred feet to form a single member in the entablature of the huge Temple of Jupiter!

In the same City, over on the Palatine hill, a flat arch of concrete with a spread of twenty feet, constructed without metal reinforcement upon vertical supports an hundred feet above ground, after eighteen centuries is yet *in situ* and traversed by incurious thousands!

I have walked through a section of the Cloaca Maxima, built of cut stone centuries before the Christian era and still an integral part of the Eternal City's drainage system.

Think also of those stupendous structures scattered throughout the ancient world—the huge stone aqueducts, the massive temples, the colossal tombs and monoliths—culminating in the mighty pyramids piled up four thousand years ago! And remember even are we told that centuries before the Egyptian dynasties certain ambitious men deliberately set out to erect a tower which should reach unto Heaven and enable converse with Almighty

God—the enterprise halted only through Divine interposition. Although as a modern offset to this presumptuous undertaking parenthetically it may be observed certain social and political regenerators are advancing equally ambitious projects designed to eradicate all social evils and put an end to all class and governmental wrongs!

But while we recognize the grandeur of these purely physical achievements of the earlier ages, in respect of those other and more subtle natural forces which have been defined and controlled during the last hundred years, so far as we know the ancients had no more practical knowledge than existed at the beginning of the last century. Only a decade before the foundation of the Institute Robert Fulton's great triumph had been won, and Stephenson had perfected the locomotive. But the important role that steam was to play in world development was undreamed of, while in other respects science and engineering were practically at a standstill.

If, like the cobbler in Whittier's charming poem, General Van Rensselaer had possessed a talisman to disclose the future, how staggering his vision of the amazing scientific discoveries which were to come, and the incidental enlargement and rare fruition of his modest conception! The earth gridironed with railroads and the oceans checkered with lines of ships, operated under power generated by coal, oil or electricity: practically instant communication between both nearby points and those thousands of miles apart by telephone, telegraph, cable or radio: flying machines girdling the earth—and just appearing above the horizon mighty airships which will carry their own weight in supplies and passengers, capable of crossing the continent in less than three days and encircling the globe in a fortnight more, without stoppage! And in the immediate foreground a vast procession of horseless vehicles—in number exceeding by sev-



eral millions the population of the United States a century ago!

To the General and his contemporaries at least some of these things would have been considered miracles. To the present generation they are only commonplaces. Because a miracle involves suspension of some law of Nature; while the things mentioned are merely the results of dealing scientifically with measurable forces acting in known ways. And to educate and equip men alike for the infinitely higher service thereby involved, as well as the original humbler objective has become the present function of Stephen Van Rensselaer's foundation.

But in the best and highest scientific education, however specialized, there are other elements than those purely technical. It is not enough that an engineer be well-grounded in scientific fundamentals. For the most successful application of his knowledge he must be endowed also with imagination, he must be able both to think and express himself clearly. Above all he must have acquired moral traits and learned to submit to the control of that other great fundamental force—the human conscience. Happily it is becoming more and more recognized that these traits and qualifications are quite as essential for an engineer as, for example, to be capable of measuring the voltage of a flash of lightning! In fine, always it is to be borne in mind that in whatsoever line of teaching the educational, in the highest sense of the word, is only an aspect of the moral.

How aptly, how inevitably all these reflections apply to and are upheld by that initial declaration of the man we honor today! And how we rejoice in the fact that in the administration of their trust, the governing body of the R. P. I. has never overlooked their importance. Because, as in the case of ideals and forms of govern-

ment, an educational institution which comes to stay must have moral force behind it.

But while we pay our unaffected tribute to the founder of the Institute and proudly contemplate its fine achievements, it should be emphasized that it is not alone to commemorate the past, or to glorify the present, that this tablet is erected. Of course it is the generous and idealistic deed of that fine old philanthropic Holland Dutchman—become American—which prompted this commemoration, to which the present-day fruition gives added dignity and impressiveness. But the occasion has a far deeper significance than a centennial birthday celebration. The Trustees of the Institute have been animated by a higher motive than to set up a milestone and decorate it with plaudits and self-gratulation. For every living person, for each existing organization or institution—in short, for every “going concern” there are three tenses: there is the Future, as well as the Present and the Past. And in the case of every creative idea the final test of value is the relative permanency of its potential service to humanity. For any truly great institution there is no such thing as “having arrived,” so to speak: always there is a further duty to perform, another height to climb, a more exalted service to render, a loftier niche in the Temple of Fame to achieve. In those inspiring lines of “The Present Crisis,” slightly paraphrased,

“New occasions bring new duties,  
Time makes ancient good uncouth,  
We must upward, still, and onward,  
Who would keep abreast of Truth!  
Lo! before us gleam her watchfires  
We ourselves must Pilgrims be—  
Launch our Mayflower, and steer boldly  
Through the desperate wintry sea,  
Nor attempt the Future’s portals  
With the Past’s time-rusted key!”

And thus we are bound to believe that besides an imperishable record of the Past and an exploitation of the glorious Present, this memorial tablet is intended also to register a solemn pledge for the Future! Erected by those upon whom has devolved the custody and care of this priceless heritage, it is to be interpreted as an earnest of their continued high resolve to maintain and develop it on still broader lines, with ever-mounting ideals and even more notable success. In such an affirmation, and in the conviction that the spirit and determination of those behind the governing body—that is to say, its loyal Alumni and an admiring and appreciative public—assure fulfillment of the promise, we find our deepest satisfaction in this Centennial celebration. Pride in the past, rejoicing over the present, steadfast resolve and abiding hope for the future—these are the flowers which we bring today to the memory of Stephen Van Rensselaer.

There is an Eastern saying that when the House is finished the Master dies. Sometimes, in pondering over this ancient adage I have wondered whether the Egyptians intended also to imply its converse. If such is the case, and if actually we might believe it to be true that the Master lives until the house is finished and his work completed, I am sure that everyone within the sound of my voice will rejoice that the great structure of the Institute, magnificent and imposing as it appears, is *not* finished; and will unite with me in the ardent hope that it never shall be finished—so that *its* Master, its efficient, respected and beloved President, may live forever!

## XXXI

ADDRESS AT THE UNVEILING OF THE PORTRAIT OF SENATOR DEPEW ON THE INSPECTION SAIL OF THE HUDSON RIVER DAY LINE STEAMER, "CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW," JUNE 18, 1925.

FRIENDS, Neighbors, Countrymen:—With mingled hesitancy and confidence I venture to accost you under this slight paraphrase of the initial words in one of the world's famous orations. Of course the spirit of this occasion is the direct antithesis of that which moved Marc Antony in his memorable address. His was an appeal to passion—and to avenge the death of "the foremost man of all this world." But that which animates us today is respect, admiration and affection for a great human figure still in our midst, and the desire to pay an unaffected tribute to a beloved fellow-citizen who by the grace of God still retains his zest of life, his high aims and lofty spirit, his benignancy and, above all, his steadfast optimism.

In such an undertaking surely all are friends: in this unity of purpose, for the time being at least, necessarily all must be neighbors; while only from an assemblage of true American citizens would our hosts expect adequate recognition of their manifest wish that, as the main incident of this event, all honor shall be paid to that exemplar of high-minded citizenship, Chauncey M. Depew!

And so in further adaptation of the familiar lines in Shakespeare's great tragedy, I pray that for a fleeting moment you shall lend me your ears, since, thank God,



we have come *not* to bury Cæsar but to praise him! Too often indeed it is the contrary. Too often it is only after death has dulled the ears of a gallant soldier in the army of human endeavor that either his former comrades or the world at large give voice to the kindly approbation with which they forebore to solace, comfort and encourage him whilst waging his battle. As was humorously observed by a certain cheery soul upon unexpected meeting with a friend, "Why John, I thought you were dead; I heard several people speaking well of you!"

There is a wide difference between fulsome flattery and honest-hearted praise. In avoidance of the former I shall use no studied phrases. Nor shall I risk misinterpretation of your feelings by attempting any flight in oratory—in that respect emulating the colored man who being offered a ride in an aeroplane, declared with emphasis: "No, sah! Terra Firma good enough for me—and the more *firmer* the less *terror*!"

No, my friends; the man we honor neither requires nor would welcome balanced periods or fervid oratory in labored effort to picture the unique place he occupies in the hearts and sentiments of his friends, his neighbors and his fellow-citizens. Nor is it timely to recite his fine accomplishments. They are fixed in the memory of his contemporaries and are recorded in the annals of his Time. In Transportation, in public affairs, in high private trusts, and in a wide range of the Humanities always he has borne himself *magna cum laude*. So that omitting all this I shall refer alone to that one enviable trait which in my opinion more than all else has occasioned the deep and abiding impression this man has created during his long and memorable career.

If it were in my power to confer some rare gift upon the youth of the coming generations, I would choose to endow them with that high optimism—that living sense

of cheerfulness and hope which at this season of the year prevails on every side. Because whatever the religion, whatever the creed, whatever the philosophy: whatever the talents or genius, whatever the gifts of birth, fortune or Providence—without an abiding hope the best of life never can be attained. The man or woman who goes through life cheerfully, always hoping for the best, will have largely redeemed in advance those hostages which sooner or later most of us are called upon to give to Fortune. The most manifest sign of wisdom, observes the greatest French essayist, is continued cheerfulness. Can we conceive any true happiness of which it is not a part? Without it, as everyone knows, a duty is only half performed. And you may be sure—all history, all biography, all human experience attests it—fortune does not favor a cheerless philosophy, success does not go out to a doubting spirit, society has no welcome for a frowning countenance, love does not seek a drooping heart.

Always the great spirits of the world have found that the laws which govern the body and soul of things are in harmony. And that deep spiritual law of hope which in these refulgent days of June animates the body of things around us is intended equally to govern the human soul. "Be hopeful always," is the message of nature to-day. We accept it readily enough in the hour of sunshine, in the heyday of youth, when the world is all before us. But when the bright heroics of early days begin to fade, when dreams give way to the realities of a life where often fortune cheats us, where aspirations fail, where friends prove false, where disappointments lie in wait, where care and grief and pain oppress the heart—to be hopeful in the face of these "slings and arrows of outrageous fortune," *hic labor hoc opus est!* In the gray days of life happy that one in whom the reiterated choice of looking for the silver lining, the unvarying habit of

hoping for the best, has prepared the soul for whatever stress of storm or fortune.

It is so in truth with him whose portrait has just been unveiled. Since the first time I heard him speak—forty years ago at a dinner of the Holland Society, of which we are fellow-members—it has seemed to me that possession of this transcendent gift of cheerful optimism to strengthen and clarify his high character and intellectuality, has contributed largely in making Chauncey M. Depew perennially great and lovable. For you, Sir, who have this treasure of the soul, there is no more Fate—only Providence. For you there remains no Destiny—only God and Conscience. For you the hair may grow gray, but the heart will keep green; wrinkles may come but it will be smiles, not frowns, that cause them. And since, like Seneca's Pilot, always you have been able to affirm, "O Father Neptune, you may sink me if you will, you may save me if you will—but whatever happens I will hold my rudder true!"; even so in the years to come as the shadows lengthen and the twilight falls, obeying the voice at eve obeyed at prime you will still find it in your heart to say:

"Spring still makes spring in the mind,  
Though ninety years are told;  
Love wakes anew this drooping heart,  
And we are never old;  
Over the winter's glaciers I see the Summer's glow,  
And 'neath the high-piled snow drifts  
The warm rosebuds below."

Mr. President, if this beautiful boat, with its fine construction and admirable appointments, in maintaining a high standard of service hereafter shall only measurably emulate the man from whom happily its name has come, the "Chauncey M. Depew" is bound to retain its proud

position among its sister ships, the "Robert Fulton," the "Hendrick Hudson," the "Albany," the "DeWitt W. Clinton," the "Washington Irving" and the "Alexander Hamilton"—that splendid fleet of the "Hudson River Day Line" which so worthily perpetuates the memory of its Founder, himself a contemporary of and endowed with the same high ideals and enduring traits of integrity and character as the man we particularly honor today.



## XXXII

ADDRESS AT THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION OF THE  
KAPPA ALPHA FRATERNITY AT SCHENECTADY,  
N. Y., NOVEMBER 6, 1925, IN RESPONSE TO THE  
PRESENTATION OF AN ORIGINAL OIL PORTRAIT OF  
JOHN HART HUNTER, FOUNDER OF KAPPA ALPHA,  
AND THE ORIGINATOR OF SECRET GREEK LETTER  
COLLEGE FRATERNITIES.

ON BEHALF of the Kappa Alpha Society I address you, Dr. Lambert, vicariously as the representative of Miss Julia Elizabeth Hunter, who presents to us this portrait of her honored father.

I wish I might even faintly express the deep gratitude she has aroused by this gracious act, the joy we feel in the possession of this precious relic, the pride we cherish in the incidental assurance that after its century of unbroken continuance, the Fraternity John Hart Hunter founded still is true enough to his ideals to be considered worthy of the custody of this priceless treasure.

In the nature of things the task which devolved upon the early members of the Society was not easy. Because, just as to superior souls superior duties are allotted and incidentally greater trials come; so in the development of an idea which embodies lofty ideals, the problems which arise are more intricate and the obstacles which interpose more difficult to surmount. In truth it has been so with this Society. But under the lasting impression of its illustrious founder, and of that coterie of remarkable men associated with him (with one of whom I

had the happiness of intimate personal acquaintance), John Hart Hunter's memorable creation has held bravely to its original concept—and yet aims at the stars!

The cleanliness of heart, the beauty of intellect, the clarity of soul, the kindliness and brotherly love traditionally ascribed to John Hart Hunter are abundantly manifest in the portrait before us. Possession of these attributes by the originator of the Secret Greek Letter Fraternity may explain to us something of the remarkable growth and development of an Idea from which has been evolved so important a feature of present-day undergraduate life in our American Colleges and Universities.

Most generously, and, as I believe with absolute fitness, the Society has entrusted to its original unit, the Union College Chapter, the custody and preservation of that which is bound to become Kappa Alpha's most valued material possession. I rejoice that it has found its final resting place where the living prototype laid the cornerstone of his notable creation. I promise for K. A. in C. C. that this high trust shall be most carefully administered. And I am confident that the presence of this portrait on the walls of the Mother Chapter's House will in itself engender a vitalizing atmosphere of truth, loyalty and brotherhood—inciting us anew, and as well inspiring those who in years to come may be enrolled in our membership, to preserve those lofty ideals which animated the man in whose memory every Greek Letter Fraternity today unites with us in grateful and appreciative tribute.

### XXXIII

#### A DISCUSSION BETWEEN CONSIDERANS AND CANDIDUS.

[Correspondence between a metropolitan clergyman (*Considerans*) and a country lawyer\* (*Candidus*) in reference to certain aspects of the Prohibition question and the duty of high-minded citizens to aid in enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment.]

MARCH 10, 1926.

MY DEAR DR. —————:

I am surprised and distressed at your sweeping and ungenerous characterization of those who may differ with you as to the wisdom of the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act. I wish that I might believe that you have been incorrectly reported by the *New York Times* in its paragraph, "I do not believe for a minute that the registered conscience of the great body of the American people is to be defeated by any combination of sordid bootleggers with a group of selfish or self-indulgent citizens."

I have never been in league with the liquor interests, nor have come in contact with them professionally; I have never been addicted to the use of alcoholic liquors. I would willingly sign a total abstinence pledge for life if thereby the fanatical intolerance which has made the use of alcoholic beverages synonymous with immorality, and offenses against the Volstead Act the "unpardonable sin" could be replaced by a genuine and wholesome temperance statute.

I have a friend, as saintly and Christian a woman as

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\*Seymour van Santvoord.

I have ever known or believe could live, and who has been by profession since girlhood a total abstainer. She does not approve of the Amendment or the Enforcement Act as a moral agency and is in favor of a wholesome and proper modification which shall have regard to ordinary human rights.

I have particularized these cases not from egoism or as constituting especially eminent examples, but merely as characteristic of the attitude of many high-minded men and women, members of Christian Churches, including some Ministers of the Gospel. And frankly I consider that it is strangely and unreasonably opinionated, distinctly uncharitable and closely affiliated with pharisaism to assert that such as these are only selfish and self-indulgent citizens in alliance with criminals. But although, as Archbishop Paley said in answer to one of Gibbon's chapters, "It is impossible to refute a sneer," still there remains for each one the duty of playing his own right part in the world as his own conscience, not the feverish insistence of others, reveals it to him.

From my point of view your suggestion of using the words "The Emancipation Act" in place of "Prohibition Act" as descriptive of the Eighteenth Amendment is not particularly happy. The Federal Constitution already has an "Emancipation Act" in the Fourteenth Amendment which, as generally conceded, has long been nullified in the South. I know a lady who was told by a street car conductor in one of the Southern States that unless she changed her seat from the section assigned to colored persons to that reserved for white people, it would be his duty to stop the car and make her get off! Do we ever hear of the Churches undertaking a crusade south of the Mason and Dixon Line to induce the Southern States to unite with the Federal Government in enforcement of that particular Emancipation Act?



Thousands of divorces are being granted in this State for the one recognized cause for an absolute disruption of the marriage contract. The entrance of the decree is official notice that under determination of the Court a crime has been committed. How many criminal prosecutions for that offense have you ever heard of? Have the Churches ever united in an effort to procure enforcement of that law? Which would be the least endurable burden of mortification and ignominy for a parent—the conviction of a beloved son for carrying a hip flask or conviction of the offense of breaking the Seventh Commandment, which also is a crime under the laws of this State? And yet we have this hysterical obeisance to that particular man-made law, the non-approval of which has been selected for universal execration—while enforcement of the God-made law referred to does not receive what Webster termed “the cold respect of a passing glance.”

Of course the law should be enforced—by that particular branch of our governmental system which created it. But, as I believe, it is distinctly unwise and in absolute disregard of that final conclusion of the militant Apostle that “the greatest of all is Charity,” to impugn the motives of everyone who refuses to be convinced that morality can be inculcated by civil or municipal law.

Yours very truly,

“CANDIDUS.”

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MARCH 13, 1926.

MY DEAR MR. \_\_\_\_\_:

Thank you for your letter of March 10th, which I have read with a great deal of interest and, of course, with regret too, that anything which I may have seemed to have said has troubled you. The difficulty with a news-

paper report is that it never gives things in perspective. I have never imagined, and certainly would never wish to say, that men who do not believe in the advisability of the prohibition legislation are not as conscientious as those who do. Some of my warmest friends were opposed to it, and probably many of them still are.

The point of my address, the reference to which you saw, was that the present discussion has been led off on a by-path by the rather unfortunate word "prohibition." Instinctively nobody likes the idea of being forbidden to do something, no matter what that something is. I stressed the point that we should go back in our recollection to the positive and constructive reasons for the great social experiment which goes by a rather unwinsome name. The enactment of the prohibition legislation was the attempt of the American people, after a very long period of thought and careful crystallizing of sentiment, to deliver American life from the unquestionably debauching effects of the liquor traffic, organized as a huge commercial interest and allied with much social vice and corrupt political influences. I believe that experiment deserves the fullest and fairest test, and that is what I meant when I said that I did not believe it would be defeated by a combination of sordid bootleggers and indifferent or self-indulgent citizens. This does not mean that all who oppose the present legislation come within this description. I have full admiration for anyone who disagrees with a law, who says so, and who works for its repeal; but I think that those who undermine the law by encouraging the bootlegging trade have an attitude toward the whole experiment which is certainly either "*indifferent* or self-indulgent." (These are the words which I used—not "*selfish* and self-indulgent.")

I hope this letter will manage to make clear to you my point of view, and show you that you are mistaken in

thinking that I made any sweeping imputation of unworthy motives to the men who do not believe in the present law, or suggested that those who believe in it are more conscientious than many who do not. Nevertheless, by due process of law, we are actually in the midst of a great experiment, and to quote from your letter, "of course the law should be enforced."

Sincerely yours,

"CONSIDERANS."

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The next letter from "*Candidus*," of which no copy was retained, was in friendly acknowledgment of the receipt of the last preceding letter from "*Considerans*," and was that one in reply to which the following letter from "*Considerans*" was written.

MARCH 23, 1926.

MY DEAR MR. ———:

Thank you for your good letter received this morning, which I have read with much interest. I am sure we understand one another's spirit in the whole matter.

You originally asked me a question and now, with a very genuine interest, I would like to ask one of you. Under the circumstances which actually exist, what do you think is the duty of a good citizen toward the law as embodied in the 18th Amendment? Of course there is great difference as to the wisdom of its enactment, and there will be no question whatever as to the right of men who disbelieve in the wisdom of the law to argue and work for its repeal. Meanwhile, however, what ought to be the attitude of the men of this mind toward the practice, now so widely indulged in, of buying liquor from

those who defy the law and thus creating an underground network of corruption and crime?

With my greetings to you,

Sincerely yours,

"CONSIDERANS."

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MARCH 25, 1926.

MY DEAR DR. ———:

I have just received your letter of the 23d instant.

Will you be kind enough to supply me with a transcript of the last letter I wrote you—of which I kept no copy? Immediately upon its receipt I will be very glad to reply to your questions; and of course if, as is quite possible, you have not retained my letter, upon being so advised I will reply with equal promptitude.

Yours sincerely,

"CANDIDUS."

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MARCH 26, 1926.

MY DEAR MR. ———:

Thank you for your kind note of March 25th. I am very sorry indeed that I have not kept your last letter, though I did keep it for several days and read it carefully twice. The chief point to which your letter led up was the right, which you illustrated by various historical examples, of revolutionary protest against what men regard as wrong tyranny of the law. This right of open revolution every man, of course, would recognize, but the present situation would seem to involve very peculiar and different elements. Surely the greatest single force now threatening the prohibition experiment is a widely organized and unscrupulous body of men, who are trying to



sell liquor in defiance of the law, for the profit which they can make out of it, and in doing so are ready to employ any form of bribery, corruption, and even violence. My question is as to what the attitude of the high-minded citizen who is not in favor of prohibition as such ought to be toward this actual situation which we face.

Sincerely yours,

"CONSIDERANS."

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MARCH 30, 1926.

MY DEAR DR. \_\_\_\_\_:

I am very glad to comply with your request for an expression of my views upon certain aspects of the Prohibition Law as defined in your letters of March 23rd and 26th.

Admitting the fact that there is a difference of opinion as to the *wisdom* of the so-called Prohibition Law, and also conceding the right of those who honestly disbelieve in the measure to labor for its repeal, your inquiry is variously phrased as follows:

"What is the duty of a good citizen toward the law as embodied in the Eighteenth Amendment?" and

"What ought to be the attitude of the men of this mind toward the practice now so widely indulged in of buying liquor from those who defy the law and thus create an underground network of corruption and crime?" and

"What ought to be the attitude of the high-minded citizen towards the greatest single force now threatening the Prohibition experiment—the widely organized and unscrupulous body of men who are trying to sell liquor in defiance of the law for the profit which they can make out of it and in doing so are ready to employ any form of bribery, corruption and violence?"

In answering these questions it is to be distinctly understood that I speak in the abstract and only for myself. I am not an Arbiter of morals, an inspired teacher, a Rev. William H. Anderson or a Wayne B. Wheeler endowed with that unerring ethical perception which is the almost inevitable concomitant of a salary; I am merely a poor but honest lawyer, who always has tried to maintain a partnership with his own conscience. And since one never can be sure his conscience is fully developed, I disavow the right to predicate for others either the intellectual, moral, religious or patriotic ideal and observance. Accordingly in the following statement I intend to declare and imply nothing but my own personal conviction; in other words, although speaking from the standpoint of one who humbly desires to do right, and as such frankly stating my personal attitude toward what is involved, I do not insist or imply that those who disagree with me are wrong.

1. I believe the Eighteenth Amendment should be obeyed. That amendment reads: "The manufacture, sale or transportation of intoxicating liquors within, the importation thereof into, or the exportation thereof from the United States for beverage purposes, is hereby prohibited. The Congress and the several States shall have concurrent power to enforce this article by appropriate legislation."

2. I believe I ought not to buy liquor from those who offer it for sale illegally.

3. I cannot answer categorically your third question as it is framed, because in my opinion under its precise phrasing it is founded on a false premise. I cannot accept as fact that "the greatest single force now threatening the Prohibition experiment is the organized body of bootleggers." In my opinion there is no body of men more jubilantly in favor of the Eighteenth Amendment than

the bootleggers, and none which would more deeply regret its repeal. The Prohibition Law is the basis of their livelihood, with its supposedly enormous profits—even if, as commonly understood, such ill-gotten gains are materially reduced by the Government's complacent acceptance of an Income tax thereon. I believe that the greatest single force now threatening the Prohibition experiment is the growing conscience of America that the morality which comes to stay and which may be relied upon to engender some lasting social betterment (not a synthetic morality momentarily compounded under the lash) is not to be inculcated by sumptuary laws; and that side by side with the duty of obeying the law is the duty of protesting against violation of individual liberty and resisting every misguided attempt to reform mankind by force. These conclusions have been eloquently voiced by such well-known men as President Nicholas Murray Butler, and the Bishop of Central New York, and further evidenced by the high-minded men and women enlisted under the Moderation League and by the mass of humble citizens like the writer, who through observation and reflection have become convinced that the morality of a large part of our citizenship is being undermined by the injustice and intolerance of the Volstead Act.

But I have no desire to evade the issue in the slightest particular; and if you will eliminate characterization of the bootleggers as "the greatest single force which threatens the Prohibition experiment," unhesitatingly I reply to your third question that it is my duty not to patronize the "organized body of defiant law-breakers," nor to deal with them directly or indirectly.

Of course a man's conduct is the final test of his opinions. As old Carlyle observed, "Not what thou and I have promised to each other, but what the balance of our forces enable us to perform to each other." So that in

the face of the foregoing admissions as to my duty in the premises, to be perfectly honest I must admit that once I deliberately attempted to break the Prohibition Law. One of my friends lay stricken in a hospital. To keep him alive the requisite ten-day period which would enable removal that he might die in his own home, the physician in charge prescribed a teaspoonful of champagne every half-hour. It happened to be not locally attainable under an official prescription and I at once set out with a bottle—only to find that a mutual friend, a prominent member of your particular denomination, had forestalled me in the service and thus saved me from what would have been a most heinous offense against the law. And under similar circumstances I would venture to break that law again—and again—and again, so long as it was in my power; and I hope and believe you would do likewise.

But assuming that graciously you will give me a clean bill of health in the matter of personal compliance with this law, not impossibly you may be disposed to inquire whether I consider I am fulfilling my full duty as a right-minded citizen in merely obeying the law as an individual and not participating in its enforcement. You did not ask that very searching question, but since it is entirely germane to the subject and, as I should apprehend, under your apparent convictions it is a question of the highest importance, in a spirit of full disclosure I reply as if interrogated. And my answer is, *Yes*; from my point of view and because of the considerations involved, I believe my duty ends in individual obedience, and that I am not called upon to render assistance in the enforcement of a law of this character, which I believe to be wrong in principle, unfair and harmful in practice, and not reflective of the prevailing sentiment of the people as a whole (which might be disclosed under present-day referendum), having been procured by the insistence of those



whose motives indeed were high but who lost their poise through hysteria and a burning zeal for reformation (of others than themselves) at whatsoever cost to moral virility in the individual.

It is commonly believed that the ratification of the Eighteenth Amendment by the Legislature of New York did not reflect the sentiment of the people at that time. I know positively that some of those who supported it voted in opposition to the sentiment of their respective constituencies. One member of the Upper House who at twelve o'clock on the day the Amendment was passed told me that he had not yet determined how he would vote, but who finally voted affirmatively, afterwards admitted that he did so in known disregard of the prevailing sentiment of his constituency—which was directly evidenced thereafter by his overwhelming defeat for re-election in a district which customarily returned a generous majority for the candidates of his particular party. He was a man of the highest conscience and of unusual ability, and I have reason to believe regretted his act—although not in the slightest because of the effect upon his political fortunes; in fact quite the contrary. (By a strange coincidence he was the one to whom *in extremis* I unlawfully tendered the bottle of champagne.)

In subsequent legislative action—and refusal to act—at Albany I am confirmed in the conclusion that there is grave doubt that the “registered conscience” of the people of this State at least is embodied in either the Eighteenth Amendment or the Volstead Act. Therefore, frankly I do not consider it my duty to “aid in Prohibition enforcement” by laboring for a State Enforcement Act.

Moreover, there are many methods of aiding in the enforcement of the Volstead Act which although apparently stamped with the approval of the Anti-Saloon League

and other zealots, I consider distinctly improper—some of them quite generally considered unethical, some of them absolutely immoral.

Out in California General Butler considered it his duty to bring charges against a fellow-officer, at whose home he had just enjoyed hospitality, for offenses under the Volstead Act. Such an extreme view of one's obligation to aid in the enforcement of law is utterly abhorrent to me.

We are told that frequently officials in the employ of the Government have not scrupled to tempt, if not actually to bribe, employees of restaurants and others to break the Prohibition laws. These officials were "aiding" in the enforcement of the Volstead Act; but in my opinion such acts not only are most reprehensible but highly immoral.

In the laws of this State for years and years there has been a statute prohibiting hunting and fishing on Sundays. I never heard of a prosecution for either offense, although the statute has been universally disregarded since its inception. The ban on fishing was lifted a few years ago, but the Legislature refused to repeal the Sunday Hunting Law, so-called. The State of New York through its Conservation Commission, with a large army of game protectors constantly roaming the woods, is officially aware that the statute is never observed. I have never felt it my duty to aid in its enforcement by lodging information of its constant infraction, of which I have been aware—and in which I have participated—during the past forty years.

Before the War there was a so-called "Fugitive Slave Law." It was openly violated in the North, and in this very city one of its most prominent residents, who afterwards served many years in Congress, although a member of the Bar at the time concealed a fugitive slave in

his house and afterwards afforded him means to escape to Canada. He received a tribute of praise from his fellow-citizens and always cherished with pride the fact of his technical crime.

At that period in the South such an act was considered an abominable wrong—whereas in the North its perpetrator won a halo of glory. As to which conclusion was right in the abstract you should be able to judge better than I, since you are at once a clergyman and of Southern descent. (Of course you will appreciate this remark is made humorously—not cynically.) But is not the incident a striking illustration of the fact that in respect of a violation of man-made law the question of abstract right and wrong may be greatly complicated by the point of view; and also of the danger involved in unreserved assertion that refusal to aid in the enforcement of a particular law inevitably stamps the individual as a criminal offender or at least as being in sympathy with crime?

Years ago a college friend and his wife from another state came to my office with an unfortunate young woman domestic. The sinner, an uneducated foreigner who could not speak English, had been located in our city. I was warned of the risk that at the least alarm he would, as on the first occasion, take flight and be lost. Under a show of force and without a scrap of legal authority he was brought to my office as a man under arrest, and thereupon married the woman. As accessory to an offense against the Constitutional right of liberty I was guilty of a crime. But I saved the honor and self-respect of an unfortunate creature—I believe the parties are still living together as man and wife—and I would do it again.

And then there is the Fourteenth Amendment, for which Wendell Phillips strove with unsurpassed eloquence, for which the great Emancipator labored and gave his life—each endeavoring to overthrow the law as

enunciated by the Supreme Court that the negro has no right the white man is bound to respect. Now, is not that Constitutional provision equal in force and dignity to the Eighteenth Amendment, and equally entitled to the support of *all* the people and to enforcement by the constituted authorities? Are there any States today south of the Mason and Dixon Line, any Government divisions, any communities, any individuals there who constantly violate it? And if disregard of that law notoriously exists, is it the duty of all "high-minded citizens" to aid in and labor zealously for its strict observance and to advocate in the delinquent states an Enforcement Act in co-operation with the Federal Government? *I* do not go to that extent; and precisely as in this other and similar case, at least for others I must leave the determination to their own individual conscience and convictions.

And you remember those impressive episodes in Victor Hugo's masterpiece. Jean Valjean had stolen the good Bishop's candlesticks. When he was apprehended and dragged before his benefactor, the man of God staggered the officers of the law by declaring he had given the silver to his recreant guest of the night before. It was a radiant falsehood—a violation of the law of God and man in assisting a thief and an unrepentant galley-slave to escape punishment. And that even more impressive incident—when Inspector Javert in search of his prey, attracted by the unusual occurrence of a light burning late at night in the room of Sister Simplice, knocked at her door and inquired, "Are you alone in the room, Sister?" The convict was hiding in an alcove, but the serene and lovely handmaid of the Nazarene, who had never told a falsehood in her life of which Javert was aware, and for which he especially revered her, calmly answered, "Yes."

"In that case," said Javert, "pardon me for pressing you, but it is my duty; have you seen Jean Valjean?"



The sister answered, "No."

She had told two falsehoods, one upon the other, without hesitation, rapidly as if devoting herself. She also had broken both the law of God and the law of man in aiding a fugitive from justice to escape. But, as the great writer rapturously exclaims,

"Oh, holy woman, it is many years since you were on earth. You have rejoined in the light your sisters, the virgins, and your brothers, the angels; may this falsehood be placed to your credit in Paradise!"

No, I cannot conceive either that it is always the duty of a man to aid in whatsoever way possible the enforcement of every law, or that invariably it is an unpardonable sin to break a man-made law. Who but a fanatic would condemn any of the particular acts of omission and commission to which I have referred? Do they violate our highest sentiments of loyalty and duty or our loftiest conceptions of morality and religion?

Not improbably you may rejoin that many of my illustrations are not in point since the offenses particularized did not proceed from unworthy motives. The moment we base right and wrongdoing upon motive alone we are lost; always there is involved the higher element of conscience, the exercise of which necessarily is in the power of the individual alone. Moreover, I am not citing these cases as justifying violation of law generally or the Prohibition law in particular. I instance them only as supporting my contention that no man, nor group, nor concerted movement under the banner of morality or religion, properly may make sweeping condemnation of every infraction of a particular law which for the time being has been emphasized as the embodiment of morality, as necessarily an unworthy and indefensible wrongdoing which brands the doer as an enemy of righteousness.

I cannot refrain from saying that to me the intolerance of the Inquisition is no more amazing—nor unjustifiable—than the intolerance which forbids a laboring man to indulge in a glass of beer or a Church member to enjoy a glass of wine—which makes a farmer liable to arrest if he possesses sweet cider which contains in excess of one-half of one per cent of alcohol. And this latter especially since the head chemist of one of our leading technical institutions after testing one hundred samples of conceded “sweet cider,” the manufacture and sale of which is lawful, announced that the greater number of the specimens analyzed contained nearly if not quite *one* per cent of alcohol!

And now in conclusion I venture to propound a question to you.

Which in itself and in its presumable consequences would be the more objectionable: to deny Christ or to buy and drink a glass of beer, wine or whiskey? Which would be the most menacing to human welfare and the cause of Christianity—that higher faith in which is reposed the ultimate hope of mankind: a society composed of atheists who were total abstainers, or a society of men who used beer and wine but who believed in the Christ of the New Testament? You must not assert that such a classification cannot be presumed: I personally know to the contrary.

Well, as for myself, a thousand times give me as the associates of the youth who are to be influenced, those who use wine and beer but who cherish morality and religion rather than the cold intellectuals who deny the existence of a God. *Of course.* But then why not prohibit the greater menace? First, because having stamped out religious intolerance it is no longer lawful to legislate against either any form of religious belief or its absence. Second, because we know—all history affirms it—the only

way you can reform anybody is to induce him *voluntarily* to accept a new idea in place of the old idea.

This is the longest letter I ever presumed to write. But, as it would seem, fairly I am entitled to your indulgence since in the submission of your questionnaire you deliberately invited the consequent infliction; and perchance, for the additional consideration that with a single exception this is my sole contribution, oral or written, to the burning question of the hour. It is a controversy which I prophesy is bound to be waged with all the passion and intensity characteristic of the war between the North and South, and which I feel sure is bound to end in the same way as that other—the emancipation of those who have been deprived of their liberty.

Yours sincerely,

“CANDIDUS.”

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MARCH 31, 1926.

MY DEAR MR. ———:

Thank you heartily for your letter of March 30th which I have read with the greatest interest. It will be of continuing value to me, because I may go abroad in the near future, and I know that one of the questions often asked of American preachers on the other side is in regard to prohibition and the opinions of our people concerning it. You were very good to take the trouble so explicitly and so fully to outline your views.

With much that you write I fully agree; particularly the main point, that many of the men who disapprove of the present prohibition legislation are moved by strong and convinced principles. It seems to me, however—as indeed you yourself indicate—that many of the examples which you give, as to protest against other laws in the

name of higher principles, fail to apply to the present question, because in those cases protest against the law was obviously unselfish and disinterested, whereas many of the forces attempting the breakdown of the prohibition law are moved simply by a personal desire, or by pursuit of gain.

The question which you ask me at the end of your letter seems to me hardly a possible one. Surely one would not be expected to consider on the same basis a hypothetical regulation of *opinion* and a regulation of organized commercial practice. The law does not attempt to regulate what a man thinks about prohibition, any more than it would attempt to regulate what he thinks about religion. It simply sets up certain barriers concerning what he *may* and *may not do* with the sanction of the social order in which he lives, in exactly the way in which it sets up barriers concerning the traffic in habit-forming drugs. On the basis of individual freedom merely, why would not an argument against the anti-narcotic laws be exactly as cogent as the argument against the prohibition of alcohol?

I agree with what I think is probably your feeling, that the prohibition movement moved farther and faster than might have been best for the sake of results. In other words, though I believe in national prohibition, I can grant the fact that a somewhat longer period of education and state regulation might ideally have preceded the national law, but my very clear experience was this—that the great body of comfortable and privileged citizens, men who by education and position ought to have been the constructive leaders in any great social movement, did very little toward trying to work out some positive plan for the abatement of the liquor evil in America. At every stage of the fight, which had been launched by people who saw the havoc that liquor was working among



the great mass of the people, these citizens of position were usually found simply opposing the battle against unrestricted liquor at the point where the issue then focused. Usually they fought local option until that fight was lost. They fought State-wide prohibition until that fight was usually lost. They did very little to secure the passage of the Webb-Kenyon Act. They were always opposing what, at the moment, was being offered, and very seldom lifting up any moderate but definitely constructive and positive program of liquor regulation, around which they could call the community to rally. I know that was so among many of my own friends and many of my Church members, and if the prohibition movement went wholly into the hands of men of the extreme position, this was the inevitable consequence of their own failure to lead.

In the light of this there is another question concerning which I should be grateful if you would give me your opinion. There is much being said everywhere now, of course, in opposition to the existing prohibition laws but, as distinguished from the somewhat miscellaneous dissatisfaction, what practical and constructive alternative do you think can be proposed? To indicate the difficulties which seem to me involved let me put some of them suggestively thus:—

How can the manufacture of beer and wine be again permitted without bringing back the equivalent of the old saloon, and without restoring the organized liquor interests as the socially and politically corrupt forces which, I think all will admit, they used to be?

Inasmuch as 15/16 of the consumption of liquor in this country when national prohibition went into effect was made up of wine and beer, would not the restoration of wine and beer practically restore nearly all the evil

against which the whole movement to abate liquor in America was directed?

Is it seriously to be believed that those organized associations which are responsible for most of the present newspaper propaganda against prohibition, would be content with the restoration of wine and beer in any case? Do they not represent interests which are determined now, if possible, just as in the past to break down anything that stands in the way of their profit?

These are some of the problems in relation to which it seems to me that our thoughtful and conscientious men who dislike prohibition must form some constructive counter proposition.

With my greetings to you,

Sincerely yours,

"CONSIDERANS."

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APRIL 5, 1926.

MY DEAR DR. ————:

I acknowledge receipt of your letter of March 31st. Before replying to the final question which you propound, permit me to refer to certain of your comments upon my last letter.

First. You suggest that many of the infractions of law cited by me do not apply to the question under discussion because in the instances mentioned the obvious motive of violation was unselfish and disinterested.

In my letter I expressly disclaimed citing these cases as justifying violation of law in general or the prohibition law in particular. As a preliminary to answering your questions as to "the duty of high-minded citizens toward the Prohibition Law and the 'bootleggers,'" I had been at pains to emphasize that I spoke for myself alone and

refused to predicate for others—referring not to the bootleggers but to the army of individuals (including innumerable of the supposedly “high-minded”) who buy, give away, accept gifts of, transport and use the contraband article without qualms of conscience. I supposed you would understand it was in explanation of my said refusal that I instanced various examples of law-breaking which although undoubtedly reprobated by some, presumably would not be condemned by the “universal conscience.” I assumed that this was plainly indicated by the context: indeed it is a natural derivative of the incidental assertion in my letter that these examples tend to prove “no man, nor group, nor concerted movement under the banner of morality or religion,” may properly or safely condemn every infraction of a particular law.

To avoid any possible misunderstanding of my precise intent in that particular I submit this concrete illustration: Let us assume that if living at the time of the “Boston Tea-party” you and I would have considered it our duty to obey the laws of Great Britain (albeit that is scarcely conceivable, and for myself at least I am glad that one of my ancestors was a prime mover in the “outrage”). Now it must be conceded that the motives of at least some of the participants in that event were not “unselfish and disinterested”; they were animated by revenge, by the desire to destroy property and inflict punishment, as well as to flaunt defiance of an obnoxious law. Nevertheless, I hold that despite our personal profession of obedience to the mother country (under the above assumption), you and I properly might have refused to predicate the duty of these others and properly should have refrained from characterizing their acts as indicative of both an open disregard of law and an actual lack of morality—which latter too often has been the charge of the Anti-Saloon League and certain of its zealous sup-

porters against everyone who refuses "to sign on the dotted line."

Second. In my last letter I put the following question: "Which in itself and in its presumable consequences would be the more objectionable—to deny Christ or to buy and drink a glass of beer, wine or whiskey? Which would be the most menacing to human welfare and the cause of Christianity—a society composed of atheists who were total abstainers or a society of men who used beer and wine but who believed in the Christ of the New Testament?"

You have not answered; your rejoinder being, "The question you ask seems to me hardly a possible one." And yet at the moment of this reply I read in an evening paper that the chartered American Association for the Advancement of Atheism has applied for an injunction to prevent payment of salaries to all Chaplains and clerics in Congress and attached to the War and Navy Departments. The announced purpose of this association is to abolish belief in God and to contribute to a better civilization by acting as a "wrecking company."

Here seems to be rather strong evidence that my question does not involve the impossible. And in passing consider what is involved: An organized attempt to destroy belief in God, sanctioned by the same fundamental law which forbids a citizen to drink a glass of beer. When the Parochial Beadle in *Oliver Twist* was told that a married woman who commits a crime is in law presumed to have acted under her husband's compulsion, he declared solemnly, "If that is the law the law is a Ass—a Idiot!" Is it not readily conceivable that some humble believer in Christianity who like St. Paul finds no harm in drinking a little wine for his stomach's sake, but who is untrained in reasoning and unskilled in dialectics, might cherish a similar feeling about the law under discussion?



Of course in assuming a "society" composed either of atheists or beer drinkers, I did not intend to imply that every individual should be included in one or the other class: that indeed would be both meaningless and inconceivable. I meant a distinctive unit—which might and probably would exert its peculiar influence upon outside individuals and other social divisions. And in formulating the inquiry I had in mind the double purpose, first, of ascertaining whether you accept the prevalent belief of the extremists that the use, or at least the abuse, of alcoholic beverages constitutes the unpardonable sin, the greatest single existing menace to human welfare and organized society; and second, if by chance atheism might constitute the greater sin and involve the greater danger, why should it be considered proper and wise to prohibit in the one case while admittedly improper and unwise to restrain in the other? Apparently you differentiate the two evils as being only an *opinion* in the case of atheism and a *practice* in the case of drunkenness. But as a matter of fact—of effect—is there any practical difference? Is there any greater shock to the sensibilities in exhibitions of drunkenness—the *practice*—then in this openly announced determination to "wreck" belief in God and "to spread the propaganda through establishment of atheistic groups in high schools, colleges and universities"—which apparently you characterize as only an *opinion*? I ask you as a Minister of the Gospel which involves the greater danger to Christianity and the welfare of mankind: the expressed disbelief of Luther Burbank, for example, in one of the fundamentals of the Christian religion (without acceptance of which Christianity would become only another system of morality)—or the fact of a drunken man in the street, or even a widespread disposition to use alcohol to excess?

I think you might have answered my question; and I

believe unquestionably your answer would have been that both for Christianity and human welfare generally there would result a greater danger from atheists who are total abstainers than from Believers who use wine and beer. Then why in the one case should we pin our faith to prohibition and the exercise of force while allowing the other evil to run riot until it can be counteracted and destroyed by persuasion and the appeal to reason?

Third. You inquire why an argument against the Anti-Narcotic laws would not be as cogent as one against the prohibition of alcohol—having reference alone to the question of individual freedom. The reason why it is not so is to be found in the fact of the elemental difference of the two compounds, use of which is prohibited. Medical opinion is unanimous that indulgence in narcotics—almost invariably a secret vice—*inevitably* is progressive and the ultimate result *inevitably* disastrous. Accordingly prohibition of the sale of narcotics is analogous to prohibition of suicide and prohibition of the practice of "Birth-control." These laws are justified as designed to insure continuance of the social and political fabric by preserving the life of the individual. If anything else should be required for such justification it may be found in the fact that the prohibition of the sale of narcotics is approved by the "well-nigh universal conscience," the exception being only on the part of those for whom the supreme desire is practice of a secret vice.

It is entirely different in the case of alcohol. Its use is neither inevitably progressive nor inevitably disastrous. Countless thousands have used it all their lives in moderation without ill effects. My grandfather, a Minister of the Gospel, used it seventy-six years, and lived to preach and practice Christianity and good-citizenship until he was ninety-two. Almost universally alcohol is recognized as one of the most important and valuable agencies in

medical therapeutics. And alcoholic beverages have been used from the beginning of time. In the Old Testament we read that Noah planted a vineyard and that Lot used wine. From the Gospels we learn that the Nazarene used wine, and in the Epistles we find that St. Paul prescribed its use in place of water. But we cannot imagine either the militant Apostle or his Master using narcotics. I admit the possibility that Lot might have done so when intoxicated—because we know that while in that condition he was a bad, bad man.

So that while in the use of narcotics the danger is absolute, in that of alcohol it occurs only when abused. But that danger is latent in everything: as the poet observes, "Vices are only virtues carried to excess." If the use of everything which through excess may become disastrous is prohibited, there would be no more high accomplishments (ordinarily the product of excessive application), no more reforms, no more amusements, no more children: civilization would end.

Your final question is, "How can the manufacture of beer and wine be again permitted without bringing back the equivalent of the old saloon and without restoring the organized liquor interests as the socially and politically corrupt forces which I think all will admit they used to be?"

I admit that a satisfactory answer to this question presents great difficulty. Perhaps not unfairly I might adopt your attitude towards my question about atheism. If your initial statement, which was the occasion of our discussion, is true—namely, that the "registered conscience of the great body of the American people cannot be defeated by any combination of sordid bootleggers, with a group of indifferent or self-indulgent citizens"—your present question "seems hardly a possible one," since prohibition has come to stay. And I concede for the



time being such a modification of the law as is embodied in your question does not seem possible. But I must not evade the question—if only because you have amplified it by the additional query whether those mainly responsible for the present revolt against the prohibition law would be satisfied with the restoration alone of beer and wine.

Because the wicked and self-indulgent will not be satisfied with a partial concession is no reason for withholding from others their reasonable rights and privileges. And if it is a fact, as stated by you, that at the time prohibition became effective 15/16 of the consumption of liquor in this country was made up of wine and beer, there would seem to be the less justification in penalizing this large percentage of our citizens merely because the remaining 1/16 would be dissatisfied.

I have never given any thought to the question of method under which the suggested relaxation of the prohibition law might properly be made operative, but I have not the slightest doubt it might be accomplished. Canada seems to have demonstrated this by its non-saloon system under which drunkenness and disorder have notably decreased; and instead of the gains inuring alone to bootleggers (except a possible tithe to the Federal Government as income tax), under the Canadian system all the profits on sale of alcoholic beverages accrue to the ultimate benefit of the people through application of the money to schools, roads and reduction of the public debt.

But I do not wish to withhold anything. In my personal opinion if and when the right to use beer and wine shall be restored to the people, the plain citizen should have the privilege of exercising such right in the society of his friends, under adequate restrictions and Government control, quite as much as the members of the University, the Union League and the Metropolitan Clubs, for example. I believe when the time comes the intelli-



gence of our public men will be sufficient to devise an acceptable method for regulating the sale and consumption of alcoholic beverages on the broad lines indicated which will meet the demands of temperance. But since there is a long war in prospect before that emergency will arise, for the moment we might properly dispose of the question as John Browdie, answered the daughter of Squeers in Dickens' story of "Nicholas Nickleby":

"I would not have a child named Tilda, no not to save it from the grave," blazed Fanny in the final break with her former bosom friend; to which Tilda's husband, the burly Yorkshire man, replied cautiously:

"As for the matter o' that, Fanny, it will be time aneaf to name it after it cooms."

And now I assume we have reached the end of our friendly discussion: *explicitus est liber*—the book is unrolled. I wish to express my keen appreciation of the kindly temper and of the repression you have displayed from the beginning. Not improbably I may not have impressed you similarly: too often I fear the dash of French blood in my inheritance prompts a too exuberant and impetuous display of emotion. But I do assure you at least that I want to be fair and do right—especially when nothing is to be gained by being unfair and doing wrong!

Sincerely yours,

"CANDIDUS."

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April 9, 1926.

MY DEAR MR. ————:

I write to acknowledge your letter of April 5th, and to agree with you that we have sufficiently stated our positions to consider that "we have reached the end of our friendly discussion."

There is only one paragraph I should be glad to add,

in order that what I have said may conclude with a definite summary of my belief, rather than with an interrogation merely, which happened to be the climax of my previous letter.

From your answer to my question in regard to legislation against narcotics, it would appear that you recognize what I had suggested—namely, that there do exist reasons which, in some cases at least, are sufficient for the community to forbid individuals to traffic in things which are considered anti-social in their effects. In other words, in any society personal liberty must at some point be subject to social control, if society as such is to exist. You seem to me to draw the distinction between the laws against narcotics and the laws against liquor along the line of the question as to whether both or only one of these things is actually harmful enough to be prohibited; but if a law against either one is admitted to be justifiable, then the principle of prohibition, as such, has been admitted. The decision would turn then upon the urgency or lack of urgency of any particular prohibition, as measured by the particular social evils which need to be destroyed, and by the hoped-for social good deemed to be sufficient to justify the regulation of individual freedom. This is the one point upon which my first letter touched, and with which I should like to conclude. Now that the saloons no longer exist, we are prone to forget what the saloons and all the enormous organized liquor traffic back of them used to mean in social havoc. My conviction is that the prohibition legislation represents a social experiment, moved by so genuine a purpose to destroy real evils and so fine a vision of a better social order in which citizens of good-will might co-operate, that this experiment deserved the understanding effort of us all to make it a success.

Sincerely yours,

“CONSIDERANS.”

## XXXIV

ADDRESS AT THE CELEBRATION OF THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE TROY CITIZENS CORPS, THE SIXTH SEPARATE COMPANY OF THE NATIONAL GUARD OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK, ON FEBRUARY 19, 1927.

COMRADES ALL: because while today not all of us are active in the service, once a member of the Troy Citizens Corps always a member—as is abundantly attested by the beautiful custom of this organization of annually laying its wreath upon the graves of those who once stood beside us in the ranks, but now have gone to the stars.

As the years have passed—and alas! these fleeting years, how they do fly—for those of us who have attained the summit and are descending the slope which leads to the West and ends at the setting Sun—with the passing of time I have become more and more reluctant to listen to my own voice in public, and again and again have resolved never more to accept a postprandial designation. But on this festive occasion, with its glow of good fellowship, its awakening of cherished memories and its prevailing spirit of friendship, I have never more gladly broken my resolution and accepted the honorable position of Toastmaster, albeit conscious that I shall so imperfectly and inadequately perform its duties.

Now I am fully aware that the proper function of a toastmaster does not include making any extended remarks. Indeed your Committee was at pains to remind me of this—that my duties consisted only of introducing the real speakers and the maintenance of order—for ex-

ample, as in the case of any attempted violation of the Volstead Act, of a possible attempt on the part of, say Lieutenant Thompson to break into the program with an improvised sermon—or similar misguided effort by Ed Boughton to interrupt the harmony of the meeting with the discordant notes of that disreputable old song, "*I never drink behind the Bar.*"

But with due regard to the limitations thus imposed on me, I cannot refrain from a passing tribute to the sentiment embodied in this reunion; from laying my humble flower on the Altar of Memory, at which we have gathered; from felicitating this fine old organization upon its honorable record and lofty accomplishment; and from rejoicing with every one present that our professed loyalty to the Troy Citizens Corps, and our professed pride in the fact of our service in the National Guard are genuine emotions and not mere figures of speech.

Two or three nights ago, while awaiting attendance of a quorum of the Trustees of the Troy Public Library, I spent a few moments in glancing over the History of the Troy Citizens Corps and was deeply moved by the recital of so many events, of both personal and general significance, which momentarily had passed out of mind. For example, our periodic journeys to the Rifle Range; that first memorable attendance at Camp in Peekskill; that never-to-be-forgotten trip to Boston, as guests of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, and innumerable incidents that revealed so sharply the poise, the devotion to his office, the high conscience and the native kindliness of the best Captain who has ever held a commission in the National Guard. Also I was reminded that as Vice-President of our civic organization, to me had been entrusted the mournful duty of writing the Memorial Resolution for that beloved comrade, First Sergeant William MacDonald.



But there! I am violating the prohibition imposed by the Committee. I am breaking my implied promise and coming perilously near making a speech, albeit so rambling and discursive. I must return from the field of pleasure and fancy to the path of duty. But I venture one last remark.

If indeed Friendship is the greatest joy in life, in the inevitable partings which occur is found the greatest pathos in human existence. And while rejoicing in the pleasures of this happy reunion, let us not forget those who have preceded us on that mysterious journey, the ultimate goal of which may be apprehended only under the exercise of a transcendent Faith. I ask you to rise and pay silent tribute to the memory of these departed.

## XXXV

### ADDRESS TO THE GRADUATING CLASS OF THE ALBANY LAW SCHOOL, JUNE 7, 1928.

**M**R. PRESIDENT, Chancellor Richmond, Dean Alexander, Gentlemen of the Board of Trustees and of the Faculty, and Members of the Graduating Class:

I respond with cheerfulness to the invitation to address you on an occasion so interesting as that which has brought us together tonight. It is to me a pleasure and a privilege to be permitted to turn aside for a brief season from the ordinary routine of professional toil to meet an assembly of my younger professional brethren, whose high office soon it shall be to guard and keep open the broad avenues which lead to the temple of Justice in this land of constitutional liberty and law.

The words I have uttered are not original with me. They comprise the opening paragraph of an "Address to the Graduating Class of the Law School of the University of Albany"—delivered many years ago—a time-worn copy of which I recently happened upon. And I am sure every one in this audience who respects his father—or who reveres the memory of one who has gone—will sympathize with the emotion and respond to the sentiment which in part prompts the quotation when I state that the Address in question was delivered by *my* father to the Class of 1856!

But it is not alone—nor even in the main, personal sentiment or filial respect that leads me to speak of this. I relate it more especially as a striking reminder that the

custom of these Commencement exercises obtained more than three-quarters of a century ago; from which fact you may cherish still greater pride in your enrollment among the Alumni of this sturdy old institution.

The subject of the Address to which I refer was, "The Study of the Law as a Science." I shall ask you to go with me to the other end of the Rainbow, there briefly to consider that other foundation which upholds the radiant Arch of lofty professional accomplishment. Because in any career of the highest order, of even greater importance than the intellectual is the foundation whose substance is *moral purpose* and *moral force*.

In his response at a congratulatory dinner on his 70th birthday, Mark Twain remarked that at his time of life he was entitled to moralize a little, which thereupon he proceeded to do in his characteristic way. As I remember he first emphasized three cast-iron rules which should govern the use of tobacco. The first was, Never smoke two cigars at the same time. The second was, Never under any circumstances smoke while you are asleep. The third and most important of all was, Never lose an opportunity to smoke while you are awake!

While I have not attained the scriptural age, since I graduated at this Law School forty-eight years ago, and during the past thirty years have served as a member of its Board of Trustees, perhaps graciously you will accord me the privilege of a few general reflections upon the moral element as an essential of every high ideal in the profession and practice of the law. But while the facetious vein adopted by the great American humorist would be out of place on the present occasion—which is not a *postprandial*—you need not be alarmed: I engage *not* to preach a sermon—of which, indeed, any attempt would be presumptuous, since I am not a graduate of a Theological Seminary, and never have been ordained.

Gorgias, the Greek sophist and rhetorician, declared that for the Battle of Life two virtues are needed—Courage and Wisdom: Courage to endure danger—wisdom to overcome it. Reason, like the proclamation of the Olympic Games, calls him who is willing—and crowns him who is able.

It should be the aim of every youthful aspirant for professional honors to absorb this aphorism of the early Greek philosopher and determine to reveal its substance in the personal disclosures of his life. And almost without exception—barring only the Act of God, or some untoward trick of Fate—for every individual in the degree of such disclosure will be found the degree of his worth-while success in the battle of life.

But it is not mere physical courage, nor alone scholarly wisdom which are thus referred to. The willingness to face danger must be accentuated by *moral courage* and *moral force*; and the intellectual must be interwoven with the *ethical*, and be regulated by common sense, to insure the most enviable success and the most impressive service. Especially is this true in regard to our own profession. As Chief Justice Sharwood forcibly declared—quoted emphatically in a recent bulletin of the New York State Bar Association—"Perhaps there is no profession, after that of the sacred ministry, in which a high tone of morality is more imperatively necessary than that of the law. There is no profession in which moral character is so soon fixed. There is none in which it is subjected to more severe scrutiny by the public. It is well that this is so. The things we hold dearest on earth—our fortunes, reputations, domestic peace, the future of those dearest to us—nay our liberty and life itself we confide to the integrity of the legal counselors and advocates. Their character must be not only without stain—but without suspicion."



And thus it appears that in order to play a laudable part in the drama of life, you must have something more than an intimate knowledge of the law: you must vitalize such artificial attainments by an admixture of moral purpose and moral force. Indeed the effectiveness of the impression to be made upon your fellows—and of the impression each one shall make upon himself in that inevitable hour when a man bares himself to his own conscience, depends more upon traits of the soul than those of the intellect.

It has been asserted that the destiny of any nation at a given moment depends upon the opinions of its young men under five-and-twenty. The statement contains only a half truth. Nothing great, nothing lasting ever has been established by opinions alone. The opinions which come to stay must have *moral force* behind them. And proclamation of the truth by the spoken word is not enough; in order to a full and effective disclosure the spoken word must pass into *action*. Not what a man *believes* but what he is willing to do to enforce his opinions! Not what a political party *declares* but what it does to carry out its declarations! And as old Carlyle shrewdly expresses it, "Not what you and I have promised to each other but what the balance of our forces enables us to perform to each other."

And so it must be with our young men. The crying demand today is not alone for educated men but for moral character and moral force sufficient to yield us the best fruits of our educational system. I do not forget that the arts and sciences always must have their quota of peaceful, uncontentious souls who fulfil their duty best by holding aloof from the outer fray and resolutely walking in "the cool, sequestered vale of life." But it is the great body of our youthful chivalry, the mighty host of young men who each year take their places in the arena,

of whom I speak. What is the advantage to citizenship if these men of fine education neglect the caucuses and polls? What is the help to patriotism if these men of awakened sentiment and aroused imagination fail to cry out loudly when liberty is endangered? What is the gain to progress if these men of trained faculties, of enlightened intelligence, refuse to support the movements for reform and enlist in the fight for better things? And what the benefit to humanity if those who ought to answer best and help the most are so enslaved to ease and comfort, or so weighted with indifference, or so restrained by moral cowardice that they stand aloof from the mighty struggle through which alone the human race may hope to work out its destiny?

Sir and gentlemen, it is a higher and better ethical culture which is demanded of our educational institutions today. A wider ethical teaching. Not ethics for the schools, the clergy and the moral philosophers. Not ethics for the cloister, for the sanctuary, for the closet. But ethics for crowding, pushing, struggling *life*, ethics for the world of action—yes, the ethics behind the recent declaration of a College President in dealing with a painful episode, that no College can hope to educate its students to be law-abiding members and leaders of society unless it recognizes and maintains the majesty of the Civil Law on all occasions.

What was it which enabled Henry of Navarre, born a physical coward, to become a hero at the cannon's mouth? It was moral force.

What was it which kept the great Washington serene and unmoved through the terrible ordeal of Valley Forge? It was moral force.

What was it which sustained Lovejoy, a peaceful man of Letters, in baring his breast to the bullets of a slavery mob? It was moral force.

What was it which moved that young Lochinvar of

the West, barely a year ago, to embark *alone* upon the venturesome flight from New York to Paris? That, too, was moral force.

Let us then give our young men a training which shall awaken and stimulate this moral force. Let us bring home to them that inexorable law of human souls that men prepare themselves for sudden deeds by the reiterated choice of either good or evil. Then we shall have given them something which will enshrine their Alma Mater in their hearts; for which patriotism and liberty will glory in calling them sons; which, when they begin to build, will make their Coke and Blackstone, their Story and Marshall something more than professional yardsticks and dead lumber in their hands; which as life glides by will gain them an honorable place in the army of noble workers for civilization, for progress, for humanity; which when they come to die will enable them to look up with steady gaze to the Source of Life and say:

"See, my hands are rough with *work*; I have not merely raised them in prayer"—prayers to the Court, appeals to the Jury, gestures to the galleries and the populace!

Dean Alexander and Gentlemen of the Faculty, I am glad to believe that in your devoted labors for the proper instruction, guidance and inspiration of these youthful candidates for admission to the Bar, you have not failed to inculcate something of this highly essential moral element, which President Lowell of Harvard declares is the great lack among College students today. But gentlemen of the graduating class, in playing the game of life it is not enough to have been taught and to have accepted the highest rules of human conduct: *you must observe them in your actions!* And, as the Sage of Concord solemnly affirms, "I see no way to perfect peace for any man in this life except to listen to the dictates of his own conscience." It is true that everyone who asserts himself

with emphasis in such a way at times is bound to be misunderstood. Do not be afraid of that. As Emerson in his "Representative Men" impressively reminds us, all great men have been misunderstood—from the Founder of Christianity down through all the ages. Also, with perhaps rare exceptions, you will make enemies; that too is the price of personal independence and refusal to surrender one's deliberate and conscientious convictions. But do not be afraid of *that*—so long as incidentally you have made a friend of your own conscience.

And now, if already I have not over-trespassed upon your kindly patience, one friendly admonition:

Be loyal to your classmates—always remembering that the pleasures of a generous friendship are the steadiest joy in the world.

Be loyal to those who have so devotedly instructed and guided you in your studies.

Be loyal to this honorable Institution, where so many men of notable accomplishments, not only in our own profession but in the broad domain of public service—Judges, Statesmen, Governors, and even a President of the United States—have been enrolled as students.

And finally and above all, be loyal to yourselves and to that high sense which has been implanted in the breast of every man to save him from degeneracy and destruction. Then when the final test may come, as so often occurs at the crisis of one's undertaking some heroic task—when such supreme trial may confront you, you shall be able to meet it in the same fearless spirit in which Seneca's old pilot defied the hurricane with that stirring affirmation which reflects the very acme of moral purpose and moral force:

"O Father Neptune, you may save me if you will, you may sink me if you will; but whatever happens I will hold my rudder true!"



## XXXVI

ADDRESS AT A MEETING OF THE SOCIETY OF COLONIAL  
WARS IN THE STATE OF NEW YORK, AT THE  
WALDORF-ASTORIA, NEW YORK CITY, APRIL 29,  
1929.

NOT many years ago there was a famous English beauty, of great personal charm, but reputedly of free and easy virtue and an amorous temperament, named Ada Isaacs Menken. And some of those present tonight may recall that on his return from a visit to London Artemus Ward gravely declared that all men may be divided into two classes: those who have had intercourse with Ada Isaacs Menken—and those who have not.

Of course such a generalization is at once too broad and too restricted locally for any practical purposes; and a few years later the prince of American humorists phrased a more effective classification. He said that mankind may be divided into three classes: first, those who want to get *on*; second, those who want to get *hon-or*; and third, those who want to get *hon-est*!

I myself never had an opportunity to qualify, one way or the other, under the Artemus Ward theorem. Under Mark Twain's classification in the matter of *Getting On*, my accomplishment is limited to the establishment of a family hearthstone presided over by a beautiful and beloved *Bona Dea*, and cemented by seven children, six children-in-law and eleven grandchildren. And although wise old Socrates declared that whether a man is married or not he is bound to regret it, after nearly a half-century

of unbroken joy and happiness I would not exchange my acquisition in this respect with any multimillionaire bachelor.

In regard to *Getting honest*, my sole accomplishment is limited to what is embodied in the characterization of a "poor—but honest" lawyer. As to the other class—those who want to get *honor*, the most notable and highly cherished of my accomplishments is to have been considered worthy of the right to wear this official badge—its use limited to the then Governor of the Society of Colonial Wars in the State of New York (and incidentally only when the wearer is clad in full evening dress!). And under the resultant official authority I now extend to all present the cordial greetings and friendly welcome of your Executive Officers.

Now if I myself were challenged to differentiate mankind into three classes, I would attempt it in this way: first, those who are contented if they but see something going on; second, those who want to think; third, those who desire to reflect. Under another figure of speech these various groups might be characterized as, first, those who are willing to live for the most part in the cellar, or at best on the ground floor of this earthly tenement; next higher, those who dwell in the second story; and finally, those who prefer the upper chambers.

I think that subconsciously I must have had this in mind when recently the Chairman of the Stewards sought my opinion as to the advisability of a Moving Picture for the evening's entertainment. "Well," said I, "temporary sojourn in the cellar is not invariably to be deprecated—for example, after a long spell of hot weather, and with the hospitable cider-barrel in mind. Have you some particular Film to suggest?"

"Yes," he answered, "it is called 'Playing with Souls,' " and he produced a flaming pictorial circular, the promi-

ment figure in which was a beautiful languishing lady, displaying almost everything in the matter of legs which she possessed. Why it forcibly reminded me of that impressive quatrain ascribed by one of the New York dailies to the Bishop of Ely:

"Mary has a little dress,  
So neat, so clean, so airy,  
It never shows a speck of dirt—  
But it surely does show Mary!"

"Now," said I with a frown, "do you seriously propose this to me, a Church member, descended from Puritan ancestors—and founder of the Society for Uplift of the Patagonian Ladies?"

"You don't understand," he said earnestly. "In one of George Ebers' novels an old Egyptian philosopher who had been arrested and sent to the quartz-mines, after a three days' exhaustive march through the desert, sadly observed, 'In common with other philosophers I have sought to locate the soul in the mind and in the heart, but now I am convinced that it resides in the legs, because when those are tired I find thought impossible.' Thus you observe the author of this particular film has brains and has adopted the old philosopher's conclusion as to the actual location of the soul. Don't you see?"

"Yes," said I, "I see—but I don't want to see because there is just one thing in life I never have been able to resist—and that is temptation. Moreover, our Chaplain is to be present—and I don't want *him* to see."

Accordingly—although with great reluctance on the part of the Chairman—it was decided to forego the proposed Moving Picture. But no doubt it was largely because under the Prohibition law the old cider-barrel no longer is an adjunct of the cellar, the stewards decided that for at least once in my life my advice was good.

In that conclusion I feel confident you will agree after the distinguished speaker of the evening shall have aroused in turn those higher emotions of *thought* and *reflection*. And accordingly it is with especial pleasure that I now present to you Dr. Arthur L. Johnson, who will address you upon the subject of "New York City's Part in the Colonial Period."



## XXXVII

ADDRESS UPON RE-ELECTION TO THE OFFICE OF GOVERNOR OF THE SOCIETY OF COLONIAL WARS IN THE STATE OF NEW YORK, AT ITS ANNUAL MEETING IN DECEMBER, 1929.

IT is somewhat embarrassing, as outgoing Governor, to officially present myself to myself as the incoming Governor: and in the next breath myself introduce myself to you as your Governor-elect for the coming year. And in this moment for the first time I begin to realize that it is no commonplace task to perform this three-way function, at once under a proper display of both modesty and self-respect, and with adequate recognition of this reiterated kindness and implied confidence on your part.

But I find encouragement in the reminder of that delightfully humorous episode in the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," when the speaker declared that in each individual there are three distinct entities. "For example take our friend John," he said: "first there is the John as he sees himself—quite different from his second entity, the John as his *neighbor* sees him, and in each of these relations altogether different from the real John, as his *Maker* sees him!" And at this psychological moment came the maid with a plate bearing three peaches, which she proudly announced were the very first of the season; whereupon John reached out and appropriated them all with the remark that there was just one for each of him!

I think I shall imitate John's quick and resourceful acceptance of the role thus accorded him by one signif-

icant gesture: of which mine is embodied in the assurance that while not deserving of this repeated honor, I shall do my best to uphold it, and am grateful for the co-operation and support of the Society at large and of its officers.

But I cannot forbear a word or two about the blunder of the Nominating Committee. Doubtless all of you recall Mrs. Leo Hunter's Fancy Dress Ball, to which the members of the Pickwick Club were invited, and Mr. Tupman's remark that he should go as a Bandit.

"What?" shouted Mr. Pickwick. "You mean to say you actually propose to wear a green velvet jacket with a two-inch tail?"

"Exactly," said Mr. Tupman; "and why not?"

"Why, you are too old and too fat," said Mr. Pickwick.

Now, those are my own outstanding disqualifications in this case. That of obesity is a self-evident proposition—while that of age was frankly admitted a year ago. And since I not only reminded him of all this, but also named to him the man who should succeed to the office of Governor, the Chairman of the Nominating Committee ought to be shot before breakfast on an empty stomach, when the mercury is 40° below zero! And I appointed him Chairman because I thought he was my friend! Yet when I upbraided him he had the presumption to tell me this story:

There were two Scotchmen who under the intimacy of a lifetime acquaintance had been accustomed to meet for a daily gossip. Called away one Friday and absent until late Sunday night, early the next morning Robbie confronted his friend in great excitement and cried,

"Sandy, what is this I hear about your wife?"

"'Tis true, Robbie; she ran away with Angus on Saturday," the other calmly replied.

"Why, Sandy, I thought Angus was one of your best friends!"

"He is," said the disconsolate husband, with a twinkle in his eye—"but he don't know it yet!"

Well, not improbably you may agree with Mr. Skilling that in this matter he has been more of a friend to me than he has to the Society. And upon reflection I found it difficult to dispute him in that respect. Because when, as in my case, the summit has been attained, and the traveler confronts a pathway sloping rapidly toward the West and the setting Sun, fortunate indeed is he to whom congenial tasks are still assigned and congenial companionship is yet to be enjoyed. And although theoretically I have attained that ninety-third milestone referred to a year ago, this mundane existence never has seemed sweeter or more interesting—and never has it been more of a privilege to bear my humble part in the ever-shifting battle of life.

Because of all this, continued participation in the activities of these organizations grounded in patriotism, ancestral respect, and civic duty is especially welcome to me—in which, finally, I particularly rejoice because of my cherished conviction that in the associations of a congenial friendship is to be found the most satisfying relaxation in life.

As I was passing along Cheapside one beautiful summer evening my attention was attracted to a stout-built, solemn-visaged individual who was loitering near the site of St. Paul's Cross, the best point from which to study the beauties of Bow Church Steeple, perhaps the finest classical Campanile in the Western World. He was leaning against a railing regarding with manifest expectancy the Ionic belfry from which at that very moment the chimes burst forth. In a flash of human sympathy I stood beside him and for a moment we listened silently

to the great bells which once had called the poor run-away back from High-gate milestone.

"Aren't they beautiful?" said I eagerly.

"What?" he replied with a puzzled look.

"Why, the bells," said I. "How charmingly their tones blend in the evening stillness. How they quaver and tremble and murmur as if vibrating between an impulse to peal on forever and a desire to lapse into eternal silence."

"I can't hear a word you're saying," said he, "what for those damn bells!"

I sometimes think that the very splendor of human accomplishment in this wonderful age dims our vision of the fact; that the din of civilization which daily becomes more acute, dulls our ears to the beauty of the magnificent symphony which is pealing to us from the clouds. But if for the reasons stated these loftier revelations fail to impress us, let us at least not be diverted from the less pretentious numbers in the program of life, which both encourage high ideals and contribute substantially to the joys of fellowship.

The purpose and message of this fine old Society is of that nature. Let us rejoice in our membership and, as may be possible for each, play our humble parts in perpetuating its aims and enlarging its accomplishments.



## XXXVIII

ADDRESS AT THE FORTY-FIFTH ANNUAL DINNER OF THE  
HOLLAND SOCIETY OF NEW YORK, AT THE HOTEL  
ASTOR, ON JANUARY 16, 1930, INTRODUCING  
GOVERNOR FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT AS THE  
GUEST OF HONOR.

SOME fifteen years ago in a Western city I had the unique experience of attending the annual gathering of a so-called "More than Four Score Years Club" (let me add, parenthetically, that I myself really was not eighty years old at the time: it was only recently—to be precise, exactly one month ago—that I attained my ninety-third birthday). On the occasion referred to there were only ten men present, and no speeches were made, other than the President's felicitations, which were comprised in his declaration that the best things in life are the old things: old men, old times, old friends, old books, old songs—old hats, old shoes, and (it was before the misguided Eighteenth Amendment) old Rum.

Well, as the years pass—and how time does fly! As the sweetest of Latin singers expressed it (you remember, Governor, with what gusto we used to recite it in College days?)—as old Horace phrased it, "*Eheu fugaces labuntur anni*—Alas! the fleeting years how they fly!" As the years pass, then, more and more it comes to me that really it is the old things which are most to be cherished—especially the old friends and the old times. And it is because of that feeling that I welcome the privilege of once more addressing this Family gathering

and greeting the host of friends here present. Of course one who, like myself, has been attending these Banquets nearly forty-five years, cannot forget the many "*qui fuerunt—sed nunc astra.*" But I choose to believe they still are with us in spirit: at least I know the old friendships survive in cherished memories. And for me it has become an established truth that the pleasures of a generous friendship are the steadiest joys in life.

But I must confess that the pleasure first aroused by this invitation was somewhat abridged by an incidental remark of the Chairman of the Dinner Committee. "Always remember," he said, with what seemed undue emphasis, "that the first essential in a satisfactory performance of a duty such as that now entrusted to you, is the persistent exercise of self-restraint in regard to time; that your function is simply to introduce a really accomplished speaker, whose advent is impatiently awaited by the audience—and we don't want any Dutch windmills from you." But since presumably I shall not have another opportunity to address you collectively until the expected complimentary dinner on my hundredth anniversary, I propose to go a few steps beyond the limit set by that arbitrary Dinner Committee—if only because this is the first chance I have had to repeat in the presence of our Guest of Honor, what for many years I have been saying behind his back.

Last Fall a lady of Holland-Dutch descent wrote me that during a recent visit to the Netherlands she had located the original of her family Coat-of-Arms, in the custody of the Burgomaster of the town which still bears the family surname. She enclosed a replica, and the motto reads,

"Trekt uniet aen wat yeder secht  
Maer doet, dat billyk is en recht."

(I trust his Excellency the Minister from the Netherlands will overlook my faulty pronunciation of the Mother tongue.)

My correspondent went on to say, "Since you have been President of the Holland Society you should be able to reassure me that the correct translation of the motto is, 'Never mind what the world says of you: live honestly and do that which is right.'"

Now, I suppose I should be ashamed to confess that I know as little about mediaeval Dutch as—well let us say, as the Chairman of the Dinner Committee cares to know about the Pythagorean Theory of Metempsychosis. But under a happy inspiration, pretending the translation was my own, I sought confirmation from one of my sons, temporarily living at the Hague, and a member of this Society. (Let me say in passing I would be ashamed if I had a son qualified by age who was *not* a member of the Society.)

Now you remember that couplet of old Pope:

"We think our fathers fools, so wise we grow—  
Our wiser sons no doubt will think us so."

And possibly my son John may have concluded that his father needed a little lesson in the Vocabulary of Modern Youth. At any rate he wrote me that the real meaning of the motto is:

"Do what is clear and right—and don't give a damn what people say!"

Now, whichever wording you prefer—and of course, as Mr. Samuel Weller observed, that will depend upon the taste and fancy of the individual: my lady correspondent, for example, graciously remarking that at least she considered my son's version the "most forcible"—I think we must admit that this quaint old declaration of principle in substance differs not at all from the final con-

clusion centuries later of our own great moralist, the Sage of Concord: "I see no way of perfect peace for any man in this life except to listen to the dictates of his own conscience." *That* was the animus of our Dutch ancestors in the darkest hour of their contest with a foreign power determined to impose *its* conscience upon the Netherlands. *That* was the spirit of those early emigrants who first sowed the seeds of civil and religious liberty on this Island of Manhattan. And because we know this to be a fact, I am sure every member of this Society is abundantly proud of and rejoices in that other fact: that a descendant in the direct male line of one of those rugged, fearless, liberty-loving Holland Dutchmen—become American, who more than three centuries ago laid the foundation of this Empire State, has been chosen its Chief Magistrate. And our satisfaction is the more complete in that the distinction came to him not because of his honorable lineage, but simply and alone because he is the son of his own works!

In the development of civilization and under all forms of social establishment, there is to be noted a constant variation in the manners and customs of the people. But through all the ages certain fundamentals of human nature have remained unchanged. And from the earliest accredited history, in unbroken sequence to the present time, invariably the highest obeisance has been paid to and the greatest success achieved by those who have disclosed the largest measure of wisdom, courage and endurance. It was so in the days of ancient Greece—centuries before the Christian era—when these were the attributes which qualified for the Olympic Games; and always since, these have remained the recognized virtues which are essential to the loftiest achievements.

To a certain extent familiar with the atmosphere behind the curtain of the Executive Chamber and with the



problems, perplexities and responsibilities which forever confront the devoted occupant, I venture to assert that the exacting demands of the Olympic Games call for no higher measure of courage, wisdom and endurance than is required for a proper execution of his trust by the Governor of this great Commonwealth. And because the chief dangers to any organized society or system of government are timidity and hypocrisy on the part of those entrusted with its administration, its preservation and its progress, always it is cause for rejoicing when the man at the helm is so generously endowed with courage and conscience as is our distinguished fellow-member, Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt, whom I now present to you.

## XXXIX

ADDRESS AT ANNUAL DINNER OF THE SOCIETY OF  
CINCINNATI, AT THE UNION CLUB, NEW YORK  
CITY, ON WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY, 1930.

IT is with diffidence, Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Society, that I respond to this unexpected invitation. Not that there is an emotion of my soul that is out of accord with the spirit of the occasion. Not that I am one step behind you in this pilgrimage to the shrine of American loyalty. Not that I am in the slightest unmoved by the lofty purpose of this gathering—to foster and perpetuate those ideals in patriotism which are interwoven with a truly reverential tribute to the memory of George Washington. No, Mr. President, it is not from lack of sympathy, but alone from conscious lack of ability to do justice to the theme, to even measurably express those emotions and impulses which exert their sway at such a time that I shrink from this impromptu intrusion. To the ordinary man it is not easy on a moment's notice even for a full heart, a sympathetic spirit and a teeming soul to find adequate expression in words. And on an occasion of this sort, at least, no one with a shadow of self-respect, whose life is not cast in the mould of pre-tence would venture to improvise those lifelong convictions on the spur of the moment which in ordinary post-prandial oratory are good-naturedly accepted as sufficient—if not pitched in too high a key!

It is for these reasons, gentlemen, that I feel diffident in responding to your President's call. But I am not

afraid for myself. The hesitation is because of concern and sympathy for my auditors who, in what might be termed this electric stage of society, when the demand is for short and effective conclusions, drawn from long and impressive experiences, on an occasion of this sort are called upon to endure the inevitable commonplaces of unpreparedness. Let me then reassure you that in point of time at least, I shall impose no undue tax upon your patience and courtesy.

Throughout the calendar of the year there is no day on which one may cherish greater pride—no I don't like that word—let me say *satisfaction*: may cherish greater satisfaction in the fact of his descent from Colonial ancestors, who fought for American independence, for human rights, for civil and religious liberty, than the birthday of George Washington. To me far more so than the Fourth of July even—if only because without Washington or some equally great spirit, if that is conceivable, the glory of that immortal Declaration would not have been achieved. And thus it is peculiarly fitting that the Birthday of the Father of His Country should have been chosen by this fine old Society, with its unique hereditary distinction, for its annual tribute to the spirit which gave it birth.

I recall when I was a boy of ten overhearing my mother say to a friend that one of our relatives once told her that the two greatest honors that could come to an American citizen were to be chosen President of the United States and to be elected a member of the Cincinnati. The remark was made by Marius Schoonmaker, who was in command of the "Vandalia," which went down in the simoon in Samoa harbor.

Like so many of our exuberant youth, already I had decided to become President of the United States. But I said to my mother, "Who are these Cincinnati?"

Whereupon she explained to me, and in answer to my further question whether I were eligible she said "no"; that although my great-grandfather had fought throughout the war and been discharged with the rank of Captain, his commission as such had come from Governor Clinton—not from the Continental Congress, which latter was a requisite qualification. While I did not quite understand, I said to her, "Well, if I can't be a Cincinnati, and Captain Schoonmaker says that is the biggest honor, I won't be either." And thus it happens I have always remained just a plain, unvarnished Mohawk Dutchman.

And now that I have paid my humble tribute to the spirit of this celebration, I may truthfully assert it is with very great pleasure that as a representative guest I have shared in this commemorative reunion. I appreciate the honor conferred upon the Society of Colonial Wars by this invitation. And on behalf of my official associates in that organization, and as well of its individual members, I beg you to accept an assurance of our respect and esteem—and our friendliest salutations.



## XL

ADDRESS AT A MEETING OF THE SOCIETY OF COLONIAL WARS, IN THE STATE OF NEW YORK, AT THE PLAZA HOTEL, FEBRUARY 24, 1930: INTRODUCING MR. RUPERT HUGHES, WHO SPOKE ON "GEORGE WASHINGTON IN COLONIAL DAYS."

LAST night as I sat in my library surrounded by the British Encyclopedia, "Lessons in Restrained Oratory," by Senator Heflin of Alabama, and Haskins' "Ready-made Speeches," in sixteen quarto volumes, laboriously preparing the purely extemporaneous address I am so unexpectedly called upon to deliver—but perhaps I ought first to explain what caused me to endure those hours of agony.

Of course everyone knows that Mr. Haskins is Chairman of our Committee of Arrangements. And everyone who has had any experience in such matters also is aware that one seldom comes in contact with a more determined, overbearing and despotic official than the chairman of such a committee. During the past two years in which I have had the honor to hold the office of Governor of this Society, I have learned that not only is our friend no exception to the general rule, but that actually he is a striking exemplification of the truth I have mentioned. And I am not ashamed to admit that after the first feeble show of resistance, invariably I have meekly yielded to his tyranny—perhaps for the same reason advanced by that beautiful Madame de Genlis, one of the most dissolute women of the French Court under Louis XVI, who said she "always yielded early in order to avoid scandal."

Well, in issuing his orders for this symposium, after

stating he had imposed a time limit of two hours and a half on Mr. Hughes, and cautioned him not to say a word about Prohibition or Religion, Mr. Haskins said to me: "Heretofore on similar occasions I have always directed you to keep an eye on the clock, a hand on the shut-off switch, and to cherish a proper degree of sympathy for the audience, but this time I think you would better extend yourself a little and so far as possible create something in the nature of an intellectual and oratorical atmosphere for the distinguished speaker of the evening. If the task proves too great for one of mediocre attainments, I advise you to go to some bookstore—any bookstore in the City—and buy a set of 'Haskins Ready-made Speeches.' Of course you have heard of the Work?"

I lied unblushingly—"Oh, yes; but did you really compose them?" He made a noncommittal gesture and rejoined carelessly, "That's immaterial. However, you need not have the slightest fear; through the interposition of a few of your characteristic commonplaces the plagiarism will be effectively concealed."

As usual, I meekly took my medicine—which brings me back to the point of digression.

After finding no inspiration in the Encyclopedia or in Senator Heflin's incomparable Lessons in Oratory, I turned to the 'Ready-made Speeches,' so called, and somewhat to my surprise discovered that the first fifteen volumes were devoted to the Art of making a carefully prepared address, committed to memory, appear like an extemporaneous speech. And the entire subject was summed up in these three propositions:

"First. We have it upon the highest authority that a lie is an abomination unto the Lord—but an ever-present help in a time of trouble.

"Application. Always begin your address by declaring that although with no little diffidence, it is with the greatest pleasure you respond to the call," etc.

That seemed very easy and in good form; but where had I heard the phrase "upon the highest authority"? And suddenly it came to me. Ben Butler was defending a man charged with murder. He insisted the crime was committed in self-defense; and dramatically waving the Bible used to administer oaths to witnesses, solemnly declared to the jury, "We have it upon the highest authority that everything a man hath he will give in defense of his life."

When it came his turn to reply, the Attorney-General said to the jury that in common with so many of his fellow-citizens he always had wondered who General Butler regarded as the "highest authority"—which at last was disclosed. And opening the Bible he read from the second chapter of Job, at Verse 4 (Is that the correct reference Dr. Hutton? Our Secretary nods affirmatively, although really I do not believe he is any more certain about it then you or I)—at any rate this is the quotation:

"And Satan saith unto the Lord, Anything a man hath he will give for his life."

No, I didn't want to walk into any such trap; so I discarded suggestion number one.

The second postulate was, "Always talk over the heads of the audience. A good illustration may be found in the twenty-fifth chapter of *Pickwick Papers*."

I have no doubt most of you will recall the passage referred to. The Mayor of Ipswich, who had a very high regard for his oratorical powers, had just made an extended address in passing upon an alleged misdemeanor about to be committed by Mr. Pickwick and his friends. "How my master's thoughts flow, don't they, Mr. Weller?" observed the Mayor's footman to Mr. Pickwick's servant.

"Wonderful," said Sam, "they comes pourin' out so fast and knockin' each other's heads so hard you hardly know what he's driving at."

"Ah," said Mr. Muzzle, "that's the great merit of that style of oratory!"

Now, strangely it happened that on that very day I had read a newspaper report of an address on Psychology delivered by a learned and scholarly individual at one of our colleges for girls, which impressed me so greatly that I had preserved the published abstract, which reads as follows:

"Original nature, which is composed of reflexes, capacities and instincts, was discussed by Dr. ...., who stated that differences in original nature are due to race, sex, near ancestry, far ancestry, environment and training. In mentioning emotions reference was made to the thwarted emotions in normal people and the escape mechanisms which they result in. Introversion, including the 'conquering hero' and 'suffering martyr' types; identification, rationalization, projection and compensation, including the defense mechanisms of 'sour grapes' and of 'sweet lemons,' were mentioned as among the ways in which individuals meet instinctive thwartings."

If the foregoing is a correct analysis, I think the subject of the address instead of "Psychology" should have been termed "The Complex-Reflexes and Intellectual Incomprehensibilities of Polysyllabic Ambiguities."

For the moment, speaking seriously, I beg you gentlemen to consider what might have been expected if during their girlhood that kind of mental pabulum had been provided for the mother of Lincoln, of Andrew Jackson, of Hamilton—and of George Washington! If really there is merit in that style of oratory it is beyond my own comprehension. And so I discarded suggestion number two.

There remained the third Formula, which was in these words:

"If at the critical moment your memory fails, remember that for one of ordinary ability the last resort is *per ambages*, as Cicero termed it; of which a free translation is 'accumulate appearances in order to conceal the lack of substance.'"

Well, although it would be a little extravagant to as-



sert that I never have done a wrong thing, at least I may truthfully affirm that never have I descended so deeply into the mire as to deliberately practice *per ambages*. So turning my back on the three governing principles I opened the sixteenth and last volume of the Haskins' *Vade Mecum*—and what do you think I found? Why, there were just three "Ready-made Speeches"; and these professedly original ideals were nothing more than skillful paraphrase of Marc Antony's oration over the body of Cæsar, William J. Bryan's "Cross of Gold" speech, and Brigham Young's address in defense of Polygamy and the "Blood Atonement"! And throwing up my hands in despair I came here tonight resolved simply to open my mouth and let it say what it liked. And my present inclination is to recognize the manifest conviction of everyone present—including even Mr. Haskins himself—so cogently expressed in that immortal Quatrain of Gertrude Stein, which since its first publication on the front page of the *Saturday Review of Literature*, always I have believed should have first place in any proper anthology of the period:

"You've said enough—  
Enough said.  
Enough said—  
You've said enough."

Gentlemen, the speaker of the evening requires no introduction. It would be surplusage to remind you of his laurels and rehearse his many and varied accomplishments; while any attempt to evaluate the latter would be presumptuous on my part. It remains then merely to present him to you. Mr. Hughes, within the limits imposed by that arbitrary Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements, everything is yours, including the applause.













